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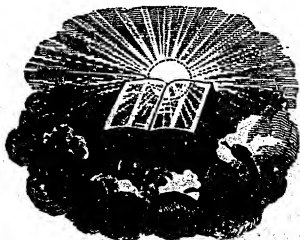
WILLIAM WILBERFORCE ESQ. M.P.

THE OASIS.

Seymour T. Merrill, Providence,
EDITED BY MRS. CHILD, 1802-80

AUTHOR OF "AN APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THAT CLASS OF
AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS."

"Strike, but hear!"



"The Truth shall make us free."

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN C. BACON.
1834.

*Adm
John*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Brief Memoir of Wilberforce, EDITOR.	1
How to effect Emancipation, "	18
Remember the Slave, MRS FOLLEN.	19
Malem-Boo, EDITOR.	21
Henry Diaz, D. L. CHILD.	42
The Slave Ships, J. G. WHITTIER.	49
Illustration of Prejudice, EDITOR.	54
English Protest against the Colonization Society,	62
Joanna—compiled from Stedman's Surinam, EDITOR.	65
"I thank my God for my humility," "	105
History of James Bradley, an Emancipated Slave—Written by himself,	106
Safe Mode of Operation, EDITOR.	112
Three Colored Republics of Guiana, D. L. CHILD.	113
The Runaway Slave, MRS FOLLEN.	127
Scipio Africanus—From the French, EDITOR.	132
Alexander Vasselin—A Dramatic Sketch, ANONYMOUS.	145
The Hottentots, EDITOR.	156
Conversation with Colonizationists, "	164
The Slave Trader, Miss E. H. WHITTIER.	176
Miss Crandall's School, REV. S. J. MAY.	180
Knowledge in Austria, EDITOR.	191
Voices from the South, "	192
Scale of Complexions, "	199
Dangers of Emancipation, "	200
The Infant Abolitionist, FLORENCE.	201
Knowledge in the United States, EDITOR.	202
Old Scip, "	203

	PAGE.
Cornelius of St Croix — From Annals of the Moravian Missions,	209
Ruins of Egyptian Thebes, ANONYMOUS. . . .	212
Derivation of Negro, EDITOR. . . .	213
Opinions of Travellers — Collected by the Editor,	214
Judicial Decisions in Slave States, . . . D. L. CHILD. . .	242
The Land of the Free, MISS H. F. GOULD. . .	251
History of Thomas Jenkins — From Edinburgh Journal, . . .	253
Jamaica Mobs, EDITOR. . . .	262
A Negro Hunt — By a gentleman who resided some time at the South,	265

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

- WILBERFORCE, from a large English mezzotinto print. Engraved on copper, by Joseph Andrews. Printed by Robert Andrews.
- CHILDREN PLAYING UNDER PALM TREES. Drawn by Francis Graeter. Engraved on wood, by J. H. Hall.
- AFRICAN MOTHER ON A ROCK. Drawn by F. Graeter. Engraved on wood, by J. H. Hall.
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- SCIPIO AFRICANUS. Reduced from a French print. Engraved on wood, by William Croome.
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- PRUDENCE CRANDALL. Painted by Francis Alexander. Engraved on copper, by W. L. Ormsby. Printed by Robert Andrews.
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- ORNAMENTAL COVERS. Drawn by F. Graeter. Engraved on wood, by J. H. Hall.
- Vignette on title-page — Drawn by F. Graeter; engraved by William Croome. Snake and Bird's Nest — Bird's Nest overthrown — Henry Diaz — Kneeling Children — Kneeling Man — Kneeling Woman — Skeleton chained — A Child in an Arum Lily — Stedman's Cottage in Surinam — all drawn by F. Graeter, and engraved on wood by J. H. Hall.
- AMERICAN FLAG AND CHAINS. Drawn by D. C. Johnston. Engraved by William Croome.
- CANTERBURY BELL. Drawn and engraved by Miss W——.
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TO THE PUBLIC.

BEAR with me, my countrymen, while I again come before you with an unwelcome message. I assure you I do not take pleasure in bidding defiance to public prejudice. I speak in humble sincerity, when I say that I respect the opinion of the meanest individual in the community, though I do not fear the censure of the highest. Even if you would *allow* me to exert the power of persuasion against the perfect freedom of your own conclusions, I should have no wish to avail myself of that power. But I beseech you not to trust the gross misrepresentations of interested or thoughtless persons, concerning principles of vital importance to this country. In the Preface, I have frankly and honestly stated what the opinions and wishes of the Abolitionists *really* are. If you examine candidly, and judge in freedom, I have no fear for the result; for I have great confidence in the good sense and good feelings of the American people,

P R E F A C E .

THOUGH the principles illustrated in the following work are rapidly increasing in popularity among firm, moderate, conscientious, and sensible people, yet there are doubtless many who still think the writing such a book as this requires apology ; but to such I have no excuse to offer. Their God is not my God.

In preparing this volume I have not been guided by any romantic desire to idealize the African character. I know very well that, *as a class*, the colored people are what any people would be, who had so long been trampled upon by the iron heel of contemptuous tyranny ; but I likewise know that there are many admirable exceptions to this remark.

My purpose is a simple and honest one. I wish to familiarize the public mind with the idea that colored people are *human beings*—elevated or degraded by the same circumstances that elevate or degrade other men. Perhaps there are few who will openly deny this ; but many have the latent feeling. If it were otherwise, we could not look upon their wrongs so coldly as we do.

A lady once said to me, “ I think it a duty to be kind to colored people. I treat them civilly when I meet them. I have entered their houses ; and I can conceive of circumstances that would make me willing to have them enter

mine. But I consider this a great condescension ; and I wish *them* to consider it so, likewise." Rochefoucault said truly, " The greatest of all pride is the pride of condescension." Yet this lady did but candidly acknowledge feelings which probably exist, consciously or unconsciously, in more than nine-tenths of the white population of the United States. Unquestionably every person has a right to choose his own associates ; but the removal, by prudent and appropriate means, of an unreasonable prejudice, which operates most oppressively on a large class of our fellow beings, is not an act of *condescension* ; it is simple *justice*. If we are Christians,—nay, if we are honest republicans,—we *must* try to do it.

On what is the prejudice founded, which makes us so unwilling that a colored person should have a *chance* to be our equal ? It cannot be a natural, instinctive antipathy ; for white children have no repugnance to black nurses, and the African schools show infinite shadings of complexion. If you say your dislike is founded upon the vice and ignorance of this unfortunate class, I earnestly conjure you,—in the name of that religion which we all profess to believe,—to consider seriously whether it is not *your* prejudice that makes them so.

The attempt to sanction our illiberality, by assertions of a natural and remediless inferiority of intellect, would be unworthy of a cultivated mind, or a kind heart, even if such assertions had a shadow of truth. The physiological argument adduced is indeed a weak one. We have established a very arbitrary standard with regard to the " African skull " and " African features." The testimony of travellers proves a vast variety of conformation among the tribes which have furnished white nations with slaves. The Fellatahs, Caffrarians, Nubians, Abyssinians, and many other tribes, have skulls and features totally different from those to which we attach ideas of mental degradation.

With regard to the colored population of the United States, both slave and free, it is well to remember that great numbers of them are nearly white men.

But even if it could be proved that negro blood inevitably produces stupidity in the brain, who would be absurd enough to say that the civil and social rights of mankind must be regulated according to the measure of genius? *Individuals* of the human species are unquestionably fitted to perform different uses in society, and true freedom consists in giving every man a fair chance to find the place he is qualified to fill; but here a *whole class* is excluded from opportunities for improvement, merely on account of complexion. Americans mistake if they consider this arrangement as more liberal, or just, than the arbitrary and unchanging distinction of *castes* in benighted Hindostan.

On the subject of equality, the principles of abolitionists have been much misrepresented. They have not the slightest wish to do violence to the distinctions of society, by forcing the rude and illiterate into the presence of the learned and refined. The learned and refined have indeed important duties to perform on this subject; but those duties are to be decided between their own consciences and their God. The abolitionists merely wish that colored people should have the same opportunities for instruction, the same civil treatment at public places, the same chance to enlarge their sphere of usefulness, that is enjoyed by the lowest and most ignorant white man in America.

The Rev. Mr. Williamis, a colored clergyman of New York, preached a sermon on the 4th of July, 1830, in which he expresses himself with a degree of moderation and good sense, that might have been expected from one of his known intelligence and worth. He says: "We are *natives* of this country; we ask only to be treated as well as *foreigners*. Not a few of our fathers suffered and bled to purchase its independence; we ask only to be treated as well as those

who fought *against* it. We have toiled to *cultivate* it, and helped to raise it to its present prosperous condition, we ask only to share equal privileges with strangers, who come from distant lands to enjoy the *fruits* of our labor."

Let us merely be careful that we do not *prevent* our colored population from becoming respectable and well-informed. Remove obstacles — then let them fare just as well as their characters deserve, and no better.

Do not refrain from the performance of a duty, lest they should abuse privileges to which they have been unaccustomed. Believe me, there is a wholesome and renovating power in goodness and truth, to which you may safely trust the progress of things.

With regard to the question of slavery itself, the principles of abolitionists are likewise strangely misunderstood. There is among them a deep abhorrence of any efforts which could excite the passions of slaves against their masters. If books and papers are ever sent to the South, they are sent to the *planters* themselves. Whatsoever is done, is done openly and fairly. There are no secret agencies, no hidden influence.

When insurrections are mentioned, they are alluded to as the inevitable results of an unnatural and unjust relation between man and man; and the perpetual danger of their occurrence is urged only as an additional argument for the abolition of a system alike hazardous and sinful. If the friends of this righteous cause were to address the slaves in any way, it would be to urge patience and submission, until the good sense and good feeling of the country had devised quiet measures for their relief.

The attempt to excite prejudice against Anti-Slavery Societies, by representing them as violent and blood-thirsty, reminds me of the Roman persecutors, who first dressed Christian converts in the skins of wild beasts, and then set the dogs upon them.

But of all accusations, that concerning intermarriages is the most perfectly ridiculous and unfounded. No abolitionist considers such a thing desirable. They would indeed say that a man had no more right to destroy the character, or trifle with the feelings of a colored woman than of a white woman. In reading the history of Joanna, contained in this volume, they would decide that Captain Stedman was not justifiable in seeking to gain her affections, unless he were firmly resolved to pay such attention to her happiness, as her virtuous and disinterested conduct deserved.

When this perpetual accusation is urged, abolitionists candidly admit, that if the blacks are well educated, and especially if they acquire wealth, there may, in the course of revolving centuries, be found some who would consider the yellow complexion an insufficient balance against the yellow coin; but they consider all this as very unimportant, while the nation is seeking relief from such a mass of evil as now exists.

If a colored girl were heiress to a million of dollars, and some person unjustly deprived her of this fortune, would you decide that her rightful property must not be restored, lest it should, perchance, tempt some white man to marry her? Certainly not — you would promptly reply, "Let the girl have justice, without regard to future contingencies."

Are not freedom, and a chance to obtain knowledge, the rightful property of every human being? Are we justified in withholding them, for fear such and such consequences may ensue?

It is our duty to obey the laws of God, and leave all prospective results in His hands. Our anxious policy will never devise anything better, or more wise.

Since I have prepared this work I have been led to suppose that the meaning of "immediate emancipation" is, in general, very imperfectly understood. By this phrase

we mean that *the right to hold property in man* should be immediately relinquished. If this claim were renounced, all the worst features of the slave system would be at once destroyed. One human being would no longer have a right to sell the wife and children of another — he would no longer have a right to inflict punishment without limit or responsibility — he could no longer forcibly deprive his brother of the means of religious and intellectual improvement.

But the slave need not (as many seem to suppose) “be turned loose upon society, without preparation or restraint, to live in idleness, or by plunder.” Laws should be provided for the emergency, with the utmost caution — laws framed to protect the life, and property, and happiness, of *all* classes. No judicious person would wish to see the right of suffrage bestowed upon the emancipated slaves, while they were in a state of ignorance and degradation; and all would acknowledge the wisdom of strict police regulations to prevent idleness and crime. Any institutions and decrees whatsoever, that are framed with a sincere wish to secure the welfare of the *whole* community, servants as well as masters, are perfectly consistent with immediate emancipation. At present, the slave is subject to all the *rigors* of the law, as well as the arbitrary power of his owner, while he may be truly said to receive no *protection* from the law. I do not deny that slaves have *nominally* some protection from the laws — for it is necessary to pay “a decent respect to the universal opinions of mankind;” but whoever candidly examines the Statutes and Judicial Reports of the slave States, will perceive that *in effect* there is no protection for the slave.

While one man can claim a legal right to hold *property* in another man, this state of things cannot be prevented; but when the claim is relinquished, the colored population may be effectually *restrained* by the strong arm of the law,

while they are, at the same time, fully *protected* by it. It is merely necessary to substitute wise legislative and municipal regulations for the capricious tyranny of individuals. If this were done in good faith, the greater proportion of the slaves would remain with their masters, as hired laborers, or free tenants. Those who had been treated kindly would, I believe almost without exception, choose to do so. There would be a diminution instead of an increase of crime; and those hateful companions tyranny and fear would expire together.

The abolitionists would indeed rejoice to see what is called an immediate *beginning* of emancipation; but they cannot conscientiously give up the principle that immediate emancipation, as I have just explained it, is a sacred duty. They consider slavery as *a sin against God*—and as such to be repented of and reformed without delay. If it were a question concerning internal improvements, or the opening of new channels for wealth and enterprise, we should have an undoubted right to choose “a more convenient season;” but for the prompt reformation of *crime*, we are responsible to Him, whose laws are founded on eternal, uncompromising justice.

Though ameliorated laws would be delightful to the friends of humanity,—and might be hailed by many as the *beginning* of emancipation,—yet whoever candidly examines this question will perceive that the root of the evil can never be reached, so long as man is, upon any terms, the *property* of man. In this relation, the laws *cannot* protect the inferior, for in order to preserve the safety of the master, the slaves *must* be regarded as mere cattle or machinery. The common sense of any man, who reads and reflects on the subject, must be convinced of the truth of this statement.

Some persons, with strange inconsistency, assert that not a single word should be said to the planters on the subject of slavery, because they alone are qualified to say what

ought to be done, and when it ought to be done. To this I will only answer that the doctrine of leaving the injurer to decide when and how reparation should be made to the injured, forms a very precarious basis for civil rights. No person could urge this remark, if he in his heart acknowledged colored people as brethren of the great human family.

But earnestly as the friends of Anti-Slavery wish for an entire change in this pernicious system, they have no desire to see it effected by any hostile measures toward the South, or any illegal interference with her internal policy. While attempting to secure the constitutional rights of one class of men, they would most earnestly deprecate any infringement upon the constitutional rights of another class. They have never done, or said, or felt, anything on this subject inconsistent with the most perfect obedience to the Laws of the Union. Everybody knows that our Constitution provides for any change within itself, that may be deemed necessary for the public good. The abolitionists merely wish to induce men, *in all parts of the United States*, to examine into the subject of slavery, and candidly inquire what ought to be done, and what can be done, toward the removal of a great and ever-increasing evil. *They* are convinced that immediate emancipation, attended by judicious regulations, is the safest and the only cure; and they wish to convince *others*, by fair arguments and incontrovertible facts. They are sustained in this great work by strong faith in the power of truth; and they wish to exert no other power.

The following is quoted from the very mild and dignified letter, written by the New York Anti-Slavery Society to the Mayor of that city, after the late disgraceful riots: "The Constitution provides that 'every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments, on all subjects, being responsible [to the legal tribunals alone] for the abuse

of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.' We have kept within these sacred enclosures; we shall not go beyond them; and we respectfully claim of our fellow citizens, as Americans and men, that while we do not violate the rights of others, our own rights may be respected."

"To show the objects of our Society, we annex an extract from its Constitution: 'The object of this Society is the entire abolition of slavery in the United States. While it admits that each State, in which slavery exists, has, by the Constitution of the United States, the exclusive right to legislate in regard to its abolition in said State, this Society shall aim to convince all our fellow citizens, by arguments *addressed to their understandings and consciences*, that slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God, and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned require its immediate abandonment, without expatriation. The Society will also endeavor, in a constitutional way, to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic slave-trade, and to abolish slavery in all those portions of our common country which come under its control, especially in the District of Columbia — and likewise to prevent the extension of slavery to any State that may hereafter be admitted into the Union.'

To enlighten the public mind by means of authentic evidence, and to improve as far as possible the moral and intellectual condition of the colored people within their own influence, certainly constitutes the *whole* purpose of Anti-Slavery Societies.

I do not make this declaration merely from the principles laid down in their Constitutions; for there is lamentable proof that the *spirit* of a Society may be so far apart from the *words* of its Constitution, that "if one had the small-pox, the other would never catch it." But I have, for the last two years, attended almost every Anti-Slavery meeting

in this neighborhood, and I never heard one of the numerous speakers, in public or private, express any opinion, the spirit of which was at variance with what I have stated.

The Rev. Dr Cox, who from a well-meaning Colonizationist has become a true-hearted Abolitionist, says: "We merely beg leave fraternally to discuss the morality of matters with our white brethren of the South. We will canvass their objections, and beg them to look as well at ours. We will not blame them for the legacy they have received from their ancestors, but merely warn them of that they are about to bequeath to their posterity."

Those who assure Southerners that only a few "misguided fanatics" feel interested in this cause, make a very great mistake. The conscientious, the judicious, and the intelligent, are among its most earnest advocates; and it counts its adherents not by hundreds, but by tens of thousands. It will soon become the universal public sentiment of New England — a sentiment that cannot be repressed, and will not be silent.



"O woman! am not I thy sister!"

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

“Thou shouldst be living at this hour :
The world hath need of thee. ———
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

WORDS WORTH.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was born at Hull, in 1759. For many years his ancestors had been successfully engaged in trade in that place.

At an early age he attended a grammar school, under the superintendence of the Rev. Joseph Milner, whose preaching made a strong impression upon his mind. At twelve years old, he was placed at a school in the neighborhood of London, where he resided with a pious uncle and aunt. These relatives introduced him to the venerable John Newton ; and, from what is afterward related, there is reason to suppose that excellent man saw something in the child that peculiarly interested him.

In 1772, he was placed at a grammar school in Pocklington, where he remained till he removed to St John's College, Cambridge, in 1776, or 1777. He there formed a friendship with Mr Pitt, which continued uninterrupted till the day of his death.

At Cambridge he fell under the influence of people who were very much afraid of his becoming too religious for the practical purposes of this busy world; but he was never drawn into any vicious dissipation, and was much distinguished as an elegant, classical scholar. In 1780, when he was little more than twentyone years of age, and before he had graduated at Cambridge, he was returned member of Parliament for his native town. In 1784, he was again returned for Hull; but immediately after, he was quite unexpectedly chosen to represent the county of York. His name was placed at the head of the poll in preference to the representatives of two noble families of great rank and influence; and for six successive parliaments he continued to represent the first county in the empire. In 1812 he retired, from choice.

Such extraordinary honors, bestowed upon a man so young, did for a time prove dangerous to him; his religious principles were somewhat shaken, and the world took too strong hold upon his imagination. It was, however, but a transient cloud passing over the sun-dial of his soul, on which, forever after, time marked its passage by the bright and quiet progress of truth. In 1785 Mr Wilberforce travelled on the continent, with a party of friends, among whom was Dr Isaac Milner, late Dean of Carlisle. The religious conversations which occurred during this tour effect-

ally roused a sleeping conscience. "As I read," said he, "the promises of Holy Scripture — 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you: God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: I will take away the heart of stone, and give you the heart of flesh: I will put my laws in your hearts, and write them in your inward parts: I will be merciful unto their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more,' — as I read these passages, I reflected, if these things be so, and if I set myself to seek the blessings thus promised, I shall certainly find a sensible change wrought within me, such as is thus described. I will seek that I may find the promised blessings."

He finally obtained that deep and abiding joy, known only to him who conscientiously follows his perceptions of truth. In this state of mind he resumed his early acquaintance with the venerable John Newton. He was surprised, and deeply affected, when that pious man informed him that since he first saw him, during a period of fifteen years, he had never ceased to pray for him.

Many religious friends now urged Mr Wilberforce to retire from public life; for they feared its honors would prove too alluring to one of such high and commanding intellect. He did not comply with this advice, because he felt that his talents were given him as a medium of use to his fellow creatures. It has been beautifully said, "He continued in political life — but abode therein with God."

In 1787, when the excellent Thomas Clarkson called on Mr Wilberforce with the hope of interesting his mind on the subject of the slave trade, he frankly and readily confessed that his thoughts had already been much employed upon it, and that it lay very near his heart. He inquired into evidence with the earnestness of one who loves the truth, not with the busy pertinacity of a man who investigates because he is determined to doubt.

When the friends of abolition, — with considerable hesitation, — ventured to ask whether he would bring the question before Parliament, he did not stop to make any of those selfish calculations, which so often lead statesmen from the path of true glory. He promptly replied that he would do it as soon as he could prepare himself, unless the friends of the cause should, in the mean time, find some other person, whom they considered more suitable; and he was willing that this declaration should be announced, wherever it could be of the least benefit.

From that moment to the latest hour of his life, he lost no opportunity, in public or in private, of doing good to the oppressed Africans.

There is no wonder that Clarkson and his friends rejoiced in the co-operation of such a man as Wilberforce! Perhaps there was not another human being capable of affording such efficient aid. His great talents, his persuasive eloquence, his habits of patient, persevering inquiry, his extensive popularity, his influential connexions, and particularly his intimacy with the first minister of state, all conspired to give him a degree of power seldom bestowed on one individual.

This influence was never made to serve any selfish views of popular applause, or party favor. It was ever guided by a religious sense of duty. Therefore, it was extensively felt during his life-time, and has left itself impressed, in a very remarkable degree, on the age that follows him.

When, in 1788, the king ordered a privy council to take into consideration the state of the African trade, Mr Wilberforce was unfortunately too ill to attend to the subject; but he begged Clarkson to go to London immediately, that his evidence might be in readiness to bring before the board; and he wrote to his friends, Mr Pitt and Mr Grenville, to exert themselves in the cause.

When Clarkson visited these eminent men, he found Mr (afterward Lord) Grenville already zealous, requiring evidence of facts only as a means of adding strength to his own convictions. But Mr Pitt espoused the cause more cautiously; he was disposed to keep his heart under the government of his head. He consented to bring the question before Parliament; but he begged the House to observe that "he made no statement of his own sentiments—that he should not have had the honor of moving the resolution, had it not been for the severe indisposition of his friend Mr Wilberforce, in whose hands every measure belonging to justice, humanity, and the national interest, was peculiarly well placed."

Mr Fox rose to say that "he had long felt an interest in this great subject, and had intended himself to bring it forward in Parliament; but when he heard Mr Wilberforce had taken it up, he was sincerely rejoiced

— not merely on account of the purity of his character and principles, but because, from various considerations, he honestly thought the business would be better in the hands of that gentleman than in his own." After some discussion, the question was postponed until the next meeting of Parliament.

On the 19th of March, 1789, Mr Wilberforce rose to propose a resolution, by which the House pledged themselves to take the slave trade into consideration during that session. This was the watchword of strife. Merchants, planters, and all interested persons, immediately commenced operations for a diligent and furious opposition. Mr Wilberforce spoke three hours and a half in favor of abolition. Of this speech Mr Burke said that "the House, the nation, and all Europe, were under great obligations to Mr Wilberforce, for having brought this important subject forward in a manner so masterly and impressive. It equalled anything he had heard in modern eloquence, and he believed it was not surpassed by anything in ancient times." Similar commendation was bestowed by Mr Grenville, and other eminent members of Parliament. The friends of abolition took the earliest opportunity to express their heartfelt thanks to this great and good man, for the unexampled industry with which he had labored in the cause, and the unrivalled talent with which he had supported it.

No attempt will here be made to trace even the outline of those discussions, which year after year agitated the British Parliament, on a question where justice, humanity, and common-sense, so plainly pointed to the right path. But the arguments then

urged in support of the slave *trade* are, in their spirit and tendency, so precisely similar to the reasons now brought forward in palliation of the *system* among us, that I cannot forbear a brief allusion to them.

“Lord Thurlow talked pathetically, not of the murder of the *slaves*, but of the ruin of slave *traders*; Lord Sydney eulogized the tender legislation of Jamaica; the Duke of Chandos deprecated universal insurrection if the slave trade were abolished; the Duke of Richmond proposed a clause of compensation; Mr Baily talked of the religious cultivation the poor heathen slaves obtained by being brought to a christian land; Mr Vaughan recommended schools for education; Colonel Thornton predicted the ruin of British shipping; and Mr Dundas had the merit of first proposing *gradual* abolition.”

Mr Molyneux said it would be downright swindling to annihilate this profitable branch of trade; Mr Macnamara called the measure hypocritical, fanatic, and visionary. Mr Grosvenor complimented the humanity and good intentions of Mr Wilberforce, though he differed from him on the subject in question. “He had heard a good deal about kidnapping and other barbarous practices. He was sorry for them. But these were the natural consequences of the laws of *Africa*; and it became wise men to turn those laws to their own advantage. The slave trade was certainly not an amiable trade; neither was that of a butcher; but yet it was a very necessary one. He would not gratify his humanity at the expense of the interests of his country. He thought we ought

not too curiously to inquire into the unpleasant circumstances that might be connected with this trade. It was his advice not to meddle with troubled waters; they would be found bitter waters, and waters of affliction." Mr Stanley said, "it seemed to him to have been the intention of Providence, from the beginning, that one set of men should be slaves to another. This truth was as old as the universe. It was recognised in every history, under every government, and every religion. The Africans ought to be thankful that they were transplanted from their own country into British Colonies."

Mr Alderman Watson defended the slave trade as a lucrative branch of commerce. "The West Indian trade depended upon it; and so did the Newfoundland fisheries. The latter could not go on, if it were not for the vast quantities of inferior fish bought up in the West India market for the use of the negroes. *How were these refuse fish to be disposed of, if the slave trade were abolished?*" Mr Sumner "did not like to wound the prejudices of the West Indians by immediate and unqualified abolition; but gradual measures would have his approbation." Sir William Yonge was "apprehensive that evils might follow any sudden decrease in the slaves. They might be destroyed by hurricanes, or swept off by fatal disorders. If this bill passed, the owners would have no means of filling up the places of the dead. Those, who had loaned money upon the lands where losses occurred, would foreclose their mortgages. He also feared a clandestine trade would be carried on, by which the Africans would suffer more than from the legal, authorized one. And even

if Africa did gain by abolition, he wished, before he voted for it, to ascertain that Britain would not lose by it. He hated a traffic in men; but it could not be stopped. If England relinquished it, other nations would pursue it with increased zeal, and advance their own interests by her folly. With regard to the Colonies, abolition would be an act of downright oppression. Supplies were absolutely necessary from time to time. The negroes did not yet increase by birth. The gradation of ages was not yet duly filled. The planters, not having customary supplies, would be obliged to sell to pay their debts. Slaves would be imprisoned by creditors, or seized and sold. It was really dreadful to think how families would be separated in such cases. These and many other evils would grow out of applying too sudden a remedy. The question must be left to the planters to regulate. They were much better acquainted with the subject than any other persons possibly could be; and if the desired end were pointed out to them, there was no doubt they would heartily seek to attain it by moderate and judicious means." Lord Castlereagh could "entertain no doubt that the slave trade was an evil; but it was a political question, and a difficult one. He advised a system of duties on fresh importations of slaves, progressively increasing to a certain extent."

To these and similar remarks, Mr Fox replied, with the noble enthusiasm that marked his generous character: "After what has fallen from the last speaker," said he, "I can no longer remain silent. Something so mischievous has come out—something so like a foundation for preserving forever this detestable traffic,

that I should feel myself wanting in duty to my country, if I did not deprecate all such deceptions and delusions. The honorable gentlemen call themselves *moderate* men; but upon this subject, I neither feel, nor desire to feel, anything like moderation. Their remarks have reminded me of a passage in Middleton's life of Cicero. The translation is defective, but it will equally suit my purpose. He says: 'To enter into a man's house, and kill him, his wife, and family, in the night time, is certainly a most heinous crime; but to break open his house, to murder him, his wife and children, in the night, may still be very right, provided it be done with *moderation*.'

The excellent and learned Sir Samuel Romilly supported Mr Wilberforce and Mr Fox in their opposition to the vague and deceptive propositions advanced by the friends of slavery. "Who can measure," said he, "the space between the present time and the abolition of this trade, if it be left to the discretion of the Colonies? It has been abundantly proved that this traffic is carried on by means of rapine, robbery, and murder. There is nothing brought forward in support of its continuance but assertions already disproved, and arguments already refuted."

Sir William Yonge, and others in the West India interest, loudly censured Mr Fox and Sir Samuel Romilly for the harshness of their expressions, which they construed into individual charges of crime upon the planters, and a direct attack upon their personal honor.

To this, Lord Henry Petty very judiciously replied : “The honorable gentlemen had better reserve their indignation for those who *commit* ‘rapine, robbery, and murder,’ instead of lavishing it upon those who simply do their duty in *describing* them.”

The struggle continued in the British Parliament for *nineteen years* ! During all which time the facts brought forward by friends of humanity were opposed by virulent abuse, flimsy arguments, negative assertions, and fanciful conjectures. It was just such a process as is now going on in this country ; and then, as now, the friends of abolition found their worst and most insidious enemies among the advocates of *gradual* measures. To meet in the open field with avarice that boldly shows its cloven foot, and pride that wears no mask, is comparatively an easy task.

Through the whole arduous conflict Mr Wilberforce remained the same—the anchor on which British benevolence rested its hopes—the guiding star of many gifted minds ! Nothing, however remotely connected with the subject, escaped his attention ; and the question was never discussed without receiving his most able and energetic support.

At last, on the twentyfourth of March, 1807, the Abolition Bill passed both Houses of Parliament ; and on the twentyfifth the royal assent was received !

British merchants were not ruined—no insurrections took place—the West Indies did not secede from the British government, as they had threatened to do—neither were they sunk, as they deserved to be. None of the predicted evils came to pass—if we except the probable fact that Alderman Watson’s *refuse*

fish sold for a lower price in the markets. But we may safely venture to assert that the price, whatever it might be, was more than the worth of the man, who could bring forward such an argument.

Though the name of Wilberforce has been peculiarly distinguished in connexion with the subject of slavery, yet his benevolence flowed in every other direction, where the progress of religion, education, or freedom, could be advanced. His highly intelligent conversation was rendered doubly attractive by manners peculiarly mild, affectionate and engaging; and though religion was never ostentatiously brought forward, its spirit was ever visibly with him. One day as he passed through the castle yard, a man, in the honest enthusiasm of his heart, seized his hand, and prayed that God would grant him a long life. "I thanked him for his kindness," said Mr Wilberforce; "but I could not but reflect how unchristian we are in our common views and feelings. If we really kept christian principles before us, we could not regard long life as one of the greatest of blessings; we should assuredly feel that it was far better to depart and be with Jesus." He often said that he could not have sustained the continued stretch of mind required by his public avocations if it had not been for the rest he enjoyed on the Sabbath. He thought many who suffered, mind and body, under the pressure of excessive mental labor, might have been preserved in health and cheerfulness, if they had conscientiously observed the Sabbath. A minister of state once called upon him, on some public business on Sunday; he excused himself, saying he would wait upon his lordship at any hour the ensuing day.

But though he made no compromise with the vanities of the world, his religion had no tinge of severity or gloom. His household was governed entirely by the law of love. If any of the servants committed faults, they were treated with the tenderness of a careful shepherd seeking to bring a stray sheep into the fold again. In him faith was a distinct and operative principle. He often spoke of the large communications of divine wisdom, which those were sure to receive, who were careful "not to quench the spirit." Nothing of bigotry mingled with his attachment to the Church of England. One of his friends having expressed surprise that he partook of the sacrament in a Dissenting Chapel, he replied, "Why, my dear friend, is it not a church of God?" Neither was his patriotism of a selfish kind. He regarded every human being as his brother. Though his political predilections leaned towards the tories, he took a deep and friendly interest in the institutions of the United States.

He was extremely fond of children, among whom he made himself a playful, gentle and familiar friend. In person, he was small and insignificant; he was near-sighted, very rapid in his movements, and altogether unprepossessing; but when he spoke, an expression of friendly earnestness glowed from his benevolent soul, and made his hearers love to look upon him. Those who heard him in public debate, or private conversation, could not always understand the secret of his power. He was more powerful than others of equal talent, because he spoke in forgetfulness of self—with plain sincerity and earnestness; and he *could* so speak because he lived in humble

acknowledgement that his vigorous intellect was the gift of God, entrusted to his care for the use of others. This it was that made him such a transparent medium, through which Divine Love could operate on the world.

A writer in the *Christian Advocate* says: "His eloquence was seldom impassioned; not often energetic; but his tones were mellifluous and persuasive, exactly according with the sentiments they conveyed. His memory was richly stored with classical allusion; a natural poetry of mind constantly displayed itself; a melodious cadence marked every expression of thought."

Mr Wilberforce was married in 1797, when he was about thirtyeight years old, to Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of a rich banker in Birmingham, who is said to have been an excellent woman. Soon after his marriage, he published his celebrated work called "*A Practical View of the prevailing Religious Systems of professed Christians, in the higher and middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with real Christianity.*" This book is said to have had a great effect in checking the fashionable irreligion of the age. At Clapham, where he resided several years after his marriage, he established a school for colored people. We are not told that this step excited any of the opposition so furiously manifested at Canterbury, Connecticut. Mr Wilberforce and his friends thought it no shame to walk arm in arm with colored gentlemen. Yet in Europe they reckon the English a civilized people — somewhat fastidiously refined — and not a little proud. Can it be, as the tories have maliciously said, that republicans, having few opportunities to indulge their

pride of dominion, use every possible chance with more unsparing severity than other men?

About the year 1825, the increasing infirmities of a constitution naturally feeble, compelled Mr Wilberforce to retire to the complete seclusion of domestic life. The blessings of the world followed him to his retreat; and the good and gifted of all lands felt as if they visited England almost in vain if they were unable to obtain an interview with Wilberforce.

An American clergyman, who visited him in 1828, writes thus: "Early this morning I left London for High Wood Hill, the beautiful residence of Mr Wilberforce. It is a large stone building, situated on a delightful eminence, which commands an extensive rural prospect, and especially a fine view of the beautiful valley beneath. The servant said Mr Wilberforce was at home, and would be disengaged in a short time. In the meanwhile we were introduced into the library, where, with the librarian's leave, we amused ourselves by looking over the books, and noticing various corrections which Mr Wilberforce had made with his pen. After nearly half an hour, he came in, and received us with much kindness and cordiality. After requesting us to notice the beautiful scenery from the window, and making some remarks upon the likeness of his friend Mr Pitt, he requested us to walk into the drawing-room, that he might introduce us to his family; adding, very kindly, that he wished to do it the rather, that if I should visit England again, though he should not be here to receive me, I might be sure of the friendly attentions of his son. After spending an hour and a half in listening to his charm-

ing conversation, we took leave of him ; and I am sure, that I never parted with any person with a more agreeable impression. If the sentiment was strong that I had been in the company of one of the *greatest* men in England, it was still stronger that I had been in the company of one of the *best* men in the world."

Mr Wilberforce was exceedingly beloved by his family. Nothing could exceed the careful tenderness with which they watched over his declining years. His lady and four sons survived him. His two daughters died before him. The younger, who died about a year after her marriage with the Rev. J. James, is said to have strongly resembled her father in character, and to have been peculiarly dear to him. The old age of Mr Wilberforce was such as his manhood promised. It was cheerful, bland, and affectionate. To the latest day of his life he retained a strong interest in every question that involved the happiness and improvement of mankind. He often expressed his conviction that the friends of abolition made a mistake when they supposed that the *slave trade* could ever be effectually abolished, unless *slavery itself* were abolished. He, of course, cordially sympathised with Mr Buxton on the subject of entire emancipation. One of the last things he wrote was his signature to a protest against the influence of the American Colonization Society.

Not many months before his death, a meeting was held at Bath, to petition for "the speedy and entire abolition of slavery"; at which the Bishop of Bath and Wells presided. Mr Wilberforce, who during all his long and active life, had never been silent when the question of slavery was introduced, arose to make

a few remarks. After briefly alluding to his age and infirmities, he said: "I wish once more to raise my feeble voice, to advocate, however faintly, that good cause, for which I have so often pleaded, and for the success of which my heart will never cease to feel deeply to the latest moment of rational existence. To a Christian, it must be regarded as an axiom, that an *opportunity* of doing good is tantamount to a *command* to undertake the service; and surely there never was a greater mass of misery to be terminated, or a greater amount of good to be conferred, than by the measure which we are now met together to support. Some, who have opposed our proceedings, mistake in supposing that we rest the propriety of our interference chiefly on the ground of individual acts of cruelty committed on the bodies of the slaves.

"That such cruelties do exist, and will exist, wherever man is possessed of absolute power, is undeniable. No man is fit to be trusted with it; and no man who knows himself will wish to possess it. But it is the *system* that we wish to change. *We ought not to lose a single hour in doing away the multiplied wrongs of the slaves, by their actual admission to that liberty to which the God of nature has entitled them, and which in its consequences would give them all other blessings.* Let us then proceed with renewed energy in carrying into execution one of the greatest acts of mercy a people ever had it in their power to perform. Let us all remember that here we have no option. Our faculties are given, not as a property, but as a trust; and we are bound, at our peril, to avail ourselves of every opportunity Providence may place within our

reach, of doing justice and showing mercy — of lessening the miseries, and augmenting the happiness of the human species. *Only let us act with an earnestness and perseverance worthy of the cause in which we are engaged. The blessing of Heaven will recompense us ; and we shall have wiped away a stain justly to be regarded as the foulest blot that ever dishonored the annals of a free and enlightened people."*

This great and good man died on the twentyeighth of July, 1833, in the seventyfourth year of his age. The news of his death was severely felt throughout the British empire, and touched the hearts of thousands in the United States. His remains lie in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Pitt and Canning. Men of all parties, all classes, and of many nations, have united in rendering homage to his memory.

HOW TO EFFECT EMANCIPATION.

A VENERABLE and excellent member of the Society of Friends, from England, speaking to the editor concerning the manner in which emancipation could be effected in the United States, said : "Thou must do as we have done in England. A sculptor came among us with images, in black marble, of an African child kneeling, in chains. Almost every abolitionist purchased one ; and when a man came to ask us to vote for him as member of Parliament, we held up the image and asked, 'What hast thou done for *this* ?' If he said he had not made up his mind on that difficult question, we answered, 'Then, friend, we *have* made up our minds that we shall not vote for thee.'"

REMEMBER THE SLAVE.

MOTHER ! when around your child
You clasp your arms in love,
And when with grateful joy you raise
Your eyes to God above, —

Think of the negro mother, when
Her child is torn away,
Sold for a little slave, — oh then
For the poor mother pray !

Father ! whene'er your happy boys
You look upon with pride,
And pray to see them, when you're old
All blooming by your side ; —

Think of that father's wither'd heart,
The father of a slave,
Who asks a pitying God to give
His little son a grave.

Brothers and sisters ! who with joy
Meet round the social hearth,
And talk of home and happy days,
And laugh in careless mirth ; —

Remember too the poor young slave
Who never felt your joy ;
Who early old, has never known
The bliss to be a boy.

Ye Christians ! ministers of him
Who came to make men free,
When at the Almighty Maker's throne
You bend the suppliant knee ; —

From the deep fountains of your soul
Then let your prayers ascend,
For the poor slave, who hardly knows
That God is still his friend.

Let all who know that God is just,
That Jesus came to save,
Unite in the most holy cause
Of the forsaken slave.



“ Deliver us from evil ! ”



MALEM-BOO.

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVE.

[The following story is founded on fact. A friend of the editor, who visited Brazil in 1832, frequently saw the slave at his work, with a little boy forever at his side. His sedate demeanor, so different from the other slaves, and the thoughtful earnestness with which he pursued his avocations, excited her curiosity, and led her to inquire into his history.]

ON the eastern coast of Africa, near the river Zambese, lived Malem-Boo, renowned among his people for the vigor of his frame, and the graceful agility of his motions. His bravery and handsome person found great favor in the eyes of his countrywomen. The belles of Mozambique stood by the clear water, and arranged with studious care their feathered coronets, and bracelets of beads and shells, in hopes of gaining the heart of Malem-Boo. But this conquest was reserved for one who came from distant Caffraria. Malem-Boo saw her for the first time, in the midst of a lion-hunt. He and his warlike companions had chased the powerful beast into a

neighboring jungle, when suddenly a young woman, with a little boy upon her shoulders, started up from behind the thick shrubbery. The lion was just about to spring upon her, when the spear of Malem-Boo entered his forehead and laid him dead at her feet. The stranger's eyes sparkled with exultation; for the women of her country loved brave deeds, and often went out with the young warriors to hunt the lion and the panther. Yet Yarrima was modest, gentle and affectionate. Her expressive eyes, which glory so easily kindled, could melt at once into mildness and love.

The Caffres are remarkable among the tribes of Africa, for their majestic figures, graceful motions and proud deportment. They have short curly black hair; and in this respect, as well as the iron gray of their complexions, they appear to be a mixture of the Arab and the negro. Yarrima had been regarded as the most beautiful of her tribe; and the consciousness of this imparted a kind of quiet, queenly dignity, which was extremely pleasing. As she stood before them, with no other ornament than a leopard skin, and a string of red berries among her hair, the young hunters thought they had never seen anything half so charming. They eagerly crowded around her, to ascertain her history. She spoke a dialect different from their own, but they understood many of the words; and these, aided by her expressive gestures, enabled them to understand that she was the widow of a young Caffre chief, — that she had been taken by kidnappers, — had escaped from their hands, — and wandered through the woods for many days, until

she met them. Malem-Boo listened with his whole soul in his eyes; and from that moment he seemed to forget that the world contained any other woman than Yarrima.

Among those primitive people, courtship is not a tedious process. The rules of civilized life have not as yet taught them to divorce their words and actions from the true affections of the heart. When Malem-Boo asked the handsome Caffrarian to become his wife, she answered by a timid glance, so expressive, that he needed not the imperfect medium of language to interpret it.

Yarrima's first marriage had been managed by her friends, when she was too young to have a preference; but the hunter of Mozambique was the chosen of her heart.

It is difficult to imagine human happiness more perfect than that enjoyed by these untaught children of nature. Their hut, plastered with clay, and thatched with Palms, might have seemed rude to one accustomed to European luxury; but Yarrima knew nothing of this. Her husband was doatingly fond of her; and little Yazoo, her infant son, grew every day more intelligent and interesting. Then nature herself was so beautiful in that sunny clime! The Palm trees waved over their humble dwelling in silent love, as if rejoicing in the blessed shade they gave; the happy little palm squirrels glided up and down their tall stems, or frolicked among the leaves, delighting Yazoo with their graceful gambols; from the neighboring groves the gaudy parrots screamed aloud to each other; at sunrise, the superb Creeper, its feathers

glittering with blue, and crimson, and gold, filled the air with melody; and often the sonorous voice of the beautiful Pauline-touraco, was heard from the topmost boughs of the cocoa trees. One of these birds became so tame, that it frequently perched on the thatched edges of the hut, and ate berries from Yazoo's little hand.

The boy loved dearly to run in the woods, to chase butterflies, and pelt the beautiful green monkeys, that continually threw down branches on his head, while he was unable to distinguish their bright rich fur from the foliage among which they hid themselves. But Malem-Boo never allowed him to go out of sight of the hut, unless he was with him; for in the night time the loud roar of the lion thundered through the air—and none could tell where the savage beast might be lurking for his prey. Sometimes poisonous scorpions crept forth from under the stones; and, worse than all, the cruel slave-trader might get sight of him, and be led to suspect that there was a defenceless dwelling near. The heart of the poor African sunk within him, whenever he thought that they might possibly penetrate even to this secluded nest, and leave it desolate.

Yazoo was an active child; and in order to gratify his love of variety, Malem-Boo often took him to the precipitous rocks, among which he laboriously gathered particles of gold, for the market of Mozambique. Many a happy hour did the boy spend watching the klipspringer antelopes, as they bounded from ledge to ledge, sometimes stopping to scratch their ears on precipices where Yazoo could not have found room

for one of his own little feet. Once in a great while he spied a large flock of the springer antelopes, or showy-bocks, trooping away in the distance; and he loved dearly to watch and see how, ever an anon, some one of the herd sprung high in the air, and showed the beautiful white spot upon his breast.

But what Yazoo liked better than all this, was to accompany his father, when he went in search of wild-honey, guided by the sagacious maroc. Every few moments the little bird would cry *cher, cher*, as if to let them know where he was; and when he came within sight of a wild bee's hive, he would flutter round it, and keep up a great outcry, till some one came to his assistance. Malem-Boo always gave the friendly creatures a portion of the honey they had helped to find; and Yazoo was taught never to fire his little arrows at them. When Yarrima joined in these pleasant excursions, their cup of joy was full.

Thus two or three years passed away in perfect content. Yarrima's second marriage was not blessed with children; and Malem-Boo's affections seemed to centre the more strongly on her infant son. His tenderness was returned with all the exuberance of childish love. Yazoo was never willing to close his eyes until his father had returned home, and spoken to him with his accustomed kindness; and if Malem-Boo missed his merry little voice, and the joyful, jumping step, with which he was wont to run and meet him, he always quickened his pace, and eagerly inquired, "Is the child well?" If, by chance, he found him sleeping, he never partook his evening

meal till he had stooped over him, and kissed his cheek, or touched his little hand. It seemed strange that one so strong and warlike could be capable of such womanly tenderness: but Malem-Boo, like most brave and generous natures, had a heart very susceptible of love for all young and innocent things; and this sentiment was deepened by Yazoo's marked resemblance to his mother. Uncultivated as Yarrima was, she felt that her husband's love for the boy was a part and portion of his true affection for her; and she was more deeply grateful for it, than for all the beads, and shells, and golden bracelets, with which it was his pride to decorate her.

One day, when Malem-Boo departed early in the morning to pursue his occupation among the mountains, he repeated his usual charge to Yazoo, to keep within sight of the hut; and particularly not to go near the beach, lest white men should discover his tracks in the sand. Only the day previous, the young hunter, in full chase of an ostrich, had been suddenly startled, and turned back, by the marks of shoes upon the beach; but his little hut was several miles from the sea, in such a hidden nook, that he felt as if danger at his very door was nearly impossible.

As Malem-Boo passed along, he patted his boy upon the head, and promised to return before dark. The child capered a few steps toward him, and then stopped, looking after him with smiling love. Yarrima, fearful that he might wander too far, called to him and bade him play near the door. With a few sticks, an empty gourd, and some ostrich feathers, he was happier than princes often are, with their golden and



“She looked out, and saw the children playing under the shadow of the Palms.”

Page 27.

jewelled toys. Presently his mother heard a merry shout ; and going to inquire the cause, she found that three or four children, whose parents lived nearer to the sea, had wandered there, and joined Yazoo in his sports. One of them had been on the beach, and brought a palm leaf full of shells, with which Yazoo immediately proposed to build a hut. His anxious mother renewed her commands that he should keep within sight of the door ; and the children readily promised to obey. From time to time, she looked out, and saw them dancing and playing in the shadow of the Palms. She was very busy weaving a garment for her husband ; and satisfied with hearing their merry voices, she gradually looked out less and less frequently.

Suddenly the idea darted into her mind that she had heard nothing from them for many minutes. "Surely," thought she, "they would have screamed if danger had been near." She hastened to the spot where she had last seen them, calling, "Yazoo! Yazoo!" But no sound, save the occasional twittering of insects, was heard amid the sultry silence of approaching noon.

Yarrima almost flew over the ground, in hopes of discovering her child in the huts of her distant neighbors. Something like anger at his supposed disobedience was mingling with her terror, when among a cluster of infant foot-prints, she discovered the steps of a white man ! Then the wretched mother tossed her arms wildly in the air, and shrieked aloud in the extremity of hopeless anguish. She hurried onward to the beach ; and still those horrid foot-prints

were ever in her path. Heedless of her own danger, she screamed, "Yazoo! Yazoo!" and the lonely rocks echoed "Yazoo! Yazoo!"

Suddenly the tracks ceased. Here and there, between the shelving ledges, the sea was visible; its waters sparkling quietly, all unconscious of the wickedness of man.

Yarrima clambered to the highest rock, and saw the white man's boat moving rapidly over the waves to a vessel just visible in the distance. She saw a child stretch forth its arms, and thought a faint scream reached her ear; but perhaps that sound was only heard by a mother's heart, throbbing in its utmost agony.

How Yarrima reached her desolate home, I know not. Malem-Boo returned early from the mountains, oppressed by an undefined apprehension of some evil awaiting him. He found his wife lying with her face upon the ground, exhausted, and stupified. With trembling eagerness, he asked, "Where is Yazoo?" She answered with a shriek, that pierced through his brain like an arrow. And then her whole frame was convulsed, till a torrent of tears gushed forth, to save her bursting heart.

Malem-Boo clasped his hands hard over his forehead; for a suspicion of the dreadful truth worked like fire in his brain. As soon as his fears were confirmed by Yarrima's broken sentences, he started upon his feet, saying, "I will offer them all my gold; and they will give us back our child." With half delirious eagerness, he gathered together all his treasures; and his wife, trembling with the excitement of



“Yarrima climbed to the highest rock, and saw the white man's boat moving rapidly over the waves.”

Page 28.

renewed hope, brought forth her golden bracelets, beads, and ostrich plumes. Malem-Boo smiled upon her, saying, "My boat will move over the waters like the bird of the desert, when he hears the voice of his mate from afar. Trust me, I will soon bring back our boy." He turned to kiss Yarrima before he parted, and with a look full of love, he bade her keep up good courage till his return.

Alas, for the kind and simple hearted ones! How could *they* estimate the extent of Christian avarice, and civilized cruelty?

With a strong arm, and a strong heart, Malem-Boo urged his canoe over the waters. He reached the vessel, which still lay waiting to complete its miserable cargo. He displayed his treasures, and assured them the gold would bring ten times more than they could obtain for his child. Such was the language man was compelled to hold to his brother man!

The white men accepted the gold; and the father's eyes glistened with joy when they promised that the boy should go with him. He did not understand their cruel jest. While he waited, eagerly watching for a glimpse of his darling Yazoo, four strong sailors suddenly seized him, and bound him hand and foot. They thrust him down under the hatches, in a place so low that he could not sit upright. There he found the child of his beloved Yarrima, chained hand and foot to the children who had been playing with him under the Palm trees. The poor boy uttered a wild cry of delight; for to his guileless little heart the presence of his father seemed a sufficient protection from all the evil in the world. But the driver struck him a blow

with the butt end of his whip, which made the blood stream over his face, and effectually checked the ebullitions of his childish joy. Malem-Boo's eyes gleamed with a fierce expression of revenge; but feeling that he was powerless in the hands of his tormentors, he offered no resistance. He earnestly begged to have the boy placed by his side. To this they consented; saying, however, that if more captives were brought on board, they could not suffer the little brat to take up room that might be filled by a slave four times his value.

Malem-Boo glanced over the miserable creatures packed around him, as close as bales of cotton, and he could not understand how any more could be stowed in that place.

The next day passed slowly away. Only two more captives were brought in; and they were young lovers. The kidnappers seized them as they sat beside a heap of yams they had been digging, sharing the milk and fruit of a cocoa.

At midnight the accursed vessel proceeded on its way. Long before light dawned upon the poor slaves, the shores of Africa were lost in the distance. When they were brought on deck, chained and hand-cuffed, to breathe the fresh air for a few moments, and receive their daily allowance of water, it was a heart-breaking sight to see the looks of deep dejection and fixed despair, with which they gazed toward their native land.

They were allowed a very brief time to breathe the pure air, and look on the pleasant heavens. They were soon ordered back to their den; and those who

lingered, were quickened by a merciless cut from the driver's whip. Shut up day after day, without the power of changing their posture, diseases soon came among them. Then were heard the gasping screams of those who were suffocating in the close, pestilential, filthy atmosphere — the howlings of rage — and the groans of despair. Sometimes, the fierce visage of the driver showed itself at the gratings, and the cracking of his whip restored silence for awhile ;— but half stifled exclamations of bodily pain and mental anguish soon burst forth anew.

Every day some among them was consigned to the merciful deep ; and often, through an entire day and night, the dead and the dying sat upright, chained to each other. Among these wretched beings the two young lovers seemed most dejected. The girl drooped and died, before they had been at sea twelve days. She expired about noon ; and, during the remainder of that day and the following night, her lifeless body fell cold and heavy upon the shoulders of her to whom she was chained. The next morning, when the slaves were turned on deck, and compelled by the touch of the whip to dance for exercise, the girl was loosened from her companion, and carelessly tumbled into the sea. The young African, with an intense expression of grief, gazed on the body of her he had loved, as it rose to the surface of the waters ; then, with sudden desperation, he gave one high leap, and plunged into the waves.

The captain ordered a boat out after him, with many curses upon the refractory scoundrel, who thus wantonly risked a white man's property ; but luckily for

the poor slave the weight of his chains carried him down, before the boat could reach him. For an instant Malem-Boo was tempted to share his fate; but while Yazoo lived, he could not break the tie that bound him to a wretched existence.

The boy soon grew feverish, and would no more eat the yam, which his hungry father had been accustomed to deny himself, in order to satisfy the cravings of his childish appetite. There was a fearful struggle in the parent's heart. He earnestly wished Yazoo were dead; yet he dreaded to lose the only object he had on earth to love. The child continually cried for water, of which a very small portion was allowed the slaves. Malem-Boo, though with a parched lip and a burning tongue, cheerfully gave up his own share to the little sufferer; but still the fever devoured him, and his cry was forever, "Water! Water!"

One day, the driver sternly commanded Malem-Boo to drink the portion of water assigned to him, lest he too should be on the sick list. "No matter if the boy does die," said he: "He a'n't worth much. But we can't afford to lose a lusty fellow, like you." As he finished this speech, he turned and whistled to a monkey, that was jumping about among the rigging. The African father gave him a look which betrayed the feelings struggling in his bosom; but who thought, or cared, for what was passing in a negro's breaking heart? The next day, five more bodies were tossed into the sea; and three among them were children. Malem-Boo gazed upon Yazoo's parched lips and glaring eyes, and for the first time,

in all his miseries, a deep groan escaped him. The driver turned toward them, and observed the boy eagerly grasping at his father's draught of water, after he had drank his own. He snatched it from him, and, with a loud oath, struck the poor, feverish child over the head, with the butt of his whip. This was more than human nature could endure. Malem-Boo seized the tyrant by his throat, with the ferocity of a wounded panther.

Alas, the momentary vengeance cost him dear! He was immediately bound to the mast, and lashed till his blood flowed freely on the deck. Yazoo, being still chained to his unfortunate parent, now and then received a stroke of the whip, on purpose that it might cut deep into his father's soul. Not a groan, or a sigh, escaped from the sufferer, until they separated his child from him, and carried him away: then he clenched his hands upon his forehead, with an expression of mortal agony.

For several days Yazoo was chained with some other boys in a room smaller than that where Malem-Boo was confined. They could not see each other; but sometimes the parent's watchful ear heard his voice, in the delirium of fever, calling, "Father! Father! Yazoo sick. Yazoo die." Then the spirit of that strong-hearted man was broken with misery. He refused sustenance, and resolved to die. The captain ordered his mouth to be forced open with an iron instrument, often used for that purpose on board slave ships; but he crowded his tongue upon his throat in such a manner, that the liquid flowed out as fast as it was poured in. Whip-

ping was again and again tried ; but to no purpose. At last, they restored his child, with a curse upon his stubborn will.

I gladly pass over the multiplied scenes of misery, which each succeeding day renewed. At length the deep blue color of the sea changing to light green, announced the vicinity of land ; and soon the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, in the clear morning light, was spread before them, in all its magnificence of beauty. Rugged mountains, towering into the sky, stretched far away in the distance. Beneath tremendous precipices, richly cultivated valleys were seen, with their white cottages and orange groves, winding away in sweeping crescents to the mountains. Picturesque hills were crowned with the broad-leaved Banana and the feathery Palm ; among which churches, convents, and aqueducts, rose in airy, graceful proportions. The shipping of all nations was spread over the broad surface of the bay. The verdant islands, so still and bright, seemed the favorite abode of angels. Nature smiled at her sunny face in the waters, as if in childlike joy at her own surpassing beauty. Over the whole scene there rested an atmosphere of innocence, tranquillity, and love. Amid all this quiet grandeur, this romantic, varied loveliness, that dark and bloody ship sat brooding on the waters, like Satan lurking among the groves of Paradise.

The poor Africans, ignorant of the fate which awaited them, joyfully greeted the Palm trees, that reminded them of their own beloved home. Everything in the prospect was bright and cheering. Cramped, emaciated, diseased, and filthy as they

were, any change of situation appeared desirable. When they scrambled on shore, their faces actually beamed with delight. The advocates of slavery have urged this circumstance as a sufficient proof that negroes have no feeling ; and that whipping, starvation, and irons, are of much less consequence to them than we imagine.

On landing, the beauty of Rio suddenly vanishes from the imagination — as if the sooty wings of some gigantic spectre overshadowed it.

Around the Alfandega, or Custom House, were groups of dirty negroes, almost naked, accustomed to drag on shore the cargoes of newly arrived vessels. “ Some yoked to drays ; some chained together by the neck and legs ; some carrying heavy weights on their heads, singing in a most inarticulate and dismal tone, as they moved along ; some munching young sugar-canes, like cattle eating green provender ; and some lying on the bare ground, coiled up among filth and offal, seeming neither to expect, or require, any better accommodation. The horses and mules, pampered, spirited, and richly caparisoned, looked proudly down on these poor fettered wretches, as if conscious they were passing beings of an inferior rank in creation.”*

Malem-Boo glanced around him, with a heavy eye and a sinking heart. This scene of splendid wealth and excessive misery, contrasted strangely with his own rude but peaceful hut, under the shadow of the

* The English made an effort to have teams introduced into use at the Custom House of Rio ; but it was violently opposed by the clerks of the establishment, who made money by letting out their slaves for this purpose.

Palms; and the dismal cadence of those mournful chants was painfully unlike the merry rattling of the *saka-saka*,* which Yarrima was wont to shake above her head, when they danced together among the Mimosa groves.

Where was his beautiful and beloved Yarrima, now? Had her heart died with its slow agony, as lingering hope changed to cold despair? Had she already gone to that "better land," that *other* Africa, where all the poor wanderers would meet at last in joy?

He looked at the skeleton of poor Yazoo, in which the spark of life seemed almost extinct, and God gave him comfort in the hope that the mother and her child would be soon united.

But why do I endeavor to paint feelings, which no language can describe? His love and his misery were hidden deep in the recesses of his own bosom. The proud freedom of his glance was already exchanged for an expression of hopeless resignation. He was willing to live, for the sake of his boy; and when *he* died, he determined no human power should longer keep him from those shady African valleys, which he believed awaited him in heaven.

Fresh water and cooling fruit were offered to the captives; not from motives of humanity, but because their price depended on cleanliness and apparent strength. When brief repose and wholesome food had somewhat renovated their appearance, the whole cargo were driven to the slave-market.

* The *saka-saka* is a kind of African castanets made of a gourd, with a handle passed through the centre, and filled with pebbles, or dried peas.

Here the driver's whip compelled them to go through their paces, like horses offered for sale; while the purchasers, with many a coarse jest, turned them round, felt of their limbs, and ordered them to shout, to test the soundness of their lungs.

Some, who lay about the ground, drooping and dying, were bought at a venture by speculators, for something less than the price of a hog.

Malem-Boo offered no resistance: for Yazoo's sake, he obeyed all commands implicitly. He merely broke silence to signify to one, who understood the dialect of his country, that he would work well if they allowed his son to remain with him; but if they were separated, he vowed no earthly power should compel him to raise a hand in his master's service. This threat occasioned a smile, and was forgotten. Yazoo was purchased by a woman, whose husband kept a *venda* several leagues from Rio. With the most imploring gestures, Malem-Boo stretched forth his arms to protect the boy, who clung trembling to his knee, and could not be forced from his hold by the whip of the driver. The woman ordered one of her stout negroes to pull him away; and the command was promptly obeyed. Malem-Boo looked after his darling child, with an expression of stupefied agony; and when he could no longer see those little arms stretched toward him, no longer hear the scream of "Father! Father!" which grew fainter and fainter in the distance — he ground his teeth together, and sent forth one loud, unearthly yell of mingled rage and despair.

"That fellow has good lungs," coolly observed one of the Custom House clerks: "He is strong-limbed

too. If they don't put him up too high, he will be a good bargain." Others seemed to have the same opinion; for large sums were bid for him. The clerk finally obtained possession of sinews, which promised well to perform the labor of a cart-horse; and having caused the initials of his own name to be branded just below the shoulder, with red-hot iron, he gave the slave his appointed task. But Malem-Boo fulfilled his threat. He would not work. In vain they lashed him, till he fainted with pain and loss of blood — in vain they refused him food, till nature began to yield to death — in vain they tortured him with pointed irons — in vain they exhausted upon him the whole infernal machinery of slavery. He did not utter a groan, and he remained stubborn in his purpose. At last tyranny grew weary of useless efforts, and avarice conquered rage.

Having had time to recruit from his wounds, Malem-Boo was again put into the market. Again he renewed his protestations that he would not work, unless they restored his child. A man, who had formerly resided at New Orleans, bought him, regardless of his threats. The same process of whips, and chains, and tortures, was again tried, without producing any effect. The soul of the slave seemed about to leave his exhausted and mutilated frame; but still his resolution remained firm.

In order to avoid a loss, it became necessary to allow some respite from punishment, to prepare him for a third sale.

A Portuguese merchant bought him, and renewed the same shocking process. Being soon convinced that it would prove ineffectual, Malem-Boo was, for the fourth time, put up at auction.

The story began to produce some sensation in Rio. Such an exhibition of strong affection in a slave was by many deemed equally strange and ridiculous.

The particulars happened to reach the ears of Mr B——, a merchant originally from the United States. He resolved to purchase the father, and restore his child. He went to the slave-market, and signified to Malem-Boo that his son should be bought and remain with him, if he would promise to be faithful and industrious. It was enough to make one weep, to see the sudden ray of hope which flashed over that dark, dejected countenance!

He followed his new master, like a child returning to his beloved home. His eyes beamed with gratitude and his limbs once more moved with something like the elasticity of freedom. Mr B—— easily ascertained the residence of Yazoo, and bought him, at a higher price than would have been demanded under other circumstances. When the African clasped the child to his long-suffering heart, the tears, which manifold tortures had not been able to force from him, flowed freely down his cheeks. From that hour, nothing could surpass his willing industry. He worked as if he had a frame of iron.

Mr B——, with a degree of benevolence rare among slave-owners, toward their slaves, assigned moderate tasks to the father and son, and allowed all the surplus time for their own use. He likewise promised them freedom, as soon as they had earned money enough to pay the price of their own bones and sinews.

Mr B—— was a wealthy bachelor. He lavished thousands in matters of taste, or pleasure; but it never occurred to him that he could well afford to send

Malem-Boo and his child to Africa, without receiving any ransom. Perhaps this was too much to expect of one accustomed to the sight of slavery.

Hope completed the change that gratitude began. While the other slaves might be seen leaning on their hoes, or stretched out lazily in the sunshine, Malem-Boo and his son toiled like those with whom exertion is a matter of life and death. From earliest dawn till latest twilight, the vigorous African might be seen at work, with his boy close by his side. No sounds of merriment tempted him to look up, or changed for a moment the thoughtful earnestness of his countenance. With the hope of freedom were mingled fond thoughts of Yarrima, and his distant home.

But what had she to sustain *her* sinking heart? Merely a lively faith in that better Africa, beyond the sky, where she should once more meet her beloved husband, and see Yazoo frolicking beneath the Palm trees.

I trust the heart-stricken wife and mother has long since gone to her rest;—for should Malem-Boo regain his freedom, there is great danger that the avarice of white men will again enslave him, before he can reach his native shore.



HENRY DIAZ.

THIS was one of the most remarkable men of his age. In the course of a long and harassing war with their Dutch masters, the Brazilians had become fatigued, and their resources nearly exhausted. In the midst of their greatest despondency, a stout, active, negro slave, named Henry Diaz, presented himself in the Brazilian camp. With the air and tone of one whose purpose had been deliberately formed, he proposed to the Commander, John Fernandes, to raise a regiment of his own color, and bring them to the rescue of their common country. Although the Portuguese, and other nations of the south of Europe, have never indulged toward the colored race those rancorous prejudices which exist in the United States, yet the sudden appearance, and singular proposal, of this intrepid negro, occasioned no small surprise among the Portuguese officers. The arrival of Joan of Arc in the camp of Charles the Seventh could scarcely have produced more wonder. But Diaz, though an enthusiast, made no pretension to miracles. He was well acquainted with the character of his race ; and he relied upon his own influence, and tact, to develop the great qualities, which he well knew they possessed. Their situation was indeed wretched and degraded in the extreme ; but he had occasionally seen

in them, as he felt within himself, a capacity for high and noble deeds.

When a beggar is offered silver, he is not likely to be very fastidious about the stamp of the coin; and thus it was with the Portuguese commander. He readily accepted the proposal of Diaz; but with an incredulous smile, that plainly implied he considered it no harm for the blackies to try; just as a father looks and speaks to little boys, when they ask to hold the plough.

Henry Diaz returned triumphantly to his companions, to communicate the success of his mission. He exhibited the parchment he had received; and though few could read the words, all were able to appreciate the magnitude of the seals, and the magnificence of the flourishes.

Negroes have always shown a readiness to exchange domestic slavery for the milder servitude, and more exciting scenes of the army. They fear bullets less than stripes. The history of revolutions in North and South America, — but especially in the latter, — furnish sufficient proofs of the truth of this remark.

The regiment was soon full, and organized into regular battalions and companies. Such was the talent and energy of Diaz, and such effective use had he made of the hours he was enabled to steal from labor and from sleep, that in less than two months his troops were completely equipped, and in as perfect a state of discipline as the oldest corps of the army. From miserable, ragged, servile creatures, they had suddenly started up into brave and stout men, their faces

animated with intelligence and hope, and their eyes glistening like the flashing of the sun upon their bright muskets.

By the fierce and unyielding courage of this regiment, and the genius and skill of its commander, the Dutch were repeatedly defeated, after the most severe contests. The soldiers were never, but once, known to waver from the rock-like firmness said to distinguish colored troops. Once, when struggling against a vast superiority of numbers, there was a momentary relaxation of their efforts, and some symptoms of dismay. Their Colonel rushed into the midst of the breaking ranks, and exclaiming, "Are these the brave companions of Henry Diaz!" he restored their confidence, and secured the victory. By a new and desperate charge, the enemy were completely routed.

After eight years of almost constant warfare, the Dutch were driven from that vast territory, which now forms the empire of Brazil. Of all those rich possessions, which they had expended millions to conquer, by land and by sea, — and which their avarice and cruelty had too long desolated, — nothing finally remained, but one large, and apparently impregnable fortress, called *Cinco Pontas*, near Pernambuco. It commanded the whole city and neighborhood, and was well provisioned, and garrisoned by an army of five thousand men. Many useless attempts were made to get possession of this important post. It was defended by high and massive walls, and by deep and wide ditches, containing twelve feet of water; and provisions being constantly supplied from Dutch ships, there was no hope of reducing it by famine. Every

fresh attack upon it was immediately punished by pouring its powerful batteries on the city and surrounding country. While the enemy possessed this strong hold, the Brazilians were subject to continual irritation and alarm, and could never regard their dear-bought independence as secure.

Here was a subject fit to employ the bold genius and unwearied energy of Henry Diaz !

He sent an officer to the Commander-in-Chief, requesting an audience, that he might communicate a plan for taking the *Cinco Pontas*. The General readily granted this request ; but with a still smaller hope of any favorable result, than he had entertained, when the slave first proposed his recruiting scheme.

Diaz detailed his plan with characteristic earnestness. The superior officers listened respectfully ; for his well-earned reputation effectually protected the speaker from open derision. The result of the conference was, that the General declined adopting the measures proposed, but had no objection that Diaz himself should carry them into effect, with the troops under his command. "Then," replied the brave Colonel, "tomorrow at sunrise, you shall see the Portuguese flag wave on the tower of *Cinco Pontas* !"

As Diaz retired he overheard his commander say to one of the officers, "*It is a nigger plan.*" He took no notice of the scornful remark ; but made preparations for his hazardous enterprise with all possible secrecy and despatch.

His men were ordered to lay aside their muskets — to retain their side-arms — to take a pair of pistols in

their belts — and to carry upon their shoulders, a heap of wood, tightly bound together with osier bands. Thus prepared, at two o'clock in the morning, their commander gave directions to march toward the fort. The night was dark, and the column arrived at their destination in perfect safety. Silently and rapidly they deposited their bundles in the deep trench, beginning at the outer margin, and building successive layers toward the wall. As fast as this operation was performed, they filed off, and formed companies, in readiness to scale the wall, as soon as this combined bridge and ladder should be completed. They were obliged to wait but a brief period. The Roman warriors could not have buried the parricide woman under their shields with more celerity, than the soldiers of Diaz filled up the fosse, and formed an ascent to the wall.

Diaz was the first to leap upon the ramparts. The first sentinel he met was laid dead at his feet.

The garrison were sleeping; and before they were completely roused, the Brazilians had gained the greater part of the fortress. As soon as the Dutch recovered a little from their first surprise and confusion, they formed a compact phalanx, and offered desperate resistance. Diaz received a sabre-wound, which shattered the bones of his left arm, above the wrist. It was necessary to staunch the blood, which flowed profusely. Finding that it would take the surgeon some time to adjust the bones, and arrange the dressing, he bade him cut off the hand, saying, "It is of less consequence to me than a few moments' time, just now."

This being done, he again rushed into the hottest of the fight; and although the Dutch had greatly the advantage in the use of their artillery and muskets, they could not long withstand the determined bravery of their assailants. Fighting hand to hand, they soon killed, or captured, the whole garrison, and took possession of their immense stores of provision and ammunition.

When the darkness and smoke cleared away, the Portuguese flag was seen waving from the tower of *Cinco Pontas*!

The Commander-in-Chief could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. The intrepid Diaz sent an aid-de-camp to say that the fort and prisoners were at the disposition of his Excellency. In a few hours, the General, with a numerous suite entered the fortress, and was saluted by the victorious troops. They found Colonel Diaz reclining on his camp-bed, enfeebled by exertion and loss of blood. He, however, raised himself to a sitting posture, and received the thanks and congratulations of his commanding and brother officers, with the grave and placid air habitual to him. Then looking up archly, he said, "*It was a nigger plan, General; but the Fort is taken.*"

At the request of John the Fourth, Henry Diaz visited Portugal, where he was received with great distinction. The king desired him to choose any reward within his power to bestow. Diaz merely requested that his regiment might be perpetuated, and none admitted to its ranks but those of his own color. This was granted; and a considerable town and territory were appropriated to secure pensions to these

brave men and their successors. The town is called Estancia, and is situated a short distance from Pernambuco.

The king conferred knighthood upon Diaz, and caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the capture of *Cinco Pontas*. It was likewise ordained that the regiment should forever bear the name of its first commander. It still exists in Pernambuco. Its uniform is white, faced with red, and embroidered with gold. The decorations which Diaz received from John the Fourth, are transmitted to the commander of the regiment, to this day : and at royal audiences they have the privilege of being the first to kiss the sovereign's hand.



THE SLAVE SHIPS.

“ ————— That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

THE French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twentytwo men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out — an obstinate disease of the eyes — contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only *half a wine-glass per day* being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally, but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this

dreadful condition did not preclude calculation : to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned !* — (*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant in the Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*)

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish Slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there ; and horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind ! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the twentyfirst of June ; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival. — (*Bibliothèque Ophtalmologique, for November, 1819.*)

“ All ready ? ” cried the Captain ;
 “ Ay, Ay ! ” the seamen said —
 “ Heave up the worthless lubbers,
 The dying and the dead.”
 Up from the slave-ship’s prison
 Fierce, bearded heads were thrust —
 “ Now let the sharks look to it —
 Toss up the dead ones first ! ”

Corpse after corpse came up, —
 Death had been busy there.
 Where every blow is mercy,
 Why should the spoiler spare ?
 Corpse after corpse they cast
 Sullenly from the ship,
 Yet bloody with the traces
 Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compress'd.
“Are all the dead dogs over?”
Growl'd through that matted lip —
“The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship!”

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell! —
The ringing clank of iron —
The maniac's short, sharp yell!
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled —
The starving infant's moan —
The horror of a breaking heart
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came —
Below, had all been darkness —
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of Heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cool'd in the soft sea-air.

“Overboard with them, shipmates!”
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fetter'd and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above —
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth ! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee ?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard —
The last wave caught its stain —
And the unsated sharks look'd up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * * *

Red glow'd the western waters —
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

“ A storm,” spoke out the gazer,
“ Is gathering and at hand —
Curse on 't — I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land.”
And then he laugh'd — but only
His echoed laugh replied —
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
“ A sail ! — thank God ! a sail ! ”
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
 Unheeding, on her way,
 So near, that on the slaver's deck
 Fell off her driven spray.
 "Ho ! for the love of mercy —
 We 're perishing and blind !"
 A wail of utter agony
 Came back upon the wind.

" Help *us* ! for we are stricken
 With blindness every one —
 Ten days we 've floated fearfully,
 Unnoting star or sun.
 Our ship 's the slaver Leon —
 We 've but a score on board —
 Our slaves are all gone over —
 Help — for the love of God !"

On livid brows of agony
 The broad red lightning shone —
 But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan.
 Wail'd from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Gaudaloupe
 A dark hull'd vessel lay —
 With a crew who noted never
 The night-fall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Waved white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird,
 Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hill-side,
And the streamlet of the dell.
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the ever-darken'd eye ; —
For, amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God !

ILLUSTRATION OF THE STRENGTH OF PREJUDICE.

The following account is a literal matter of fact. The names of places and persons are concealed by the editor, because she wishes to excite no angry feelings in attempting to show how many discouragements are thrown in the way of colored people, who really desire to be respectable. The letters are copied from the originals, with merely a few alterations in the *orthography* of the last.

MR JAMES E***** was a respectable colored man, residing in Massachusetts, in a certain town not far distant from Boston. He had been early impressed with the importance of religious subjects, and at twenty-six years of age made a public profession of his faith. He had a large family; and when they were all old enough to attend church, it was found difficult to accommodate them in the seats their parents had usually occupied. Mr E. was desirous of purchasing a pew, which stood as it were by itself, being surrounded by the aisle and the stair-case. Some difficulty occurred, because a widow had a right to one third; but this was finally arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. Mr E.'s eldest son paid the purchase money, and received a deed of the pew. As soon as

this became known, a member of the church called upon Mr E. and exhorted him not to injure the sale of the pew by occupying it. Mr E. answered, that it had been bought for the accommodation of his family, and they had no wish to sell it. The church brother answered, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Private meetings were immediately held, which resulted in summoning Mr E. to appear before the church, to give an account of his proceedings. Here he was accused of a wilful and flagrant outrage upon the church and the society. In reply, he called their attention to the covenant, by which each church member was bound to share the burdens of the church, and promised full enjoyment of all its privileges. He thought this gave any member a right to own a pew, provided he could honestly pay for one. As a citizen of a free country, he conceived that he had a right to purchase a pew; nor could he find anything in the whole tenor of the Bible opposed to it.

When requested to declare the price his son had paid for the pew, he declined answering. A committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

This committee called on Mr E. to "labor with him," as they termed it. The Elder attempted to justify their proceedings, by talking of a gradation in creation, from the highest seraph to the meanest insect. To support his doctrine, he quoted from the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

“There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial ; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

“There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars ; for one star differeth from another star in glory.”

The Elder said this difference of flesh was visible among people of different features and complexions. In answer to these remarks, Mr E. reminded him that, in the verses he had quoted, the Apostle expressly says, “There is *one* kind of flesh of men” ; the difference alluded to was between the flesh of *men* and the flesh of *beasts*. He added that God had distinctly declared, “He made of *one blood* all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.”

The committee easily perceived that the Elder's scriptural arguments were feeble. They said a good deal about the advantages of peace and harmony in the church, and earnestly desired that the pew might be given up. One gentleman declared it was his opinion that Mr E. had as good a right to own a pew as any other individual in the community ; but if he would, of his own free will, relinquish the possession of it, for the sake of peace, it would be a very acceptable service. If all had spoken with equal mildness and candor, the affair would probably have been easily settled ; but bitter and contemptuous words are not the best means of persuading a man to relinquish his own rights, for the convenience or pleasure of others.

The Elder declared that he had exerted his utmost influence to restore order and tranquillity. When asked if he had tried to induce the son to give up his

claim to the pew he had purchased, he answered, "No ; if I cannot persuade professors of religion to do right, I cannot expect to gain anything by talking with world's people ; and I will do nothing about it."

Another meeting was soon after held. Mr E. and his son attended, and, for the first time, took their seats in the pew. The same arguments were made use of, concerning a gradation in creation from things superior to things most inferior ; and these arguments were met by similar replies. The question was put to vote, whether Mr E. should be allowed to sit in the pew ; and it was unanimously decided that the church were unwilling to allow him the privilege. A larger committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

On the next Sabbath Mr E. and his son took their seats in the pew. In the afternoon, the Elder named his text from the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes : "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." During his discourse, the speaker was very much excited.

The next Sunday, the pew was found covered with tar, and a part of the seats torn down.

On the third Sunday, a cord was observed suspended from the gallery ; on examination, it was found that a jug of filthy water was tied to it, and so arranged as to empty itself upon whoever touched the line, in entering the pew. The remainder of the seats and the walls were soon after torn down, and thrown into an adjoining pasture. A temporary seat answered the

purposes of the family for awhile ; but in a short time this was demolished, and the platform itself torn up, leaving a hole about two feet square.

The son of Mr E. related these facts to the editor, and added very drily ; “ When the cold weather came on, this proved a serious inconvenience to the whole congregation ; but they bore it for some time, with *Christian fortitude*.”

Another church-meeting was called, and an attempt made to prove that Mr E. had been guilty of dissimulation in his manner of obtaining the pew. It was stated that he had induced the widow to sell her share, by telling her he had already given her son-in-law security for the price, and that the deed was made out. In reply, Mr E. urged that he had told the widow the bargain was all completed, and waited only for her consent ; and when she asked if he had paid for it, he answered he had given his word for the money, which was as good security as his bond. He wished to prove this statement by witness ; but the church declined to admit his evidence. A lawyer, who was present, said if any man passed his word before witnesses, it was good for one year ; and therefore he conceived that Mr E. had made himself responsible for the payment of the pew, to all intents and purposes. The majority were, however, decidedly in favor of withdrawing the right hand of fellowship from their colored brother, on the ground that he had practised deceit in saying he had given security for the purchase. He was accordingly excommunicated. The church denied any co-operation in the destruction of the pew. Mr E. told them he knew nothing about that ; but he thought

they had, in their proceedings, manifested a similar spirit. Since they were unwilling to listen to the evidence he could bring, he asked to have the question of dissimulation fairly tried before impartial referees. But the Elder said that was unnecessary; and he closed by reminding the culprit that he would have avoided this punishment, if he had but followed his directions in the beginning. Yet had he done as was required of him, the charge of *deceit* in the purchase of the pew must have had precisely the same degree of truth it had under other circumstances.

Mr E. laid the case before ex-parte counsel, was acquitted of the charge brought against him, and received a recommendation to other churches. The family no longer attended at the meeting-house where their property had been so wantonly destroyed. After some time, Mrs E. received the following letter:

“MRS S**** E****,—

The church of which you have been a member, have to regret that they are compelled to say to you that in their opinion your reasons for being so long time absent from the Communion are not sufficient to justify you; and according to our covenant obligations, we must withdraw from you the hand of fellowship, and consider you no longer as a member of the church. We hope you will consider the solemn covenant obligations you once took upon yourself, and return to your Heavenly Father, and to the church, who would gladly again restore you to your former privilege in the church.

“By order and in behalf of the ——— Church in

S*****.

J***** T*****, Clerk.

Mrs E. replied as follows:

“ To the ——— Church in S***** —

“ I received your committee with marked respect, and agreeable to request gave my mind on the subject of my former connexion with you. After you had bound yourselves by a covenant obligation, in the presence of God, angels, and men, that we should mutually enjoy all the privileges of the church, you brought a groundless allegation against my husband, of dissimulation in attempting to purchase a pew. Elder ———, who was at that time our minister, under the influence of a blind, infatuated zeal, used all his influence against the right cause. Instead of being as ‘wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove,’ he was as venomous as a serpent, to the everlasting shame and disgrace of his profession. He, with a few others, urged my husband to give up a pew my son had bought; upon the plea that it was not customary for colored people to have a pew on the floor of the meeting-house. They said the difficulty would all be settled, if he would give it up; and finding they could not obtain this, they called a church meeting, and set him aside.

“ I have ever been dissatisfied with the treatment my husband received. It seemed to me unreasonable, unchristian, dishonest, and hypocritical — contrary to every principle of justice and humanity, and to our Saviour’s golden rule, ‘Do ye unto others whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you.’ I ask what man among you would like to be turned out of the church merely because his son bought a pew? Who cannot see that the real difficulty was on account of a black man’s owning a pew, and that the charge of dissimulation was forged out?

“As it respects features and shades of complexion, God has said that ‘He made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.’ He declares that ‘He is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.’ What right then has one part of creation to usurp dominion over the other part, merely because they are a little whiter? (and not much, neither.) The Bill of Rights declares that all men are born equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights; among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nothing is said concerning color, whether it be white, red, black, or yellow.

“If a citizen buy a pew in a house dedicated to God, what right have Christians and sinners, with the Elder at their head, to join together in lording it over God’s heritage, and declare by vote that they are not willing people should enjoy their property, in this land of gospel light and liberty? Does this seem like ‘sitting together in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus’? Is this letting love be without dissimulation? Be assured the only way to be accepted with God is to keep his commandments; and he requires us to love him supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves.

“By the grace of God, I am determined to walk worthy of the vocation whereunto I have been called. I am far advanced in life, and the time of my departure is at hand. It is a consolation to me that I have no personal animosity against your church. I ever cherish a spirit of forgiveness; but I cannot remain in fellowship with any church, or people, who make a distinction on account of complexion.”

ORIGINAL PROTEST
OF
WILBERFORCE AND ASSOCIATES
AGAINST THE
AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

WE, the undersigned, having observed with regret that the "American Colonization Society" appears to be gaining some Adherents in this Country, are desirous to express our opinions respecting it.

Our motive and excuse for thus coming forward are the claims which the Society has put forth to *Anti-Slavery* support. — These claims are in our opinion wholly groundless: — and we feel bound to affirm that our deliberate Judgment and Conviction is, that the professions made by the Colonization Society of promoting the Abolition of Slavery are altogether delusive.

As far as the mere Colony of Liberia is concerned, it has no doubt the advantages of other Trading Establishments. In this sense, it is beneficial both to America and to Africa, and we cordially wish it well. We cannot however refrain from expressing our strong opinion that it is a settlement of which the United States ought to bear the whole cost. We never required of that country to assist us in Sierra Leone; we are enormously burdened by our own connection with slavery:—and we do maintain that we ought not to be called on to contribute to the Expenses of a Colony, which though no doubt comprising some advantages, was formed chiefly to indulge the prejudices of American Slave Holders, and which is regarded with aversion by the coloured population of the United States.

With regard to the Extinction of the Slave Trade, we apprehend that Liberia, however good the Intentions of its supporters, will be able to do little or nothing towards it, except on the limited Extent of its own Territories. The only effectual Death Blow to that accursed Traffic, will be the Destruction of Slavery throughout the World. To the Destruction of Slavery throughout the World, we are compelled to say that we believe the Colonization Society *to be an obstruction.*

Our objections to it are therefore briefly these. While we believe its pretexts to be delusive, we are convinced that its *real* effects are of the most dangerous Nature. It takes its root from a cruel Prejudice and Alienation in the Whites of America against the coloured people; Slave or Free. This being its source, the effects are what might be expected—that it fosters and increases the Spirit of Caste, already so unhappily predominant—that it widens the breach between the two Races—exposes the coloured people to great practical Persecution in order to *force* them to emigrate;—and finally is calculated to swallow up and divert that feeling which America, as a Christian and a free country, cannot but entertain, that Slavery is alike incompatible with the Law of God, and with the well-being of Man, whether of the Enslaver or the Enslaved.

On these grounds therefore and while we acknowledge the Colony of Liberia, or any other Colony on the Coast of Africa, to be *in itself* a good thing, we must be understood utterly to repudiate the Principles of the American Colonization Society. That Society is in our Estimation not deserving of the Countenance of the British Public.

Wm Wilberforce
Luffield | F Lushington
Zachary Macaulay
Thos Fowell Buxton
William Barnes
James Cropper
Sam Gurney
George Stephen
Daniel Hornell M.P.
Henry Pownall
John Clapham



Drawn by Capt. Stedman.

Eng'd by G. G. Smith.

JOANNA.

Page 63.

JOANNA.

THE following story is found scattered here and there through the pages of a large and painfully interesting work, called "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam : By Captain John G. Stedman."

The author was an Englishman, who partly from a love of seeing new countries, and partly from ambition, entered the Dutch service, and went out to protect the Colony of Surinam from the incursions of what he calls **REBEL NEGROES** ; being in fact an independent republic of colored citizens, daily augmented in numbers by runaway slaves.

He is the hero of his own story ; and I leave him to tell it in his own words. Should any fastidious readers be alarmed, I beg leave to assure them that the Abolitionists have no wish to induce any one to marry a mulatto, even should their lives be saved by such an one ten times.

EDITOR.

"I first saw Joanna at the house of a Mr Demelly, where I daily breakfasted. She was about fifteen years of age, and a remarkable favorite with his lady. Rather taller than the middle size, she had the most elegant shape nature can exhibit, and moved her well formed limbs with unusual gracefulness. Her face was full of native modesty, and the most distinguished

sweetness. Her eyes, as black as ebony, were large, and full of expression, bespeaking the goodness of her heart. A beautiful tinge of vermilion glowed through her dark cheeks, when she was gazed upon. Her nose was perfectly well formed, and rather small. Her lips, a little prominent, discovered, when she spoke, two regular rows of teeth as white as mountain snow. Her hair was dark brown, inclining to black, forming a beautiful globe of small ringlets, ornamented with flowers and gold spangles. Round her neck, arms, and ankles, she wore gold chains, rings and medals. A shawl of India muslin was thrown negligently over her polished shoulders; and a skirt of rich chintz completed her apparel. In her delicate hand she carried a beaver hat, ornamented with a band of silver. The figure and appearance of this charming creature could not but attract my particular attention; as they did, indeed, that of all who beheld her. With much surprise, I inquired of Mrs Demelly who this girl was, that appeared so much distinguished above others of her color in the colony.

"The lady replied, 'she is, sir, the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman, named Kruythoff. He had five children by a black woman, called Cery, the slave of a Mr D. B. on his estate Fauconberg.

"A few years since, Mr Kruythoff offered more than a thousand pounds sterling to Mr D. B., to obtain manumission for his offspring. This being inhumanly refused, it had such an effect upon his spirits that he became frantic, and died in that melancholy state soon after; leaving in slavery, at the discretion of a tyrant, two boys, and three fine girls, of which the one before

us is the eldest. The gold ornaments which seem to surprise you, are the gift of her faithful mother, who is a most deserving woman, and of some consequence among her caste. She attended Mr Kruythoff to the last moment, with the most exemplary affection; and she received the gold ornaments in token of gratitude from him, a short time before he expired. Since that time, Mr D. B. has driven all his best negroes to the woods, by his injustice and severity. He has been obliged to fly the colony, leaving his estate and stock to the disposal of creditors. One of the slaves, who escaped from him and joined the rebel negroes, has by his industry, been able to protect Cery and her children. He is a *samboe*,* and his name is Jolycœur. He has become the first of Baron's captains; and you may chance to meet him in the rebel camp, breathing revenge against the *Christians*. Mrs D. B. is still in Surinam, being arrested for her husband's debts, till Fauconberg shall be sold by execution to pay them. This lady now lodges at my house, attended by the unfortunate Joanna, whom she treats with peculiar tenderness and distinction.'

"The tears glistened in Joanna's eyes, during this recital. Having thanked Mrs Demelly, I returned to my lodging in a state of sadness and stupefaction. To some people this relation may seem trifling and romantic; it is nevertheless a genuine account; and for that reason I flatter myself that there are some, to whom it will not prove uninteresting.

"When I reflected how continually my ears were stunned with the clang of the whip, and the dismal yell of the wretched negroes, on whom it was exer-

*A samboe is the offspring of a mulatto and a negro.

cised from morning till night ; when I considered that this might be the fate of the unfortunate mulatto I have been describing, I could not but execrate the barbarity of Mr D. B. in having withheld her from the protection of an affectionate parent. I became melancholy with these reflections. In order to counter-balance, though in a very small degree, the general calamity of the miserable slaves who surrounded me, I began to take more delight in the prattling of my poor negro boy, Quacoo, than in all the fashionable conversation of the polite inhabitants of this colony. But my spirits were depressed ; and in the space of twentyfour hours I was very ill indeed ; when a cordial, a few preserved tamarinds, and a basket of fine oranges, were sent by an unknown person. This first contributed to my relief ; and losing about twelve ounces of blood, I recovered so far, that on the fifth I was able to accompany Capt. Macneyl, who gave me a pressing invitation to his beautiful coffee plantation, on Matapaca Creek.

“ On my return, I took an early opportunity to inquire of Mrs Demelly what was become of the amiable Joanna. She informed me that Mrs D. B. had escaped to Holland ; and that the young mulatto was now at the house of her own aunt, a free woman, whence she hourly expected to be sent to the estate Fauconberg, friendless, and at the mercy of any unprincipled overseer appointed by the creditors. I flew in search of the poor girl, and found her bathed in tears. When I expressed my compassion, she gave me such a look—ah ! such a look ! that I determined to protect her from every insult, cost me what it would.

Reader, let my youth and extreme sensibility plead my excuse. Yet surely my feelings will be forgiven, except by those few who approve of the *prudent* conduct of Mr Inkle toward the unfortunate and much injured Yarico, at Barbadoes.

“I next went to my friend, Mr Lolkens, who happened to be the administrator of Fauconberg estate, and intimated to him my strange determination of purchasing Joanna, and giving her a good education. Having looked at me in silence, until he recovered from his surprise, he proposed an interview; the beautiful slave, accompanied by a female relation, was accordingly brought trembling into my presence.

“Reader, if the story of Lavinia ever afforded you pleasure, do not reject this account of Joanna with contempt. It now proved to be she who had privately sent me the oranges and cordial, in March, when I was nearly expiring; and she modestly acknowledged that ‘it was in token of gratitude for the pity I had expressed concerning her sad situation.’ Yet, with singular delicacy, she rejected every proposal of becoming mine upon any terms. She said, that if I soon returned to Europe, she must either be parted from me forever, or accompany me to a land where the inferiority of her condition must prove a great disadvantage to her benefactor and to herself; and in either of these cases, she should be most miserable.

“Joanna returned to her aunt’s house, firmly persisting in these sentiments. I could only request Mr Lolkens to afford her all the protection in his power; and that she might, at least for some time, be allowed

to live separate from the other slaves, and remain in Paramaribo. In this request he kindly indulged me.

* * * * *

“Notwithstanding my resolution of living retired, I was again drawn into the vortex of dissipation; and I did not escape without the punishment I deserved. I was suddenly seized with a dreadful fever; and such was its violence, that in a few days I was entirely given over. In this situation, I lay in my hammock until the seventeenth, with only a soldier and my black boy to attend me, and without any other friend. Sickness being universal among the new comers to this country, neglect was an inevitable consequence, even among the nearest acquaintance. The inhabitants of the colony, it is true, not only supply the sick with a variety of cordials at the same time, but they crowd into his apartment, prescribing, insisting, bewailing, and lamenting, friend and stranger, without exception. This continues until the patient becomes delirious and expires. Such must inevitably have been my case, between the two extremes of neglect and importunity, had it not been for the happy intervention of poor Joanna, who one morning entered my apartment, with one of her sisters, to my unspeakable surprise and joy. She told me she had heard of my forlorn situation; and if I still entertained for her the same good opinion I had formerly expressed, her only request was that she might be permitted to wait upon me till I recovered. I gratefully accepted the offer; and by her unwearied care and attention, I had the good fortune to regain my health so far, that in a few days I was able to take an airing in Mr Kennedy’s carriage.

“Till this time, I had been chiefly Joanna’s friend ; but now I began to feel that I was her captive. I renewed my wild proposals of purchasing, educating, and transporting her to Europe ; but though these offers were made with the most perfect sincerity, she once more rejected them, with the following humble declaration :

“‘ I am born a low, contemptible slave. Were you to treat me with too much attention, you must degrade yourself with all your friends and relations. The purchase of my freedom is apparently impossible ; it certainly will prove difficult and expensive. Yet though I am a slave, I hope I have a soul not inferior to Europeans. I do not blush to avow the great regard I have for one, who has distinguished me so much above others of my unhappy birth. You have, sir, pitied me ; and now, independent of every other thought, I have pride in throwing myself at your feet, till fate shall part us, or my conduct become such as to give you cause to banish me from your presence.’

“She uttered this with a timid, downcast look, and the tears fell fast upon her heaving bosom, while she held her companion by the hand.

“From that moment this excellent creature was mine ; nor had I ever any cause to repent of the step I had taken.

“I cannot omit to record, that having purchased for her bridal presents, to the value of twenty guineas, I was greatly astonished to see all my gold returned upon my table. The charming Joanna had carried every article back to the merchants, who had cheerfully restored the money.

“‘Your generous intentions toward me are sufficient, sir,’ said she: ‘allow me to say that I consider any superfluous expense on my account as a diminution of that good opinion, which I hope you now, and ever will, entertain concerning my disinterested disposition.’

“Such was the language of a slave, who had simple nature only for her instructor. The purity of her sentiments requires no comments of mine; I respected them, and resolved to improve them by every care.

“Regard for her superior virtues, gratitude for her particular attention to me, and the pleasure of introducing to the world a character so estimable, rising from a situation usually so hopeless and degraded — these considerations embolden me to risk the censure of my readers, by intruding this subject upon their attention. If my apology be accepted even by a few, I shall not feel inclined to complain.

“In the evening, I visited Mr Demelly and his lady, who congratulated me on my recovery; and, strange as it may appear to many of my readers, they, with a smile, wished me joy of what they were pleased to call my conquest. One lady assured me that I was censured by some, applauded by many, but she believed in her heart envied by all.

“Many of our respectable friends sanctioned the wedding by their presence; and I was as happy as any bridegroom ever was.

“Thus concludes a chapter, which, methinks I hear many of my readers whisper, had better never had a beginning.”

Not long after his marriage, Capt. Stedman was ordered on a distant and hazardous expedition. He commemorates his parting with Joanna in a paraphrase, which does not contrast very favorably with the vigorous simplicity of his prose, or with the spirit and gracefulness of his numerous drawings :

“ Now my mulatto cast a mournful look,
Hung on my hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.”

The affectionate young wife was left under the protection of her mother and aunt, with directions that she should attend school during the absence of her husband.

The campaign was wearisome and fruitless ; for the rebel negroes, as cunning as they were courageous, continually eluded pursuit ; while the European troops sunk rapidly under manifold sufferings and a burning climate. They were in such a state of starvation, disease and despair, that the slaves (who had been induced, by the offer of freedom, to enlist against their own people) sighed deeply when they looked upon them, and said, “ Oh ! poty backera ! ” “ Oh ! poor Europeans ! ”

Their spirits were sustained by the hopes of being soon recalled. Captain Stedman says :

“ All seemed to revive when they saw me receive a letter from Colonel Fourceoud ; for we all expected to be relieved from our horrid situation. But what was our surprise and distress, to find that we were ordered to remain on this forlorn station ! The men declared they were sacrificed to no manner of purpose. By the distribution of some tamarinds, oranges, lemons, and Madeira wine, sent by *my best friend*, at Paramaribo, I was enabled to afford them a temporary

relief; but the next day we were as much distressed as ever."

"On the ninth, we marched to the port called Devil's Harwar, leaving ten men behind, some with agues, some stung blind, and some with their feet full of the tormenting insects called *chigoes*. After indescribable sufferings we arrived, covered with mud and blood. I was rejoiced to find Lieutenant Colonel Westerloo had arrived and taken command; I hoped at last to meet with some relief. Having ceded to him my written orders, I plunged into the stream to bathe and swim. I found myself greatly refreshed by this, as well as by receiving a quantity of fine fruit, wine, and sugar, from my Joanna. The surgeons declared that I must soon die, unless I were allowed an opportunity to recruit my health. A consultation was held; and at last, not without great difficulties, a boat was ordered to row me down to Paramaribo. Resting on the shoulder of a negro, I walked to the water-side, followed by my black boy Quacoo, and stepping into the boat left the dismal spot where I had buried so many brave fellows.

"At two o'clock in the morning I arrived, extremely ill. Having no house of my own, I was hospitably received by Mr De la Marre, a merchant, who immediately sent for poor Joanna to come and attend me. I soon found myself in an elegant, well-furnished apartment, encouraged by the physician, caressed by friends, and supported by the care and attention of my incomparable mulatto.

"My linen had been gnawed to dust by the cockroach, called *cakreluce* in Surinam; but Joanna's industry soon supplied me with a new stock.

“Before I had entirely recovered from my debilitated condition, I suddenly received the frightful tidings that the estate of Fauconberg, with the whole stock of slaves, was to be sold that very day for the benefit of creditors. I hastened to the slave-market, where I found my poor Joanna. After what I have related concerning the savage treatment universally bestowed upon the slaves, the reader may form some faint idea of my distress. I suffered all the horrors of the damned. Again and again, I bewailed the unlucky fortune that put it out of my power to become her proprietor. I imagined her ensuing dreadful situation. I fancied I saw her insulted, tortured, bowing under the weight of her chains, calling aloud for my assistance, and calling in vain. Misery almost deprived me of my senses. I was restored, in some degree, by the assurances of my friend, Mr Lolkens, who providentially was appointed to continue administrator of the estate, during the absence of its new possessors, Messrs Passelage and Son, of Amsterdam. This disinterested and steady friend took Joanna from the auction scene, brought her into my presence, and solemnly pledged himself to protect her and assist me, to the utmost of his power. In this promise he ever after nobly persevered.”

* * * * *

Here follows the account of another distressing campaign, which I pass over entirely, because it is unconnected with the subject of the story. Captain Stedman proceeds as follows :

“On the nineteenth, I reached L’Esperance, or The Hope, a valuable sugar plantation, on the beautiful

river Comewina. Here the troops were lodged in temporary houses, built with the manicole tree. I became daily more charmed with my situation. I was at liberty to breathe freely; and my prospect of future contentment promised to reward me amply for past hardships and mortifications. The neighboring planters, for whose safety we were stationed at this post, plentifully supplied us with game, fish, fruit and vegetables.

“I had been here but a short time, when I was surprised by the waving of a white handkerchief from a tent-boat, that was rowing up the river; when, to augment my happiness, it unexpectedly proved to be my mulatto, accompanied by her aunt. They now preferred Fauconberg estate, four miles above The Hope, to a residence in town. I immediately accompanied them to that plantation. Here Joanna introduced me to a venerable old slave, her grandfather, who made me a present of half a dozen fowls. He was gray-headed and blind; but had been comfortably supported many years through the kind attention of his numerous offspring. He told me he was born in Africa; where he had once been treated with more respect than any of his Surinam masters ever were in their own country.

“Many of my readers will no doubt be surprised that I so often mention Joanna, and with so much respect. But I cannot speak with indifference of an object so deserving, and whose affectionate attachment to me was more than sufficient to counterbalance all my misfortunes. Her virtue, youth, and beauty, more and more gained my esteem; while the lowness of her

origin increased, rather than diminished, my affection. What can I say further upon this subject? I will content myself with the consolation given by Horace to the Roman soldier :

‘ Let not my Phocius think it shame
For a fair slave to own his flame ;
A slave could stern Achilles move,
And bend his haughty soul to love :
Ajax, invincible in arms,
Was captured by his captive’s charms.’

“ I have already said that I was happy at The Hope ; but how was my felicity increased, when Mr and Mrs Lolkens came to visit me one evening, and not only gave me the address of Messrs Passalage and Son, at Amsterdam, but even desired me to take Joanna to live with me at The Hope, where she could be more agreeably situated than either at Fauconberg or Paramaribo. This arrangement was unquestionably most readily entered into by me. I immediately set the slaves to work to build a house of manicole trees, for the reception of my best friend. In the mean time I wrote to Messrs Passalage and Son :

“ GENTLEMEN,

Being informed by Mr Lolkens, administrator of the Fauconberg estate, that you are the present proprietors ; being under great obligations to one of your slaves, named Joanna, who is the daughter of Mr Kruythoff ; and being grateful to her, particularly for her attendance upon me during dangerous illness, I request your permission to purchase her liberty without delay : which favor shall ever be gratefully

acknowledged, and the money for her ransom immediately paid, by

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN GABRIEL STEDMAN,

Capt. in Col. Fourgeoud's Corps of Marines.

"This letter was accompanied by another from my friend Lolkens, who cheered me with assurances of success.

"In about six days my house was completed. It consisted of a parlor, a bed-chamber, a piazza to sit under before the door, a small kitchen detached from the house, and a poultry house. It was surrounded by a paling to keep off the cattle, and commanded an enchanting prospect on every side. My tables, stools, and benches, were all composed of manicole boards. The doors and windows were guarded by ingenious wooden locks and keys, presented to me by a negro, who made them with his own hands.

"My next care was to lay in a stock of provisions. Flour, salted mackerel, hams, pickled sausages, Boston biscuit, wine, tea, and sugar.

"Mr Kennedy sent me two beautiful foreign sheep and a hog; and Lucretia, my Joanna's aunt, presented two dozen fine fowls and ducks. Vegetables, fish, and venison, came from all quarters, as usual.

"On the first of April, 1774, Joanna came down the river, in the Fauconberg tent-boat, rowed by eight negroes, and arrived at The Hope. I told her of my letter to Holland; and she heard me with that gratitude and modesty in her looks, which spoke more forcibly than any language. I introduced her to her new habitation, where the plantation slaves, in token of

respect, immediately brought her presents of cassada, yams, bananas, and plantains. Never were two people more completely happy. Free as the roes in the forest, and disencumbered of all care and ceremony, we breathed the purest air in our walks, and refreshed our limbs in the limpid stream. Health and good spirits were again my portion; while my partner flourished in youth and beauty, the envy and admiration of the whole colony.

“On the thirteenth, my worthy friend, Mr Henne-
man, arrived from Col. Fourgeoud’s camp, with a barge
full of men and ammunition. This poor young man
was much emaciated with misery and fatigue; I
therefore introduced him at his first landing, to Joanna,
who was a most incomparable nurse, and under whose
care he felt himself extremely happy.

“On the twentyfirst several officers came to visit me
at The Hope, and I entertained them with a fish dinner.
We were very happy, and my guests highly satisfied
with their entertainment. But on the morning of the
twentysecond, my poor Joanna, who had been our
cook, was attacked with a violent fever. She desired
to be removed to Fauconberg, where she could be
attended by her female relations; and I hastened to
comply with her request. On the evening of the
twentyfifth she was extremely ill. I was determined
to visit her; but I wished to do it as privately
as possible; for I expected Colonel Fourgeoud the
next day, and I had no disposition to hear his satirical
jokes upon my anxious affection: I likewise knew that
the most laudable motives were no protection against
his ungovernable temper.

“In order to effect my purpose, I was obliged to pass very near his post ; but, however difficult the undertaking, I was resolved, like another Leander, to cross the Hellespont. Having informed my friend Henneman, I set out about eleven at night, in my own barge. I heard Fourgeoud’s voice distinctly, as he walked on the beach with some other officers ; and immediately the boat was hailed by a sentinel, who ordered us to come ashore. I now thought all was over ; but I told the slaves to answer the name of a neighboring plantation, and thus obtained leave to pass unmolested. I arrived safe at Fauconberg, and found my dearest friend much better.

“In the morning, mistaking daylight for moonshine, I overslept myself, and knew not how to return to The Hope ; for my barge and negroes could not possibly pass without being recognised by the Colonel. Delay was useless ; I therefore set out, trusting entirely to the ingenuity of the slaves, who put me ashore just before we came within sight of head-quarters. One of them escorted me through the woods, and I arrived safe at The Hope. But here my barge soon followed under a guard, with all the poor slaves prisoners. Fourgeoud sent me an order to flog every one of them, as they had been apprehended without a pass, while their excuse was that they had been out fishing for *Massera*. Their fidelity to me was truly astonishing. They all declared they would have preferred to have been cut in pieces, rather than betray the secrets of so good a master. However, the danger was soon over, for I took all the blame upon myself.

“Colonel Fourgeoud did not visit me on the twenty

seventh ; but the next morning my Joanna arrived, accompanied by her uncle.

“On the twentyeighth Fourgeoud came with wrath in his countenance ; which alarmed me much. However, I instantly introduced him to my cottage, where he no sooner saw my mate, than the clouds were dispelled from his gloomy forehead, like vapor dispersed by the sun. I confess I never saw him behave with more civility.

‘ Her heavenly form

‘ Angelic, but more soft and feminine

‘ Her graceful innocence, her every air

‘ Of gesture, or least action, overawed

‘ His malice ; and with rapine sweet bereaved

‘ His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.*

Having entertained him in the best manner we were able, and confessed the story of the Hellespont, he laughed heartily at the stratagem, and shaking us both by the hand, departed in high good humor.

“This was the golden age of my West Indian expedition. How happy was I at this time, who wanted for nothing, and had such an agreeable partner constantly near me, whose sweet conversation was divine music to my ears, and whose presence banished every feeling of languor or hardship !

“I daily found some new object to describe, and spent the most delightful hours in my walks, constantly accompanied by my dear mulatto.

“But alas, in the midst of all my hopes, my happiness was blasted by news that Mr Passalage, to whom I had written for Joanna’s manumission, had died

* Milton.

suddenly. She was likely soon to become a mother : and this redoubled my distress. The idea that my best friend, and my offspring must be slaves, was insupportable. I was totally distracted—I believe I should have died of grief, if the mildness of her temper had not supported me, by suggesting the flattering hope that Mr Lolkens would still be able to protect us.

* * * * *

“ On the twelfth of May, having swum twice across the river Cottica, which is above half a mile broad, I came home in a shiver, and next day had an intermitting fever. By abstaining from animal food, and using plenty of acid with my drink, I had no doubt of getting well in a few days; especially as tamarinds grew here in profusion. Indeed, on the sixteenth, I was almost perfectly recovered, excepting weakness, when, as I was sitting before my cottage with Joanna, I had an unexpected visit from one of our surgeons. Having felt my pulse, and examined my tongue, he declared I should be a dead man before morning, unless I made use of his prescription without delay. Being well aware of the danger of the climate to European constitutions, I instantly swallowed the dose he prepared, although I was not at all in the habit of using medicines. The moment I took it, I dropped down on the ground. In this manner I lay till the twentieth. After four days, I recovered my senses, and found myself stretched on a mattrass, with poor Joanna sitting by me alone, bathed in tears. She begged me to ask no questions then, for fear it would

hurt my spirits; but the next day she told me the whole transaction.

“The moment I fell, four strong negroes had taken me up, and by her direction placed me where I now was. The surgeon, having put on several blisters, finally declared I was dead, and suddenly left the plantation. A coffin and grave were prepared for my burial on the seventeenth; but she knelt to implore a little delay; and her tears and entreaties prevailed. Having procured some wine-vinegar and a bottle of old Rhenish, she constantly bathed my temples, wrists, and feet with the former, keeping without intermission five wet handkerchiefs tied around them; while, with a tea-spoon, she found means, from time to time, to make me swallow a few drops of mulled wine. She had attended me day and night, by the help of Quacco and an old negro, still hoping for my recovery; for which she now thanked her God. To all this, I could only answer with the tears that started to my eyes, and a feeble pressure of her hand.

“I had the good fortune to recover; but so slowly, that, notwithstanding the great care taken of me by that excellent woman, it was the fifteenth of June before I was able to walk by myself. Until that time, I was obliged to be carried in a species of sedan chair, supported on poles by two negroes. I was fed like an infant; being so lame and weak, that I could not raise my hand to my mouth. Poor Joanna, who had suffered so much on my account, was, for several days following the twentyfifth, very ill herself.

“Great was the change from what I had so lately been — the healthiest and happiest of mortals, — now

depressed to the lowest ebb in my constitution and spirits. My friend Henneman, who visited me constantly, told me he had discovered that the medicine, which so nearly killed me, was four grains of tartar-emetic with forty grains of ipecacuanha. The surgeon had measured my constitution by my height, which is above six feet.

"Being too weak to perform military duty, I surrendered the command to the officer next in rank, and went to visit a neighboring French planter, who had given me and Joanna a hearty invitation. At this place I was extremely comfortable; and nothing could be better calculated for my speedy recovery than this gentleman's hospitality and good humor. How inconsistent with all this was his severity and injustice to his slaves! Two young negroes, that broke into their master's storehouse, and well deserved a flogging for their robberies, came off with a few lashes; while two old ones, for a trifling dispute, were condemned to receive no less than three hundred. When I asked the cause of this partiality, M. Cachelieu answered, that the young negroes still had a very good skin, and might do much work; whereas the old ones had long been disfigured and worn out, and killing them altogether would be a benefit to the estate.

"After remaining at this plantation nearly two months, we returned to The Hope. Here I found Mr Henneman, and several others, very ill, without surgeon, medicines, or money. I, however, was so carefully attended by Joanna, that I had little cause to complain, except that my feet were infested with *chigoes*, a small insect that gets under the skin and occasions intolerable torment.

“Joanna, with her needle, extracted twentythree of these troublesome insects from under the nails of my left foot. I bore the operation without flinching, with the resolution of an African.

“I still continued so weak that I almost despaired of recovering perfectly. The depression of my spirits, on account of Joanna’s critical and almost hopeless situation, greatly contributed to prevent the restoration of my health. My anxiety was not diminished by hearing that the estate Fauconberg had passed to a new proprietor, a Mr Lude of Amsterdam, with whom my friend Mr Lolkens had not the smallest interest; and that there was in town a general report that we had both been poisoned. These tidings were somewhat softened by the kindness of Mrs Lolkens, who came to insist that my Joanna should accompany her to Paramaribo, where she should have every care and attention her situation required. I thanked her in the best manner I was able, and poor Joanna wept with gratitude. Having accompanied them as far as the estate where they dined, I took my leave of them and Joanna, and bade them all an affectionate farewell for the present.

“On my return to The Hope, I could hardly restrain my indignation at the coarse manner in which my messmates rallied me concerning my anxiety. ‘Do as we do, Stedman,’ said they: ‘If our children are slaves, they are provided for; and if they die, what do we care? Keep your sighs in your bosom, and your money in your pocket, my boy.’ I repeat this to show how much my feelings must have been hurt and disgusted with similar consolation.

"I wrote to a Mr Seifke to inquire whether it was not in the power of the Governor and Council to relieve a gentleman's child from bondage, provided the master obtained such ransom as they thought proper to adjudge. I received for answer, that no money or interest could purchase its freedom, unless the proprietor of the mother consented.

"This information completed my misery. I tried to drown reflection in wine; which only raised my spirits for a moment, to make them sink the lower. During this conflict in my feelings, Mr De Graav kindly invited me to his plantation, and did everything in his power to amuse me; but to no purpose. At last, seeing me seated by myself, on a small bridge that led to an orange-grove, with a settled gloom on my countenance, he took me by the hand, and, to my astonishment, addressed me thus: 'Mr Lolkens has acquainted me with the cause of your just distress. Heaven never left a good intention unrewarded. I have the pleasure to inform you that Mr Lude has chosen me his administrator. I shall pride myself upon rendering any service in my power to you and the virtuous Joanna, whose character has attracted the attention of so many people; while your laudable conduct toward her redounds to your lasting honor throughout the colony.'

"No criminal under sentence of death could have received a reprieve with greater joy. I returned to The Hope with the feeling that I might yet be happy.

"On the fourth of December I received tidings that my Joanna was the mother of a strong, beautiful boy; upon which occasion I roasted a sheep, and entertained

all my brother officers. That very morning I wrote to Mr Lude at Amsterdam, to obtain her manumission ; urging despatch, because I was uncertain how much longer our troops would remain in Surinam. In this request I was seconded by my new friend, Mr De Graav, as I had before been by Mr Lolkens.

“I was not able to take a trip to Paramaribo until the eighteenth. I found Joanna happy and perfectly recovered ; and my boy, according to the practice of the country, bathing in Madeira wine and water, generously given by Mrs Lolkens. I gave Joanna a gold medal, which my father had presented to my mother on the day of my birth. Having thanked Mrs Lolkens for her very great kindness, I returned to The Hope on the twentysecond.

“I found that a poor negro, whom I had sent with a letter to Joanna, before I was able to visit her myself, had had his canoe upset by the roughness of the water, in the middle of the river Surinam. He was unable to swim, but had the address to keep himself in an erect posture. By the buoyancy and resistance of the boat he was able to keep his head just above water, while the weight of his body kept the canoe from sinking. In this precarious situation, he was taken up and put ashore by a man-of-war's boat, who kept the canoe for their pains. He preserved the letter in his mouth, and, being eager to deliver it, accidentally ran into the wrong house ; where being taken up for a thief, he was tied up to receive four hundred lashes ; he was saved by the intercession of an English merchant, my particular friend. Thus the poor fellow escaped drowning and flogging, either of which he

would have undergone, rather than disclose the secrets of his *Massera*. How many Europeans are possessed of equal fidelity and fortitude ?

* * * * *

“ On the fifteenth of July, 1775, I received letters acquainting me finally, and to my heartfelt satisfaction, that the amiable Joanna and the little boy were at my disposal ; but at no less a price than two thousand florins ; amounting, with other expenses, to two hundred pounds sterling ; a sum which I was totally unable to raise. I already owed fifty pounds to Col. Fourgeoud, that I had borrowed for the redemption of my black servant, Quacoo. But Joanna was to me invaluable. Though appraised at one twentieth part of the whole estate of Fauconberg, no price would be too dear for one so excellent, provided I could pay it.

“ When the letters first arrived, they had a most reviving effect upon me : but when I reflected how impossible it was for me to obtain such a sum, — and while I was employed in making trifling presents to Joanna’s relations at Fauconberg, who loaded me with adoration and caresses, — I exclaimed with a bitter sigh, ‘ Oh, if I could but find money enough to obtain freedom for them all ! ’

“ Being still weak, Mr Gourlay humanely caused me to be transported to Paramaribo in a tent-berge. I had a relapse of my illness, and arrived just alive on the evening of the nineteenth, having passed the night on the estate called the *Jalosee*, apparently dead.

“ But comfortably lodged in the house of my friend, Mr de la Marre, and attended by my good Joanna, I recovered apace. On the twentyfifth, I was able to

walk out ; but Mr De Graav was not in town to concert matters relative to the emancipation of my best friend, who had a second time literally saved my life.

“On the third of August Mr De Graav arrived ; and I took the earliest opportunity to beg him to give me credit for the money demanded for my Joanna and her boy. I was determined to save it out of my pay, if I lived merely on bread, and salt, and water ; though even then, the debt could not be discharged under two or three years.

“However, Providence interfered, and sent my excellent acquaintance, Mrs Godefroy, to my assistance. As soon as she heard of my difficult and anxious situation, she sent for me to dine with her, and addressed me in the following terms : ‘I know the feelings of your heart, and the incapacity of an officer, from his income only, to accomplish such a purpose as the completion of your wishes. But be assured even in Surinam virtue will meet with friends. Your manly sensibility for that deserving woman and your child must claim the esteem of all rational persons, in spite of malice and folly. So much has your conduct recommended you to my attention, that I beg leave to have a share in your happiness, and the future prospects of your virtuous Joanna, by requesting you to accept from me the sum of two thousand florins. Take the money, Stedman — and go immediately to redeem innocence, good sense, and beauty, from tyranny and insult.’

“Seeing me gaze upon her, utterly stupefied with amazement, she smiled and said, ‘Sailors and soldiers should ever be men of the fewest compliments. All I ask is, that you will say nothing upon the subject.

“Having expressed myself as well as my overflowing heart would permit, and promised to call the next day, I immediately retired. I hastened to acquaint Joanna with what had happened. Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, ‘God will bless that woman!’ She insisted upon being mortgaged to Mrs Godefroy, till the utmost farthing was paid. She was indeed most anxious for the emancipation of her child; but till that was done, she absolutely refused to accept her own freedom.

“I will not describe the contest I sustained between affection and duty; but bluntly say that I yielded to the wishes of this charming creature, whose sentiments endeared her to me more and more. I drew up the paper, which bound her to Mrs Godefroy, until the last farthing of the money should be paid; and the next day with the consent of her relations I conducted her to that lady’s house. Joanna threw herself at her feet and presented the paper. Mrs Godefroy raised her up, saying, ‘If you will have it so, Joanna, you shall remain with me: but I accept you as my companion, not as my slave. You shall have a house built for you in the orange garden, and slaves to attend upon you, until Providence shall call me away. You shall then be perfectly free; as indeed you now are, the moment you wish for manumission. Your virtues, and your parentage give you a claim to this.’

“On these terms, I accepted the money; and my friend was transferred from the wretched estate Fauconberg to the protection of perhaps the best woman in the Dutch West Indies, if not in the world. When I showed Joanna the receipt in full, she thanked me

with a look that could only be expressed by the countenance of an angel.

"Mr De Graav insisted upon having a share in the happy event, by refusing the sum due to him as administrator. 'I am amply paid,' said he, 'in being the instrument to bring about what seems to contribute so much to the enjoyment of two deserving people.'"

"Having thanked my disinterested friend, with a cordial shake of the hand, I immediately restored to Mrs Godefroy the two hundred florins, which he refused."

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After describing another tedious and dangerous campaign, during which he was several times very near losing his life, and Joanna and her boy narrowly escaped dying of a fever, Capt. Stedman continues :

"On the third of January, 1776, I arrived once more at Paramaribo, and found my little family perfectly recovered, though they had been blind for more than three weeks. Being invited to take up my abode with them, at the house of my friend Mr De Graav, I was again completely happy.

"On the twentyfifth, I was attacked with fever, and made lame by the surgeon, who struck too deep when he blooded me in the foot. On the fourteenth of February, ill as I was, with a lame foot, a sore arm, the prickly heat, and my teeth all loose with the scurvy, I found means to scramble out on crutches, with a thousand florins in my pocket, which I divided between Mrs Godefroy and Col. Fourgeoud, for the redemption of my mulatto, and the black boy, Quacoo. I returned home without a shilling in my purse. Mrs Godefroy

generously renewed her persuasions of carrying Joanna and the boy with me to Holland. But this Joanna nobly and firmly refused. 'Independent of all other considerations,' said she, 'I can never think of sacrificing one benefactor to the interest of another. My own happiness, or that of him who is dearer to me than life, must not be allowed to have any weight, until the price of my liberty is paid to the utmost fraction, by his generosity and my own industry. I do not despair of seeing this completed. If we are separated, I trust it will be only for a time. The greatest proof that Capt. Stedman can give me of real esteem is to undergo this trial like a man, without so much as heaving a sigh in my presence.'

"She spoke this with a smile, embraced her infant, then turned round suddenly and wept bitterly.

"On the fifteenth, news arrived that the orders for return were countermanded, and that we were to remain six months longer in Surinam. All the officers, except myself, were grievously disappointed. I rejoiced in the determination to save all my pay until Joanna's redemption was completed."

The details of another campaign are given; and, after various adventures, Capt. Stedman returns to *The Hope*. He says:

"On the eighth of May, Joanna arrived with our boy; and I promised myself a scene of happiness equal to that I had enjoyed in this place in 1774; especially as my family, my sheep, and my poultry were now doubled: besides I had at this time a beautiful garden, and if I could not with propriety be called a planter, I

might at least claim with some degree of justice, the name of a small farmer.



“On the ninth we all dined with Mr De Graav, at his beautiful plantation on Cassawina Creek; where this worthy man had foretold, before the birth of my boy, that both he and his mother would one day be free and happy. We returned in a boat loaded with presents of every kind. The slaves of The Hope and Fauconberg likewise testified their respect for Joanna, by bringing in fowls, fruit, eggs, venison and fish. Everything seemed to contribute to our felicity.

“The Hope was now a truly charming habitation; being perfectly dry, even in spring-tides, and washed by pleasant canals, that let in the fresh water every tide. The hedges were neatly cut, and the garden was filled with fruit and vegetables. Jessamines, pomegranates, and Indian roses flourished in my garden,

while beautiful wild red lilies, with leaves of bright and polished green, adorned the banks of my canals.

"Thus situated, we were visited, among others, by a Madame de Q——e, in company with her brother, lately arrived from Holland. This lady was supposed to be the most accomplished woman Europe produced. She spoke several languages, was perfect mistress of music and painting, danced elegantly, and rode extremely well on horseback. She even excelled in shooting and fencing.

"On the twentythird of June, I received positive orders to prepare and be ready on the fifteenth of July, to leave the Comewina, and row down to Paramaribo, where the transport ships were put in commission to carry us back to Holland. The troops received these tidings with unbounded joy. I alone sighed bitterly. Oh, my Joanna! Oh, my boy! Both were at this time dangerously ill; the one with a fever, the other with convulsions; so that neither were expected to survive. As soon as they were able to be removed, I thought it necessary to send them to Paramaribo, before it was too late.

"On the fourteenth, I removed my flag from The Hope to the barges; and in the evening took my last farewell of Joanna's relations on the Fauconberg estate. They crowded around me, mourning aloud for my departure, and invoking the protection of Heaven for my safe and prosperous voyage to Europe.

"At Paramaribo I found, to my great joy, that Joanna and the child were very much recovered. When I offered Mrs Godefroy forty pounds more, (being all the money I had) that excellent woman

renewed her entreaties that I would carry my boy and his mother with me to Holland. But Joanna was immovable, even to a degree of heroism. No persuasion could make the least impression upon her. We affected to bear our fate with perfect resignation, though what each of us felt may more easily be imagined than described.

“ On the very eve of departure, orders again arrived for the troops to remain until reinforcements were sent out from Holland. When these orders were proclaimed, I never saw dejection, disappointment and despair so strongly marked on the countenances of men. I alone was raised from misery to joy.

* * * * *

“ On the tenth of August, I waited upon Mrs Godefroy, and told her my earnest wish to see everything arranged with certainty concerning the emancipation of little Johnny Stedman. I requested her to become bail before the Court, for the usual sum of three hundred pounds; assuring her that he should never be any charge to the Colony of Surinam. This she decidedly declined, though it was a mere matter of form. I was at first very much astonished; but I found afterward that she had refused a similar favor to her own son.

“ Poor Joanna remained inflexible in her resolution; and on the twentyfourth, an agreement with Mrs Godefroy was solemnly ratified in the presence of her mother and all her relations, whereby that lady bound herself never to part with her except to myself alone; and that upon her death, not only her full liberty, but a spot of ground for cultivation, with a neat house

built upon it, should be her portion forever, to dispose of as she pleased. After this, she returned my remaining bond of nine hundred florins, and gave Joanna a purse containing near twenty ducats, besides two pieces of East India chintz. At the same time, she advised me to give into the Court a request for little Johnny's immediate manumission. She said it was a necessary form, whether I were able to obtain the bail usually required, or not; and that even if the bail should be ready to appear, nothing could be done if this formality were dispensed with.

"Having both of us thanked this most excellent woman, I went to sup with the governor, and gave him my request in full form. He coolly put it in his pocket with one hand, while he gave me a hearty squeeze with the other; and shaking his head, he told me frankly that he was convinced my boy must die a slave, unless I could find the necessary bail; which he was well persuaded few people would wish to appear for. Thus after so much time and labor, besides the expense of more than a hundred guineas, I still had the inexpressible mortification of seeing this dear little fellow in danger of perpetual servitude. As for Joanna, she, to my heartfelt satisfaction, was now perfectly safe."

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After describing some shocking scenes of cruelty toward the slaves, Capt. Stedman continues :

"Disgusted with the sight of barbarity which I could not prevent, I left the estate Catwyk, determined never more to visit it. I made my retreat to the estate Sgraven Hague; and there I chanced to meet a

mulatto youth in chains, whose father I well recollected. The unhappy man had been obliged to leave his son a slave, and was now dead. The thought of my own poor boy gave me horrible sensations.

"I have already stated that I gave in a fruitless request to the Governor for my son's manumission. On the eighth of October I saw with joyful surprise, the following advertisement posted up : ' If any one can give in a lawful objection why John Stedman, a Quaderoon infant, son of Captain John Stedman, should not be presented with the blessing of freedom, such person, or persons are requested to appear before January 1st, 1777.' I no sooner read it, than I ran with the good news to my friend, Mr Palmer, who assured me it was a mere form, put in practice on the supposition of my producing the required bail, which was undoubtedly expected, from my having so boldly given in my request to the Governor of the Colony. Unable to utter a syllable in reply, I retired to the company of Joanna, who with a smile bade me never despair, for Johnny would certainly one day be free. She never failed to give me consolation, even when prospects were the darkest, and my feelings the most desperate.

* * * * *

" Having been some time encamped in the woods, in a paltry hut, beaten by wind and rain, and receiving tidings that we were to remain some time longer, I earnestly set about building me a hut. It was finished on the eighteenth of December, in less than six days, without nail or hammer, though it had two rooms, a piazza with rails, and a small kitchen, besides a garden,

in which I sowed, in pepper-cresses, the names of Joanna and John. During this short period of tranquillity, I constructed in miniature, my cottage, in which I had enjoyed so much domestic felicity, at The Hope. It was made on an oblong board, of about eighteen inches by twelve, entirely of the manicle tree and its branches, like the original; and was esteemed quite a masterpiece. I sent it as a present to my friend, Mr De Graav, at Paramaribo, who has since placed it in a cabinet of natural curiosities at Amsterdam.

“Illness soon broke out in the camp, and mortality every day gained ground, under the most loathsome and hideous form; and to complete the distress, a part of the camp took fire.

“My misery, however, received an unexpected termination on the twentysixth of January, by Colonel Fourgeoud’s giving me, unasked, leave of absence, if I chose to accompany him to Paramaribo. I joyfully accepted the offer. On the way, he informed me of his determination to return to the woods no more, and in a few weeks to draw this long and painful expedition to a conclusion.

“I arrived in fine spirits and perfect health; and was most heartily welcomed by my friends, who rejoiced to see me once more alive. Not wishing to be troublesome to any person, I hired a small neat house by the water-side, where Joanna and I lived almost as happily as we had done at The Hope.

“On the sixteenth of February, being invited to dine with his excellency the Governor, I laid before him my collection of drawings, and my remarks on

the Colony of Surinam, which he honored with the highest approbation. Availing myself of his friendship, I ventured, two days after, to give him the following very uncommon request, praying him to lay it before the Court. With a smile on his countenance and a hearty shake of the hand, he promised compliance.

“ I, the undersigned, do pledge my *word of honor*, [being all I possess in the world, besides my pay,] as bail, that if my late ardent request to the Court, for the emancipation of my dear boy, John Stedman, be granted, the said boy shall never, to the end of his life, become a charge to the Colony of Surinam.

‘JOHN G. STEDMAN.

‘*Paramaribo, Feb. 18, 1777.*’

“ Having now done all that lay in my power, I awaited the result with anxiety. After several days I began to be afraid that I must finally give the sweet little fellow over for lost, or take him with me to Europe, which must have been plunging a dagger in the heart of his mother.

“ My uneasiness was not of very long duration. I was one day agreeably surprised by a polite message from the Governor and Court, acquainting me, that, ‘having taken my former services into consideration, together with my humanity and gallantry in offering my *honor* as bail, to see my child made a free citizen of the world, they had unanimously agreed, without further ceremony or expense, to present me with a letter containing his emancipation from that day forever after.’

“No man could be more suddenly transported from anxiety to joy, than I was at that moment ; while his poor mother shed tears of delight and gratitude ; the more so, as we had almost lost our hopes. More than forty beautiful boys and girls, the children of my acquaintance, were left in perpetual slavery, without being so much as inquired after. A few approved highly of my conduct ; while many not only blamed, but publicly derided me, for what they termed a ridiculous weakness. But so extravagant was my joy on this day, at having acted a part the reverse of Inkle to Yarico, that I was half frantic with pleasure. I made my will in favor of my boy, and appointed two of my friends his guardians during my absence ; leaving all my papers sealed with them, in case of my death. I ordered all my sheep and poultry, which had prodigiously increased, to be put under their care, for his use ; and I waited on a clergyman to appoint a day for his baptism. To my great surprise, the Reverend gentleman refused to christen the boy ; alleging that as I was going to Europe, I could not answer for his Christian education. I replied that the child was under the care of two very proper guardians ; but he was deaf to my arguments ; and I left him, saying, I preferred my boy should die a heathen, rather than be baptised by such a blockhead.

“The day of our departure now drew so near, that I was obliged to give up my house. At Mrs Godefroy’s pressing invitation, I spent the few remaining days with Joanna, in the dwelling she had so generously prepared for her reception, under the shade of tamarind and orange trees. The house was

furnished with everything that could be desired ; and a negro woman and girl were appointed to attend upon her. Thus situated, how blessed could I have been to the end of my days ! But fate ordered it otherwise.

“ On the evening of the twentysixth, I took leave of the numerous friends, who had treated me with so much kindness, since I had been in the Colony ; but my soul was too full of a friend dearer than all, to feel what I should have felt at parting under other circumstances.

“ While I gave the most impetuous vent to my feelings, not the smallest expression of grief, or even of dejection, escaped Joanna’s lips. Her good sense, her fortitude, and her affection for me, restrained the tears in my presence. I once more earnestly entreated her to accompany me ; and I was seconded by Mrs Godefroy and all her friends ; but she remained firm. Her answer was, that ‘ dreadful as this fatal separation appeared—perhaps never more to meet,—she felt that it was her duty to remain in Surinam. First, from a consciousness that she had no right to dispose of herself ; secondly, because she had rather be among the first of her own class in America, than a disgrace to me in Europe ; and lastly, because she was aware that she must be a burthen to me, unless my circumstances became more independent.’

“ As she said this, she showed great emotion, but immediately retired to weep in private. What could I say, or do ? Not knowing how to admire sufficiently her fortitude and resignation, I resolved if possible to imitate her example. I calmly resigned myself to my

fate, and prepared for the painful moment, when my heart forbode me we were to separate forever.

* * * * *

“On the twentieth of March, at midnight, the signal gun was fired. The ships got under weigh, and dropped down before the fortress of New Amsterdam, where they once more came to an anchor.

“Here my friends Gordon and Gourlay, the guardians of my boy, came to insist upon my going back with them to Paramaribo. My soul could not resist the hope of once more seeing what was so dear to me. I went—and found Joanna, who had displayed so much fortitude in my presence, now bathed in tears, and scarcely alive—so much was she become the victim of melancholy and despair. She had not partaken of food or sleep since my departure—nor spoken to any living creature—nor stirred from the spot where I had left her on the morning of the twenty-seventh. She seemed cheered by the prospect of my staying on shore a little longer. But, alas! we paid too dear for this short reprieve! Only a few hours had elapsed, when a sailor came in, saying the ship’s boat lay in waiting at that moment to carry me on board. Oh, who can describe my feelings at that instant! Joanna’s mother took the infant from her arms, while her brothers and sisters hung around me, crying, and invoking Heaven aloud for my safety. The unfortunate Joanna, now only nineteen, clung to my arm and gazed upon me without the power to utter one word. We exchanged ringlets of hair—I pressed her and my child fondly to my bosom. My heart invoked for them the protection of Providence—but

I could not speak. Joanna closed her beautiful eyes — her lips became pale as death — and she sunk lifeless into the arms of her *adopted mother*. Rousing all my remaining fortitude, I rushed from the house bidding God bless them.”

* * * * *

Here follows an account of Capt. Stedman's voyage, his promotion in the army, and his reception in Hoiland and England. His black boy Quacoo, whose freedom he had purchased, accompanied him to Amsterdam, and became butler to the Countess of Rosendaal. He mentions a pleasing anecdote concerning the attachment of this boy. Having found a crown piece more than he expected in his purse, he questioned Quacoo; who replied, “I was afraid you might be short of cash, where people seem so fond of it; and I put my five shilling piece into your pocket.” This was the more generous, being the only crown poor Quacoo possessed in the world.

No further mention is made of Joanna, until near the close of the volume. It is as follows :

“In August, 1783, I received the melancholy tidings from Mr Gourlay, that Joanna was no more. She had died on the fifth of November preceding. Some suspected she was poisoned by the hand of jealousy and envy, on account of her prosperity, and the marks of distinction which her superior character so justly attracted from the most respectable people in the Colony. Mrs Godefroy wept for her with sincere affection, and ordered her beautiful body to be buried with every mark of respect, under the orange grove where she had lived. Her lovely boy was sent to me, with nearly two hundred pounds, which he received

by inheritance from his mother. This charming youth made a most commerdable progress in his education at Devon; went two West India voyages, with the highest character as a sailor; served with honor as midshipman on board his Majesty's ships Southampton and Lizard, ever ready to engage in any service for the benefit of his king and country; and finally perished at sea, off the island of Jamaica."

"Yet one small comfort soothes, (while doomed to part,
 Dear, gallant youth!) thy parent's breaking heart.
 No more thy tender frame, thy blooming age,
 Shall be the sport of Ocean's stormy rage;
 No more thy *olive* beauty, on the waves,
 Shall be the sport of some European slaves.
 Soar now, my angel, to thy Maker's shrine,
 And reap reward due to such worth as thine.
 Fly, gentle shade — fly to that blest abode,
 There view thy *mother*, and adore thy God;
 There, oh, my boy! — on that celestial shore,
 Oh, may we gladly meet — and part no more."

Such is Capt. Stedman's own account of the beautiful and excellent Joanna. In reading it, we cannot but feel that he might have paid Mrs Godefroy, and sent for his wife to England, long before 1783. His marriage was unquestionably a sincere tribute of respect to the delicacy and natural refinement of Joanna's character. Yet we find him often apologizing for feelings and conduct, which are more truly creditable to him than any of his exploits in Surinam; and he never calls her his *wife*. Perhaps Joanna, with the quick discernment of strong affection, perceived that he would be ashamed of her in Europe, and therefore heroically sacrificed her own happiness. If he had any reluctance to acknowledge his love, his admiration and his gratitude in England, he is at least manly enough to be ashamed of confessing it.

Captain Stedman appears to have been extremely kind-hearted, and strongly prepossessed in favor of the African character. He was often made ill and wretched by the cruelties he witnessed ; — (cruelties, which the imagination of the most " fanatical " Abolitionist could never have conceived ;) he saved a negro slave from a dreadful whipping by restoring a dozen of china, which she had accidentally broken ; — while fighting to support the tyranny of slave owners, he mourned over the horrors of slavery, and left a share of his own provisions, by stealth, in the woods, where he had seen a poor rebel, half starved negro concealed ; — he was even unhappy for days, because he could not forget the reproachful look of a dying monkey, which he had shot in order to release the poor animal from lingering torments. Yet he conjured the English Abolitionists not to oppose the continuance of the Slave TRADE ; lest Holland should make more money than England ! Alas, for the inconsistency and selfishness of man !

" I thank my God for my humility."

RICHARD III.

A LADY who is very friendly to Anti-Slavery principles, was lately conversing with one of her acquaintance concerning the cruel prejudice that exists towards colored people. " I am sure I have none of this prejudice," rejoined her companion ; " for I can truly say that I never meet a negro in the street without thanking my God that I was not born a black."

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF AN EMANCIPATED SLAVE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EDITOR.

DEAR MADAM, — I will try to write a short account of my life, as nearly as I can remember ; though it makes me sorrowful to think of my past days ; for they have been very dark and full of tears. I always longed and prayed for liberty, and had at times hopes that I should obtain it. I would pray, and try to study out some way to earn money enough to buy myself, by working in the night-time. But then something would happen to disappoint my hopes, and it seemed as though I must live and die a slave, with none to pity me.

I will begin as far back as I can remember. I think I was between two and three years old when the soul-destroyers tore me from my mother's arms, somewhere in Africa, far back from the sea. They carried me a long distance to a ship ; all the way I looked back, and cried. The ship was full of men and women loaded with chains ; but I was so small, they let me run about on deck.

After many long days, they brought us into Charleston, South Carolina. A slave-holder bought me,

and took me up into Pendleton County. I suppose that I staid with him about six months. He sold me to a Mr Bradley, by whose name I have ever since been called. This man was considered a wonderfully kind master ; and it is true that I was treated better than most of the slaves I knew. I never suffered for food, and never was flogged with the whip ; but, oh, my soul ! I was tormented with kicks and knocks more than I can tell. My master often knocked me down, when I was young. Once, when I was a boy, about nine years old, he struck me so hard that I fell down and lost my senses. I remained thus some time, and when I came to myself, he told me he thought he had killed me. At another time he struck me with a curry-comb, and sunk the knob into my head. I have said that I had food enough ; I wish I could say as much concerning my clothing. But I let that subject alone ; because I cannot think of any suitable words to use in telling you.

I used to work very hard. I was always obliged to be in the field by sunrise, and I labored till dark, stopping only at noon long enough to eat dinner. When I was about fifteen years old, I took what was called the cold plague, in consequence of being over-worked, and I was sick a long time. My master came to me one day, and hearing me groan with pain, he said, "This fellow will never be of any more use to me — I would as soon knock him in the head, as if he were an opossum." His children sometimes came in, and shook axes and knives at me, as if they were about to knock me on the head. But I have said enough of this. The Lord at length raised me up from the bed

of sickness, but I entirely lost the use of one of my ancles. Not long after this, my master moved to Arkansas Territory, and died. Then the family let me out; but after a while my mistress sent for me, to carry on the plantation, saying she could not do without me. My master had kept me ignorant of everything he could. I was never told anything about God, or my own soul. Yet from the time I was fourteen years old, I used to think a great deal about freedom. It was my heart's desire; I could not keep it out of my mind. Many a sleepless night I have spent in tears, because I was a slave. I looked back on all I had suffered — and when I looked ahead, all was dark and hopeless bondage. My heart ached to feel within me the life of liberty. After the death of my master, I began to contrive how I might buy myself. After toiling all day for my mistress, I used to sleep three or four hours, and then get up and work for myself the remainder of the night. I made collars for horses, out of plaited husks. I could weave one in about eight hours; and I generally took time enough from my sleep to make two collars in the course of a week. I sold them for fifty cents each. One summer, I tried to take two or three hours from my sleep every night; but I found that I grew weak, and I was obliged to sleep more. With my first money I bought a pig. The next year I earned for myself about thirteen dollars; and the next about thirty. There was a good deal of wild land in the neighborhood, that belonged to Congress. I used to go out with my hoe, and dig up little patches, which I planted with corn, and got up in the night to tend it. My hogs were

fattened with this corn, and I used to sell a number every year. Besides this, I used to raise small patches of tobacco, and sell it to buy more corn for my pigs. In this way I worked for five years; at the end of which time, after taking out my losses, I found that I had earned one hundred and sixty dollars. With this money I hired my own time for two years. During this period, I worked almost all the time, night and day. The hope of liberty strung my nerves, and braced up my soul so much, that I could do with very little sleep or rest. I could do a great deal more work than I was ever able to do before. At the end of the two years, I had earned three hundred dollars, besides feeding and clothing myself. I now bought my time for eighteen months longer, and went two hundred and fifty miles west, nearly into Texas, where I could make more money. Here I earned enough to buy myself; which I did in 1833, about one year ago. I paid for myself, including what I gave for my time, about seven hundred dollars.

As soon as I was free, I started for a free State. When I arrived in Cincinnati, I heard of Lane Seminary, about two miles out of the city. I had for years been praying to God that my dark mind might see the light of knowledge. I asked for admission into the Seminary. They pitied me, and granted my request, though I knew nothing of the studies which were required for admission. I am so ignorant, that I suppose it will take me two years to get up with the lowest class in the institution. But in all respects I am treated just as kindly, and as much like a brother by the students, as if my skin were as white, and my

education as good as their own. Thanks to the Lord, prejudice against color does not exist in Lane Seminary! If my life is spared, I shall probably spend several years here, and prepare to preach the gospel.

I will now mention a few things, that I could not conveniently bring in, as I was going along with my story.

In the year 1828, I saw some Christians, who talked with me concerning my soul, and the sinfulness of my nature. They told me I must repent, and live to do good. This led me to the cross of Christ;—and then, oh, how I longed to be able to read the Bible! I made out to get an old spelling-book, which I carried in my hat for many months, until I could spell pretty well, and read easy words. When I got up in the night to work, I used to read a few minutes, if I could manage to get a light. Indeed, every chance I could find, I worked away at my spelling-book. After I had learned to read a little, I wanted very much to learn to write; and I persuaded one of my young masters to teach me. But the second night, my mistress came in, bustled about, scolded her son, and called him out. I overheard her say to him, “You fool! what are you doing? If you teach him to write, he will write himself a pass and run away.” That was the end of my instruction in writing; but I persevered, and made marks of all sorts and shapes that I could think of. By turning every way, I was, after a long time, able to write tolerably plain.

I have said a good deal about my desire for freedom. How strange it is that anybody should believe any human being *could* be a slave, and yet be contented!

I do not believe there ever was a slave, who did not long for liberty. I know very well that slave-owners take a great deal of pains to make the people in the free States believe that the slaves are happy ; but I know, likewise, that I was never acquainted with a slave, however well he was treated, who did not long to be free. There is one thing about this, that people in the free States do not understand. When they ask slaves whether they wish for their liberty, they answer, "No ;" and very likely they will go so far as to say they would not leave their masters for the world. But, at the same time, they desire liberty more than anything else, and have, perhaps, all along been laying plans to get free. The truth is, if a slave shows any discontent, he is sure to be treated worse, and worked the harder for it ; and every slave knows this. This is why they are careful not to show any uneasiness when white men ask them about freedom. When they are alone by themselves, all their talk is about liberty — liberty ! It is the great thought and feeling that fills the mind full all the time.

I could say much more ; but as your letter requested a "short account" of my life, I am afraid I have written too much already. I will say but a few words more. My heart overflows when I hear what is doing for the poor broken-hearted slave, and free men of color. God will help those who take part with the oppressed. Yes, blessed be His holy name ! He will surely do it. Dear madam, I do hope I shall meet you at the resurrection of the just. God preserve you, and strengthen you in this holy cause, until the walls of prejudice are broken down, the chains burst

in pieces, and men of every color meet at the feet of Jesus, speaking kind words, and looking upon each other in love — willing to live together on earth, as they hope to live in Heaven !

JAMES BRADLEY.

*Lane Seminary, June, 1834.**

* A letter from Theodore D. Weld, of the same institution, says : “ We have established five day schools among the three thousand colored people of Cincinnati ; a Lyceum with tri-weekly lectures ; evening schools for teaching adults to read ; Sabbath schools and Bible classes. We are also trying to establish a reading-room and library for them. I have never seen such eagerness to acquire knowledge, nor such rapidity of acquisition.”

SAFE MODE OF OPERATION.

AN old negro, who had once been a slave, was asked by a Boston clergyman whether he thought the slaves, if they were emancipated, would be disposed to injure their masters. He replied, “ Oh, no ! They would call down blessings upon them. On what does the planter *now* depend for safety ? Why, he picks out some intelligent slave, and keeps him about his person ; he feeds and clothes him well — flatters him, and calls him ‘ *his boy*.’ This slave sleeps near his master’s chamber at night, and during the day keeps watch upon what is said and done by the other slaves, that he may report to his master. *This* is the way the planter consults his safety. Now, if he only would make ‘ *boys* ’ of them all ! ”

THE THREE COLORED REPUBLICS OF GUIANA.

The following passage from Mr Balbi's excellent geography will be interesting to the friends of the African race :

“To other independent aboriginal nations, we must add three small negro republics, which have been formed many years; viz. the republic of the Oukas, along the Upper Maroni; that of the Seramicas, on the Upper Seramica; and that of the Cotticas, on the Upper Cottica. These are *maroons*,* or negro slaves who have fled into the woods, and have attained to an acknowledgement of their independence by the colonists. The two former of these republics have existed ever since the year 1766; that of the Cotticas commenced later. A treaty concluded in 1809 by the colonists with these negro states confirmed their independence. From that time, relations of amity and commerce have been established between them and the Hollanders. Many of these negroes come to seek employment in the colony, and bring wood and other articles. These small states, whose population has been remarkably exaggerated by some travellers, have too often carried terror into this rich colony to permit us to imitate the example of almost all geographers, who either take no notice of them, or confine themselves to mentioning the Seramicas alone.”

* From *cimarron*, a Spanish word, signifying *wild*.

THESE interesting communities are in the interior of the Dutch province of Surinam, about midway between the rivers Amazon and Oronoco. The Dutch have ever been cruel slave-masters. Some specimens of their system, as exemplified in this colony, will show what cause the negroes had for flying to the forests, and fighting their former tyrants. Their code does not differ much from that of the United States; for example :

If the mother be a slave, the child must be so too, though the father may be free, and a white man.

No slave can be witness against a white person.

The owner, or overseer, has despotic power; he may whip, chain, imprison, or half starve the slaves, according to his pleasure.

A planter may send his slave to prison, and for a slight compensation have him or her whipped by the public executioner, according to his directions.

The murder of a slave is punished merely by a fine; or if the murderer happens not to be the owner, the culprit must pay him the value of the slave. In *practice* it is extremely rare that any public punishment is inflicted for the murder of a slave.

In some important particulars, the slave-laws of Surinam were milder than they are in the United States. The slaves there are not *forbidden by law* to acquire education and property, or to make contracts and ransom themselves; and no free man is disqualified from being a witness, on account of the color of his skin.

It is right to repeat *some* of the anecdotes of cruelty,

which Stedman relates from his own observation in Surinam ; but for the reader's sake, I quote them sparingly ; and for decency's sake I forbear to describe how frequently these punishments originated in the most vile and shameless profligacy on the part of the oppressors. There are scenes constantly occurring in every slave State, too disgusting *ever* to meet the ears of a civilized community.

An overseer in Surinam tormented a boy fourteen years of age, for the space of a whole year. During one month, he flogged him every day ; the next he kept him with his feet in the stocks, and an iron triangle round his neck, so that he could neither run away, nor sleep, except in an upright posture ;* the third month he chained him to a dog kennel near the landing-place, to remain there night and day, with orders to bark at every boat or canoe that passed ; and thus he continued "varying his punishment monthly, until the youth became insensible, walked crooked, and almost degenerated into a brute."

Stedman describes the whipping of a young negro woman, who was likely soon to become a mother ; but his expressions are too shocking to bear repetition. Yet the poor victim had done nothing worse than breaking a tumbler !

A fine old negro was sentenced to receive some hundred lashes, but declared himself innocent of the offence with which he was charged. During the

* This instrument of torture is in use in our own slave States. The late Mr Wirt, in his *Life of Patrick Henry*, calls the southern overseers, "the feculum of the human race." Yet they are a *necessary* part of this hateful system.

execution of his punishment he drew his knife, and having made a fruitless thrust at his persecutor, he plunged it into his own breast, repeating the blow, till he fell at the tyrant's feet. He was cured of his wounds, and for this crime was chained to a furnace, which distilled kill-devil.* There he was to remain blistered by the intense heat, until he should die of infirmity or old age. Stedman says: "He showed me his wounds, with a smile of contempt, which I returned with a sigh and a small donation. Nor shall I ever forget that miserable man, loaded with irons, and chained to perpetual torment."

In contrast with this fearful scene, the planter's establishment was luxurious and splendid, and his manners extremely courteous and hospitable: "But," says Stedman, "these Elysian fields could not dissipate the gloom, which that infernal furnace had left upon my mind."

Mrs S—lk—r, of Surinam, was proceeding to her plantation in her tent-barge. A negro woman with her infant sat in the bow. The child cried; and the mother was unable to pacify it immediately. Her mistress ordered her aft, took the babe in her arms, and held it under water till it was drowned, and then let it sink. The frantic mother leaped overboard, determined to end her miserable existence. She was rescued, and received three or four hundred lashes for her temerity.

The same diabolical slave-mistress observed, among some newly purchased slaves, a young negro girl of a remarkably fine figure, and a sweet engaging coun-

* A species of rum manufactured from the dregs of sugar.

tenance. Prompted by mere prospective jealousy of her husband, this wretch caused the girl's mouth, cheeks, and forehead, to be burned with red hot iron, and the tendon of her heel to be cut. The poor young creature, ignorant in what she had offended, survived to be a cripple, and a monster of deformity all her days. On this occasion, some of the other negroes ventured to entreat their mistress to be more merciful. This enraged her so much, that she immediately knocked out the brains of a quaderoon child, and caused the heads of two young negroes to be chopped off. When she had left the estate, the surviving relations tied the heads in a handkerchief, and laid them at the Governor's feet, with the following address :

"This, your Excellency, is the head of my son ; and this is the head of my brother, struck off by the command of our mistress, for trying to prevent her murders. We know our evidence is nothing in a state of slavery ; but if these bloody heads be a sufficient proof of what we say, we only beg that such pernicious acts may be prevented in time to come ; in acknowledgement of which we will all cheerfully shed our blood for the preservation of our master, our mistress, and the Colony."

To this humble and affecting appeal the reply was that they were all liars, and should be flogged round the streets ; which sentence was executed with the utmost severity.

Had white people been present at this scene of carnage, the tigress would have escaped by paying fifty pounds for each murder.

When Surinam planters wish to get rid of old worn out slaves, they sometimes take them on a hunting excursion, under pretence of starting the game; as soon as the bird rises, they shoot them, and call it accident. Sometimes they push them overboard with a weight chained to them, and call it accidental drowning. Sometimes they are tied to a tree in the forest, and left without clothing, till they are stung to death by venomous insects. Sometimes they are chained to a stake, in the middle of a plain, under a burning sun, and fed with a plantain and one gill of water a day, until they starve; but it is not called starving—because the master declares he furnished food and drink as long as the slave lived.

Breaking out the teeth for sucking the sugar cane, which they themselves have cultivated—cutting off ears—and slitting noses, are slight every day punishments.

However strong an attachment slaves may form for each other, no respect is paid to it. The negro husband is often unmercifully whipped by a profligate overseer, for no other reason than because his wife is handsome and happens to love him. Should he attempt to protect her from abuse, he would be cut to pieces for his pains.

Under such circumstances, suicide and crime, of course, become common. These wretched beings drown themselves—choke themselves, by turning the tongue into the throat—and jump into cauldrons of boiling sugar,—thus at once depriving the tyrant of his crop and his laborer.

Such of the Surinam slaves, as were able to effect

their escape, had two circumstances strongly in favor of their independence. No civilized and Christian states in the neighborhood were bound by a compact to send them back to their oppressors ; and they had deep, impenetrable forests, and tangled swamps to flee to, where they had the consolation of meeting nothing worse than jaguars, alligators, aboma snakes, thirty or forty feet long, and plenty of rattlesnakes.

From the earliest remembrance of the colony some fugitives had taken refuge in the woods ; but they did not become important as a body, until about 1726 or 1728. At that time, they appeared on the upper parts of the Copename and Seramica rivers, armed with bows and arrows, together with guns and hatchets, which they had from time to time captured from the neighboring plantations.

In 1730, eleven of their number, having been made prisoners, were put to death with a shocking barbarity. One was hanged on a gibbet from an iron hook passed under two of his ribs, and left there to writhe and expire, under a burning sun, with only an occasional drop of rain to refresh his parched and swollen lips. In this agonizing situation, he contemptuously reproved two slaves, who were whipped near the gibbet, because they were unmanly enough to utter any complaint. Two of the prisoners were burned alive ; and six women were broken on the rack. They all endured these tortures without a groan or a sigh.

The design of the planters was to intimidate the "*rebel negroes*" ; for thus, like the heroes of the American Revolution, were they denominated. But these transactions inspired them with new fury. They laid

waste the plantations, and murdered the inhabitants, and triumphed, hand to hand, in the fiercest battles. Reinforcements were sent from Holland to the assistance of the colony ; but the European troops wasted rapidly away, under a burning sun, led from forest to forest by the valiant and hardy rebels, who constantly eluded their pursuit, or gave them battle on the most disadvantageous grounds. The colony was, at times, reduced to the utmost confusion and distress. Thus affairs went on, — interrupted only by one year's truce, to which the negroes were invited by parley, — until 1757 ; when a new revolt of slaves broke out on the Upper Maroni, owing, as before, to the abusive treatment of the planters. These new rebels were added to the old fugitives in the same quarter, supposed to be about sixteen hundred in number ; the combined number was estimated at about three thousand. After a long and very severe contest, commissioners were sent to treat with these intrepid negroes. They were introduced to a handsome chief named Araby, who received them politely. Taking them by the hand, he desired them to sit down upon the green-sward, on each side of him ; assuring them that since they came in so good a cause, none dared or wished to molest them. A treaty of peace was agreed upon, on condition that a quantity of fire-arms, ammunition, and various other articles, should be delivered to the negro chiefs at the ratification of the treaty, and every year thereafter.

The commissioners received, in return, some very good advice, by which the Dutch do not appear to have profited. "We desire you," said one of the

negro officers, "to tell your Governor and Court, that if they wish to prevent the rising of any new gangs of rebels, they must take care that the planters do not trust their slaves to drunken overseers, and managers, who by unjustly beating the negroes, insulting their wives and children, and neglecting the sick and aged, are the ruin of the colony. It is this that drives into the woods such numbers of stout people; people who have earned your subsistence by the sweat of their brows — without whom your colony would drop to nothing — and to whom you are at last glad to come and sue for friendship."

Mr Abercrombie, one of the commissioners, asked for some of the principal officers, as hostages. Araby replied, it would be time enough for that, when the treaty was finally concluded: If they pleased, they might then have his youngest son to be educated in the colony; he would not give the Christians the slightest trouble about his subsistence — he would himself provide for that.

The treaty was ratified, and the stipulated articles sent, with an escort of six hundred men. The commander, who was deemed something of a coward, was in such haste to withdraw, that he delivered the presents without remembering to demand the hostages. But this made no difference with Araby; he did as he had pledged his word; and sent several of his officers to Paramaribo.

The rebels took a solemn oath to observe the treaty, and required the same of the white commissioners; but they insisted upon having it taken in their *own* form; alleging that the *Christian* oath had been so often broken, that they placed no value upon it.

This took place in 1761; and in the same year a treaty was concluded with the Seramicas. In each case, a cane, with a large silver pummel, bearing the arms of Surinam, was delivered to the head-captain, as a token of the acknowledgement of their independence.

For a considerable time the colony was in a quiet and flourishing condition; but the same causes were at work to produce similar troubles.

In 1772, the slaves on the Cottica river rose, and nearly gave a finishing blow to Surinam. They burned and massacred throughout the country; and the surviving inhabitants, full of consternation, crowded into Paramaribo.

Captain Barron, the leader of the Cotticas, had been a favorite slave of a Mr Dahlbergh, who had taught him to read and write. He accompanied his master to Holland, with the flattering promise of receiving a certificate of freedom, as soon as he returned. Dahlbergh broke his word, and Barron refused to do any more work.*

For this, he was publicly flogged under the gallows. Exasperated by such treatment, he fled to the woods, vowing revenge against all Europeans. He was chosen head-captain of the Cotticas, and his name became terrible throughout the colony, particularly to Dahlbergh, on whom he had vowed especial vengeance.

* The *first* revolt of the slaves in St Domingo was caused in the same manner. The French promised the slaves emancipation if they would fight against the English. They fought bravely; but when the English were repelled, the masters refused to keep their promise.

The following anecdote of the war will illustrate the character and sentiments of these men. "This," said an old slave in the colony, holding a little girl called Tamera by the hand, "This is the child of Jolly-Cœur, the first captain belonging to Barron's men, and not without cause one of the fiercest rebels in the forest. He has lately proved this on the estate of New Rosenback. On that estate, (one Shultz, a Jew, being manager) the rebels suddenly appeared and took possession of the whole plantation. Having tied the hands of Shultz, they began feasting and dancing, before they ended his miserable existence. In this deplorable state, he lay waiting Barron's signal for death, when happening to meet the eye of his enemy, he thus addressed him: 'O Jolly-Cœur! be merciful to Mr Shultz, who was once your deputy-master. Remember the dainties I gave you from my own table when you were a little child, and my favorite among so many others. Remember this, and spare my life by your powerful intercession!'

"Jolly-Cœur replied, 'I remember it perfectly well. But remember, vile tyrant, your shameless treatment to my poor mother, in my infant presence. Remember how you flogged my father for trying to protect her. Remember this, and die by my hands.' As he spoke, he struck the head from the body, and rolled it along the beach."

Numerous instances of extraordinary bravery, and able generalship, are recorded of these negroes, by Stedman; who was an officer on the opposite side, and therefore unlikely to exaggerate their merits. Freedom gave them the same fearless and dignified

air said to characterize the Haytians. In person they were tall, stout and erect, and their countenances expressed intelligence and vigilance. The fortitude with which they endured the greatest torments was even more wonderful than their courage.

Nothing could exceed their contempt and animosity toward the corps of colored rangers, who were slaves induced to fight for their masters by the promise of freedom. "We compassionate the white soldiers," said they, "who are compelled, for so much a month, to come here and hunt innocent men, who never did them any harm; but you, vile traitors to your own brethren! may your tyrants work their will upon you!"

These rangers were likewise valiant soldiers. No doubt it was a matter of policy with their masters to train them to a hatred and contempt of the rebels, as the slaves in this country are trained to dislike and despise the free negroes.

The Rev. Wiltshire Stanton Austin, in his testimony before the British House of Commons in 1832, makes some remarks concerning the present state of these republics. Mr Austin was an Episcopal clergyman, heir to the slave estates of his father, which he had formerly managed.

In the course of his evidence, he says, "My belief in the safety of emancipation is founded upon intimate knowledge of negro character. They are naturally peaceable, and they would be still more so, if the great boon, for which they alone have contended, were ceded to them.

"There are in Surinam two settlements of emanci-

pated slaves. Their employment was to cut and saw timber into planks and bring it down from the interior, and also their surplus provisions, as rice, yams, and other articles, which they bartered for whatever they wanted, besides accumulating property. I had in my possession ten pounds belonging to one man, and I knew a friend with whom as much as three hundred pounds had been deposited by various individuals belonging to these settlements; the produce of very hard labor, at least as hard, if not as regular, as the cultivation of sugar.

* * * * *

“These free settlements are not settlements of Indians, but of Africans, who had forcibly emancipated themselves, as stated in Stedman’s History of Surinam; and with whom the Dutch had entered into treaty, which has been pretty well observed on both sides.

“I never heard of any want among them; and though I have had much intercourse with them, I never saw one intoxicated. Their settlements are not very far from the cultivated parts of the colony; but they do not themselves raise sugar or coffee. They are a very handsome and well-formed race, with features sharper and more raised, than the Africans generally. Their number is not known, as they are jealous of inquiries on that point; but the reports vary from ten thousand to twenty thousand. Their habits are favorable to a rapid increase. They speak what is called negro-English; a compound of English, Dutch and African. The Bible has recently been translated into this dialect by the Moravians, who maintained a mission there for

a few years. The settlers allow no other Europeans to reside among them. I made one or two attempts, but did not succeed."

It seems probable that Mr Austin made a mistake as to the number of souls, as well as of the settlements. In 1772 the inhabitants were estimated at fifteen thousand or twenty thousand; and at that time the Cotticas, being a *third* division of maroons, rose and commenced their struggle for liberty and independence; which was definitively acknowledged, as we must infer from M. Balbi, in 1809.

Capt. J. E. Alexander, of the British army, who visited Guiana in 1832, and published his *Travels*, in 1833, declares repeatedly that the entire population of these negro states is now seventy thousand; and he also mentions that the cruelties of the Dutch masters continue about the same, as at the successive revolts of the Seramicas, the Oukas and the Cotticas.



O man, the blood of thy brother cries from the earth and the sea !

THE RUNAWAY.

A TRUE STORY.*

BEHIND the hills the setting sun
Has hidden now his golden light ;
There stood a slave, his labor done,
Watching the slow approach of night.

To be a slave — this thought press'd deep
Upon his spirit, free and brave ;
And often, when alone, he 'd weep
To think that he was born a slave.

But then his faithful Nanny's smile,
Or little Willy's merry voice,
His soul would of its grief beguile —
And William's heart would half rejoice.

His children climbing on his knees,
The watchful kindness of his wife,
Brought to his wounded spirit ease,
And help'd him bear the load of life.

And now you hear his fervent prayer,
As before God he bends the knee,
“ My wife and children bid them spare,
And lay their burthens all on me.”

* This story was related by a Southern gentleman, who particularly dwelt upon the scornful irony, with which the master addressed the slave.

His master died ; for he was old,
And nature still must have her due :
William, and all his slaves were sold,
With other goods and cattle too.

He in the market-place was sold.
His wife and children — where are they ?
How can the dreadful tale be told ! —
They tore them from his arms away.

They heard his agonizing groans,
They heard his little children's cries,
They heard his wife's heart-breaking tones
Piercing the hollow, silent skies.

They heard them all, and turn'd away ;
They heeded not the negro's pain.
If God is just, there is a day
When they must hear those sounds again.

Like a wild beast poor William then
Was chain'd, and by a whip was driven ;
One of a drove of slaves, of men,
Whom Jesus came to lead to Heaven.

Time pass'd away — as pass it will,
Though cruel sorrow mark each day ;
Through joy and wo, through good and ill,
The sands flow on, and pass away.

Who at the midnight hour is he,
Creeping along upon the ground,
Hiding behind each bush and tree,
And starting at the faintest sound ?

'T is he — he 's near the river's side ;
He 's safe within the boat ;
A friend is there, to help him hide ;
Poor William ! he may yet be free.

The morning smiles, the steamboat flies,
And many a happy heart was there ;
In a dark hole poor William lies,
And breathes to God his fervent prayer.

E'en there, constrain'd in every limb,
No space to move, no wholesome air,
E'en this was Paradise to him,
For he could hope for freedom there.

And he may yet his dear wife see,
His little girl, his little boy.
"I yet, I yet may set them free!"
And William's heart ran o'er with joy.

But who His purposes can scan,
Who lets the tyrant work his will,
And trample on his brother man? —
Faith speaks, where Reason's voice is still.

Whence is that sudden shriek of pain,
And whence those shouts, and wild uproar?
One struggle — he's a slave again; —
Poor William's dream of bliss is o'er.

And now they drag him forth to light.
What does his aching vision see?
His master stands before his sight,
Smiling upon his agony.

"Ha, ha! my boy," he laughing cried,
"This is for me a lucky day."
Now safely to the mast he's tied;
And on the steamboat speeds her way.

There, clenching fast his fetter'd hands,
He heaves no sigh, he lifts no prayer.
He seems, as fix'd in woe he stands,
An iron statue of despair.

They offer'd food — he turn'd away ;
And then he quickly seized the knife,
And ere they could his purpose stay,
He tried to end his hated life.

His master now, with cruel scorn,
Laugh'd at his poor slave's frantic wo ;
" What makes you, Bill, look so forlorn ?
Why did you cut your jacket so ?

" I bade them give you food enough,
And I'll forgive you for this trip ;
I see you're made of right good stuff ;
I think you'll go without the whip.

" My negroes all are happy dogs,
They never have too much to do ;
My driver very seldom flogs ;
And why can't you be happy too ? "

" I'm not a dog ; I am a man ;
My wife and children, where are they ?
Be happy ! that I never can —
They've taken all I love away."

" 'Tis all pretence, you silly loon ;
You lead a very happy life :
You will feel better very soon ;
I'll give you, Bill, another wife."

" Pity the creature thou hast made,
Almighty God ! " the negro cried,
" On whom the load of life is laid,
Whilst all its blessings are denied.

" My wife and children — God does know
They're living in this breaking heart ;
And when compell'd from them to go,
He saw how bitter 't was to part.

" But soon will cease these cruel pains ;
There 's one kind hand will set me free.
Death will strike off these hateful chains —
Death will restore my liberty."

And now again in silent grief
He look'd up at the boundless sky ;
And not one tear, with sad relief,
Moisten'd his glazed and bloodshot eye.

They reach'd the shore ; and each one goes
Where pleasure or where duty calls ;
All but the slave — his burning woes
Are hidden by his dungeon walls.

Hidden from men — but not from Him
Whose eye of light is everywhere ;
That light which darkness cannot dim,
That eye of mercy, it was there.

They who could dare to take the name
Of him who came from Heaven to save —
On them the sin ! on them the shame !
They made a heathen of the slave.

He thought that he was free to die ;
He never tasted food again.
He utter'd not another cry ;
He spoke not of his burning pain.

And thus he burst his prison door ;
And thus he set his spirit free.
The negro's misery is o'er —
Death *has* restored his liberty.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

[An extract from the unpublished memoirs of an officer of the Grand Army.—Translated from a periodical published at Paris.]

ALREADY master of Turin, of Alexandria, and of Mantua, the celebrated Russian General Sawarow still wished to invade Tortona and Coni. The misfortunes of the French troops, justly attributed to the bad plans of the Directory, appeared to be the prelude of new disasters to France. The powers united against us counted about three hundred thousand combatants, without including a new Russian army destined to carry reinforcements, as they might be needed, into Italy or Germany. The dangers of the French Republic were pressing. They changed the Minister of War, and the Generals in Chief; the new Directory published officially that five hundred and sixtyfive thousand men would be on foot in the month of October. Finally, they called Joubert to the command of the army in Italy, and Moreau was placed at the head of the troops on the Lower Rhine; but all this did not revive the fortunes of France. The star of Bonaparte had not yet arisen!

In order to compel Suwarrow to abandon the siege of Tortona, General Joubert resolved to give him battle. Moreau, in this emergency, was anxious to second his efforts, and served under his orders.

On the fourteenth of August, 1799, the evening preceding the battle of Novi, the two armies kept watch upon each other. The Generals Bellegrade and Kray commanded the right wing; the left, composed of Austrian divisions, was under the orders of General Melas; the Russian divisions, forming the centre, had General Rosenberg at their head.

I shall never forget the night that preceded that memorable day. I was about finishing a letter to my mother, — in which, with the confidence that never abandons youth, I spoke of tomorrow's expedition with a complete certainty of success, — when I perceived a large man standing in the shadow of a tree, against which he leaned, with his eye fixed earnestly upon me. He was wrapped in a dark-colored cloak; and one of his hands came out from among the folds of the cape; this hand, as well as his head, appeared to me to be entirely black. The bivouac fire was nearly extinguished; and this large figure, sometimes strongly illuminated by the flickering light, and then as suddenly lost in darkness, had the appearance of a fantastic apparition.

We remained for some time observing each other. The traditions of antiquity concerning celebrated men visited by their evil genius, the night preceding their death, involuntarily occurred to my memory. I had not indeed any right to this honor, nor was I disturbed with any thoughts about quitting life; but I

was determined to know who was the dark figure that stood observing me with so much attention. I arose and advanced toward him ; almost resolved to seek a quarrel, if I found him a living being.

The man quietly allowed me to approach, without making any change in his position or countenance. I was within a few steps of him, when the fire, — on which a soldier had just thrown a dry fagot, — burned up brightly, and cast a glaring light over both our figures. The black man immediately stretched forth his hand and smiled. Those eyes full of energy, and a double row of teeth whiter than ivory, recalled to my mind a face I had once known. My heart throbbed with the indistinct recollections of childhood. I exclaimed, “Do I not deceive myself? Is this Scipio?”

Until I spoke, Scipio had not been entirely certain that he did not mistake my person ; but at these words he threw himself into my arms. “Yes,” replied he, — again and again pressing my hand, as if it had been held in a vice, — “Yes, I am Scipio. Who would have thought we were so near each other! and who could have foretold that we should meet here for the first time, since our last interview in the gardens of the Palais Royal? In truth, it is a long time since that. I was then no higher than your boot; now I am five feet eight inches, well told. I seem still to see you as you came to play with me in the private garden of the Duke of Orleans, at the Palais Royal, when in our plays we used sometimes to quarrel so briskly with the young prince.”*

* The present King of the French.

"Go on, my dear Scipio, I see you have a good memory."

"By the same token, I can recount a scene of which you were yourself the hero. One day having taken the rounds of the garden, drawing the prince in his little chariot, you took him out, without any ceremony, and seated yourself in the carriage, saying to him, 'Take your turn now.' The tutor was quite scandalized by this great liberty, and wished to make you get out; but the little prince opposed it; and beginning to draw the carriage, he replied, gravely: 'It is no more than right. I ought to take my turn now.' You see," continued Scipio, "that I forget nothing."*

"If it be so, my dear Scipio, I wish you would recount to me all the particulars how it came to pass that a negro was ever the comrade of the little Duke of Chartres; and by what chance I now find you here, in the army of the republic, on the eve of battle."

"Ah," replied Scipio with a deep sigh, "I shall never have strength to tell all my story, unless you can find means to procure something to eat. I made a bad breakfast; and according to all appearances I am not likely to fare any better for supper."

"And I, luckily, have a supper to offer, which is not to be despised; for I never go without provisions." As I spoke, I led Scipio toward an empty barrel, which had already served me for a table, and after he had eaten three quarters of a cold chicken, and drank a

* One who played a part in this scene, having a long time after obtained an audience on business, with the young prince (then Duke of Orleans) recalled this anecdote to his memory, and said smiling, "You see, Monseigneur, that you very early had a taste for equality."

bottle of old Bordeaux, he told his story nearly in the following terms :

“Although I have boasted of forgetting nothing, I should tell a falsehood if I pretended to speak of my earliest childhood from my own recollections. I have been told that I was born in Jamaica, where I should probably have remained until the day of my death, like all the blacks, employed in the culture of the colonies, if I had not very early acquired a talent quite useless for making one’s way in the world, but which, nevertheless, decided my destiny. From the time I was five years old, I could swim like a fish ; there was not in all Jamaica, a diver more daring than myself.

“A slave-merchant, who confined his trade to such slaves as were useful in agriculture, came at this time to purchase a cargo. Finding me too small to be troubled with, he separated my mother from me, and in spite of her despair carried her on board a vessel destined to transport her into another English colony. This slave-merchant cared for nothing in the world but his dog ; which was in truth a noble animal. He was one of the most beautiful of the Newfoundland species.

“It seems as if I could now see that cruel merchant, with his cane in his hand, standing on the vessel, which, unknown to me, was about to carry off all that was most dear to me in the world ; for the departure of my poor mother had been carefully concealed from me. I was playing on the beach, when the vessel, with all her sails hoisted, moved majestically from the shore. At the same instant, my mother sprung upon the deck,

with loud shrieks. She stretched out her arms toward me, and tried to escape from those that held her. At this sight I suspected that I was about to lose my mother forever ; or rather I thought of nothing but the tears and kisses she tried to send me, in the midst of the shower of blows, with which her new master strove to drive her from the deck. I instantly sprung into the sea, and followed the track of the vessel, marked on the waves by a long furrow of white foam. A cry of surprise and terror was heard at the same moment from the vessel and the shore. The English spectators of the scene began, according to their custom, to bet with each other, whether I should or should not reach the vessel, which was rapidly receding from sight.

“ I learned afterward that the captain proposed to lower the sails, and put down a boat to take me up ; but the slave-merchant answered gruffly that the wind was good, and it was best to profit by it. He carried his cruelty still farther. Drawing out his watch, he said carelessly, ‘ Let us see how many minutes this little droll can swim, before he goes to the bottom. My Newfoundland dog certainly could not keep up with us half an hour, at the rate we are going.’ While the barbarian kept his eyes fixed on me, he fortunately did not perceive that the sailors contrived to slacken sail a little. The vessel, however, still went on ; and my strength began to fail. I no longer had power to cry out, although I was near enough to hear the entreaties, which on all sides were addressed to the cruel merchant in my behalf. Still holding his watch in his hand, he contented himself with replying,

‘What a plague would you have me do with that little marmot? If we stop his drowning, we shall have him to feed; and what profit would there be in that?’ While all the people around him shed tears, he smoked as quietly as if nothing had happened.

“All at once, a great noise was heard. It was my mother; who, exerting all her strength, tore herself away from her tormentor, all bloody as she was, and in her despair seized hold of the Newfoundland dog, with the sudden hope that he would be more compassionate than these dealers in human flesh.

“She was not mistaken. The instant I was pointed out to the noble animal, he jumped into the sea, and seizing me just as I was about to perish, he kept me above the waves.

“The merchant was at last subdued; the thoughts of losing his beautiful dog distressed him; and he instantly ordered a boat to be lowered. The dog was saved; and I likewise — thanks to *his* protection.

“The slave-merchant died very soon after this voyage; and I was sold together with the dog. My new proprietor, having heard my history, resolved not to separate us. He carried us first to Havre, and afterward to Paris. He told my story everywhere. This occasioned some tears to be shed, and brought me a great many sugar-plums. I have sometimes suspected that this man made a sort of speculation out of my misfortune; for if I do not mistake, money was often sent to me, as well as sugar-plums. However, I never received anything but the *bonbons*; and I was delighted with my share.

“My story made so much noise, that it finally reached



Little Scipio: a favorite plaything in the family of Egalite, Duke of Orleans. Page 139.

the ears of the Duchess of Orleans, who took a great fancy to me, and immediately bought me, together with the dog. It was decided that I should teach the young prince to swim; and though I never gave him a lesson, I became, under this pretence, the playmate of Monseigneur, the Duke of Chartres.

“As I had received much fewer cakes than beatings, I was at first very much afraid; but the extreme kindness of those around me soon gave me confidence. I was continually in the lap of the Duchess and her maids of honor, who devoured me with kisses, and seemed to try which could do their best to spoil me. Their indulgence was carried to such an extent, that one day I sprung from them and jumped upon the back of Monseigneur, the Duke of Orleans; who, frizzled and powdered as he was, carried me round the chamber on all-fours, while I held him sometimes by the ears, and sometimes by the ribbon of his queue, instead of a bridle. One of the old ladies of honor cried out at this; but the Duchess did nothing but laugh. You may judge by this how much of a favorite I then was.

“Who could have foretold that I, a poor little negro slave, sold with a dog, to whose compassion I owed my life, should one day become the companion of a prince? that I should eat with him from the same service of silver gilt, and ride in the same magnificent carriage from palace to palace? Fairy stories are rich in marvellous adventures; but they offer nothing more extraordinary than this. Well-a-day! It then seemed to me all very simple and natural; and I was not in the least surprised at my good fortune.

“Whether they thought I was growing too large to continue in the same relation to the prince, or whether it was from regard to my health, which had been somewhat deranged by change of climate, I know not; but I was sent to one of those innumerable estates, belonging to the House of Orleans, scattered throughout all the provinces in France. From the time that I quitted Paris and Versailles and went no more to Court, I took the fancy to live like a country gentleman. As I had arrived in the prince’s carriage, and he sometimes condescended to write to me, everybody treated me with the greatest respect; and I did not fail to profit by this circumstance to do many very foolish things. I became as insolent as a page, and as dictatorial as a landlord. I spent my days in hunting, and had no more concern for the future than the son of a wealthy house, who is sure of receiving some day his fifty thousand livres of rent. Finally, when nothing more was wanting to render me altogether insupportable, when I had become a young man of fifteen, turbulent, irascible, and, above all, ignorant, it pleased Divine Providence to give me one of those severe but useful lessons, which are often in reserve for those who abuse the favors they enjoy.

“I received orders to return to Paris. Taking with me my handsomest dresses, I departed full of joy, and the next day arrived at the Palais Royal. I was received much more coldly than I expected; and for the first time, I was embarrassed by my situation.

“All the beautiful ladies, who, a few years previous, had been in the habit of seating me in their laps and kissing me, now looked with an air of surprise upon

the tall lad that stood before them; some of them smiled at the change; and others increased my distress by whispers, of which I was evidently the subject. The difficulty was not a little increased by my observing several of the *valets* standing in a small chamber adjoining, all of them apparently delighted with my disgrace and mortification. A *femme-de-chambre* of the Duchess was the only one who showed any compassion. 'Poor child!' she said, as she passed, 'you have eaten your white bread first.' These were the only friendly words addressed to me.

"My first repast at the Palais Royal almost broke my heart; for alas! I was now invited to the pantry, instead of the prince's table; and I could not reconcile myself to my new situation.

"Thus does prosperity spoil us! We enjoy it while it lasts; but when a reverse comes, our happiness is destroyed. Certainly had I been taken from slavery and placed in an excellent house, where I was well clothed, well lodged, well fed, and left at liberty to go if I would, I should have found myself the happiest of men. But the circumstances, which I should then so much have desired, now seemed unworthy of me; as if they were not a hundred times beyond the personal merit of a young man whose vanity was only equalled by his ignorance!

Soon after my return, a council was held in the apartment of the Duchess concerning what employment was most suitable for me. In consequence of my slender and elastic figure, and my expertness in the chase, which had rendered me almost as swift as my dogs, they decided with one voice that I should be

a courier ; and they immediately ordered my costume to be prepared. This dress was laced at the seams ; my hat was ornamented with a magnificent bunch of feathers ; my sash was fringed with gold ; my stockings were of white silk ; and my cane was surmounted with a golden apple, from which were suspended cord and tassels. But all this finery did not console me for the rank I had lost.

“ One evening as I was walking in melancholy mood among the vast shadows of the palace-garden, a man clothed in a laced habit approached me with a friendly air ; but when he came near enough to perceive what sort of uniform I wore, he turned from me with a gesture of contempt. My heart was already full, and it needed but a trifle to make it overflow. I burst into tears. The officer, — for such it was, — immediately returned, and in the kindest manner inquired why I wept. Encouraged by the soothing tones of his voice, and still more by the deep shadows that concealed my face, I told him how I had once been the spoiled favorite of the Duke’s family, and how unhappy I now found myself in a situation which many, no doubt, regarded with envy.

“ The stranger appeared touched by the confidence I reposed in him. He gave me his address, and invited me to visit him whenever I found it agreeable. As we still continued talking, we approached a shop very brilliantly lighted, and he perceived that I was a negro. But this discovery, which I feared would chill his interest in me, seemed only to increase it. ‘ Alas, my poor friend,’ said he, ‘ I did not realize all the obstacles in your path. I did not know that you belonged

to a race accursed. But I solemnly promise you, in the name of that God, who created us both in his own image, and gave to each of us a mind and a heart, that I will do my utmost to overcome this most cruel of prejudices ! I hope you will become an instrument in the hands of Providence to enfranchise your unfortunate race ; at least, to hasten the day of their emancipation. If you have courage and good conduct, it shall not be my fault if you do not become an officer. Then, young man, you shall wear a uniform, which all the world honors, and of which the bravest are proud.’

“I accepted his proposal with joy ; but I confess I was not aware of the extent of the sacrifice I should be required to make. I did not then know how black the military bread would seem ; nor how hard the camp-bed would prove to one accustomed to luxury. I had never known any other law than my own caprices, and I was little prepared for the rigor of military discipline. But in the midst of all privations, I was sustained by the one consoling idea that I should owe success to my own exertions. My poor mother had died, before she had a chance to enjoy my brief period of prosperity. I had but one hope upon earth ; and that was to become an officer, and show the world, for the first time a company of whites commanded by a black. What more can I say ? The republic, the war, and my own courage, have fulfilled my hope. The excellent man, who placed this sword in my hand, has been to me an instructor and a father. Thanks to him, I have acquired all that ought to be known by an officer ; and my bravery has done the

rest. You see me a Captain ; and if God spares my life, I hope to be a Colonel, perhaps even a General. I will try to do for others what a white man so generously did for a negro. And when the world sees that a black man can plan battles, and gain victories, perhaps they will espouse the cause of that unfortunate race, whose color alone condemns them to an eternal and shameful bondage."

The report of Austrian cannon interrupted this deeply interesting conversation. We embraced each other affectionately, and each one hastened to his post.

Everybody knows that the result of the battle of Novi was unfavorable to the French. At the very first onset, at the moment when he called to the soldiers, "Advance!" General Joubert fell, pierced through the heart. With his dying voice, he exclaimed "March on! March on!"

It was of this battle that Suwarrow (who was a good judge of such matters) said he had never seen one fought with such ferocity and obstinacy.

Among the dead bodies found on the field, I recognised Scipio, pierced with twenty wounds, any one of which would have given death. Poor Scipio! How many have I seen fall like him, strong in their youth, and full of hope for the future!

It will not do to allow that negroes are *men*, lest it should prove that we ourselves are not *Christians*.—*Montesquieu*.

ALEXANDER VASSELIN.

A D R A M A T I C S K E T C H .

This story in its leading features is perfectly true. A mulatto boy, the son of a wealthy white man in Jamaica, was sent to Massachusetts to obtain an education, and was obliged to return on account of the prejudice against his color. The lad had been accustomed to luxury, and respectful attendance, and was remarkable for his gentlemanly deportment.

SCENE FIRST.

A Wood. George Sandford meeting Edward and Eugene.

Edward. George Sandford, how are you?

George. How are you, boys. I am glad I have met you, for I was taking my walk alone. Will you join me?

Eugene. Where are you going?

George. Over the hill yonder, and round by the saw-mill. Mr Grenville asked me to look up some wild plants for his next botanical lecture.

Eugene. He asked me to do the same ; but I had forgotten it. Let us go together.

Edward. How is it, George, that you take so much more interest in these things than you used to do? Last summer I remember you were no more attentive to your studies than the rest of us boys.

George. To tell the truth, I never realized what a privilege it was to attend a good school, until my friend Alexander came here.

Edward. Your *friend* Alexander! Your friend Cuffy, you mean. That friendship of yours is so comical!

George. You may laugh as much as you please. You know nothing of Alexander, but his color.

Edward. And isn't that enough to know?

George. If you knew him as well as I do, you would not think that a sufficient reason for despising him.

Eugene. Tell us all about him, George. How came he to be at your house? And why does your father interest himself so much about a mulatto?

George. He is the son of a rich gentleman in Jamaica, who was one of my father's earliest friends; and his father has sent him here to obtain a good education.

Edward. Why didn't he receive an education at home, if blacks *must* be educated, forsooth?

George. Because there is a law in Jamaica prohibiting the education of colored people.* My father

* This law *was* in existence in Jamaica at the period alluded to. The English have had sufficient wisdom and benevolence to remove all the obstacles that necessarily prevented the black man from rising to a moral and intellectual equality with the white man. But in half the States of this republic it is still a deadly crime, in the eye of the law, to teach the alphabet to a colored person.

says those who teach them even the most common rudiments of reading and writing are liable to a heavy fine.

Eugene. That does seem hard, I acknowledge. I really pity Alexander. He is very much of a gentleman in his manners and appearance.

Edward. A gentleman in his appearance! I suppose you mean when his back is turned?

George. He has noble and generous feelings; and do not these constitute a gentleman? My father wanted to procure a private tutor for him; but he could not find any well-qualified person who was willing to undertake the task. He is now trying to get him admitted into our Academy.

Eugene and Edward. Into our Academy!

George. Yes, even so. I see what you think of it. Poor Alexander! It is a hard case.

Edward. A fine plan, to be sure! I think Mr Grenville will have some trouble before he brings us boys to consent to it.

George. You know I have asked the scholars to meet at our house, tomorrow? I want to see them all together, to know whether they will vote in favor of my friend Alexander.

Edward. You may as well spare yourself the trouble. Every boy in school will vote against him.

George. Yet tell me, Edward, why it should be so? He is a kind, generous boy; all who see him acknowledge that he has uncommonly good manners; he can leap, run, and wrestle, as well as the best of us; he is very ambitious to learn; and, after all, he is very little darker than the Spanish boy we all used to like so

much. Now, why can you not be willing to have him in our school?

Edward. It is out of the question; and there is no use in talking about it. If the Spanish boy *was* dark, it was n't *nigger* darkness; and that makes all the difference in the world.

George. I confess, Edward, that I can see nothing manly or generous in such feelings. Because you conceive that there is a mighty difference between Spanish black, or Italian black, or Grecian black, and *nigger* black, (as you are pleased to term it,) you are willing to condemn a kind-hearted and intelligent boy to perpetual ignorance.

Eugene. I declare it does seem cruel. Edward, suppose you and I unite with George, and try to persuade the other scholars to consent to it.

Edward. Oh, by all means! Let us take in all the blacks far and near. A respectable school we shall have of it! How Ned Clifford, and the other boys at the institute would laugh at us!

Eugene. That's the worst of it.

George. *That* the worst of it, Eugene! Could you not bear to be laughed at, for the sake of dealing generously by a lad who is so persecuted and lonely? For my part, if I see any one abused and ridiculed, I think that is the best of all reasons for being his friend.

Eugene. Well, George, I *will* vote to have Alexander admitted to the school; and they may laugh at me if they choose.

[*George shakes hands with him very cordially.*]

Edward. And I will not vote for him. ~~No~~ *blackkeys* for me.

[*Alexander appears in sight, and George waits for him.*]

Alexander. Your father advised me to follow you, George, rather than stay in the house to mope by myself; and you see I have taken his advice.

George. I am glad of it. Four will be a pleasant party.

Edward. I will take *your* arm, if you please, George.

George. We are just two and two.

Edward. Yes—you and I;—and, I say, Eugene, (*whispering*) you and Cuffy.

Eugene. Shall I take your arm, Alexander?

Alexander. Perhaps you will prefer walking with your friends?

Eugene. I want to become better acquainted with you; and I should like to hear about Jamaica. We will walk together, if you please.

SCENE SECOND.

A street in the village. Enter William, a sailor.

William, alone. This is the place, and this is the street. I am always blundering; but I believe I am right this time. If I can read the direction, it says to the care of Mr Sandford, Bell street, Beckford village. A large white house, near the Academy. I think I will keep the box tonight, and go to Mr Sandford's in the morning. Bless the kind boy! How glad I shall be to see his bright eyes again!

[*Enter two boys, talking.*]

First Boy. A pretty story, indeed! Go to school with a nigger! Who ever heard of such a thing?

Second Boy. We are to vote tomorrow afternoon, when we meet at Mr Sandford's.

Sailor [aside.] Ha! Mr Sandford's!

First Boy. Nobody will vote for him. It is impossible to admit him.

Second Boy. Yet they all say he is a fine fellow—very generous, and very much of a gentleman in his manners. All the boys like to play with him.

First Boy. Yes, it is well enough to play with him but to have him in school is quite a different affair.

William [aside.] They *must* be talking about my young gentleman.

Second Boy. I know two boys who will vote for him; and they are among the best boys in school.

First Boy. George Sandford will, of course. He has taken up the strangest notions.

Second Boy. And so will Otis Morland. You know Alexander saved his little brother from drowning last week.

William [aside.] Oh, the noble-hearted lad! It was just like him.

Second Boy. And Frederic Wilson can't help voting for him; because you know Alexander bore all the blame of robbing the orchard, rather than betray Fred.

William [aside.] I would not trust much to *him*. A boy who was selfish enough to let another suffer for his fault, would not put himself to much inconvenience to prove his gratitude.

First Boy. I guess there will be twenty votes against him, where there is one for him.

William [coming forward.] Young gentlemen, will

you tell me at what hour you meet at Mr Sandford's?

Boys. At four o'clock. Why do you want to know?

William. Only I think of being there myself.

Boys [laughing.] You there?

William. Just show me the house, if you please.

Second Boy. The white house yonder, with an avenue of trees before it. — [*apart*] Do you suppose he really means to come?

William. I shall be there, at the time you have said.

Boys [smiling.] Ay, ay, we shall expect you.

SCENE THIRD.

Mr Sandford's parlor. Enter George and Alexander.

George. Don't be anxious, Alexander. I don't believe anything will be said to hurt your feelings. You have several good friends among the boys. Father thinks it will be an advantage for you to be present, or else I would not urge it.

Alexander. If all the scholars were like you, George, I should not have any fears; but as it is, I am sure all your efforts will be useless. This visit to the United States will be a good thing for my pride. At home, I was indulged and waited upon, and no one disputed the wishes of my father's son. Yet notwithstanding the change, I am very anxious to be admitted into the school; my father will be so much disappointed if I cannot get a good education. Hark! the bell rings.

Enter Eugene, Edward, and other Boys.

[*Some speak to Alexander, others pass him without any notice.*]

Eugene [*whispers to Edward.*] How dignified he is! He is ready to offer his hand to all, as they enter; but he seems neither angry nor embarrassed, when they pass without speaking.—[*To Alexander.*] How did you enjoy our walk last evening?

Alexander. Very much; and I may thank your friendly politeness for it.

Eugene. I assure you that I likewise enjoyed it highly.

[*Enter more Boys. Alexander seems a little disturbed.*]

George. Come, gentlemen, you are provided with votes. I will receive the yeas, and Eugene will take the nays. The question is, shall my friend Alexander be allowed to share the privileges of our school, or not!

[*George and Eugene go round with hats. When all the votes are given in, they examine the papers. George appears distressed. Eugene comes forward, after a short silence.*]

Eugene. Gentlemen, the yeas are seven, the nays thirtyfour.

[*Alexander takes his hat suddenly, and goes out. George follows him.*]

Eugene. Poor George! I pity him! He feels so for Alexander!

Edward. Well, I cannot sympathize with him. It seems to me a most ridiculous thing.

First Boy. Such a fuss about a negro!

Eugene. I think it is enough to vote against him,

without making unkind remarks about a boy of whom you know no harm.

Edward. If there were anything very remarkable in this boy it might alter the case ; — but —

Enter William. Your servant, gentlemen. They tell me Mr Sandford is not in. Can you tell me if there is a young gentleman among you named Alexander Vasselin ?

Edward. Among *us* ! I think you might easily distinguish him, if he were here.

Eugene. I will call him, if you wish to see him for anything in particular.

William. No, master. I only want to pay back some money that he gave me when I was poor, and needed it more than I do now.

[*Boys gather round him.*]

Edward. What that large purse ? Was blackey rich enough to give you all that money ?

First Boy. And generous enough ?

Second Boy. What did he give it to you for ? What did you do for him ?

William. Just nothing at all, but abuse him. From the talk I've heard among you, I reckon it may do you good to hear my story. You see this young master Alexander came over to this country in the *Caroline*, a vessel that I've sailed in for three years ; and, from first to last, there never was a passenger on board of her that I have so much reason to feel grateful to as to Alexander Vasselin. When he first came aboard, I despised a colored person as much as you young gentlemen seem to do ; and it nettled me some to see him with his fine broadcloth clothes, and his gold watch,

and his servant that always stood up with his hat off, when his young master spoke to him. When he was within hearing, I always liked to say something about blackeys and cuffeys, on purpose to spite him; but he bore it all like a gentleman — never taking any notice of my speeches; and this made me the more provoked. After we got ashore, I happened to meet him at the stage-house. He was coming here, and I was going further on, to see my mother. I was in trouble, I assure you, young gentlemen; for I had lost my box with all the money I had made during the voyage; and I felt the worse about it, because I lotted upon carrying some to my poor mother. I could hardly muster change enough to get a cast in the stage. While I stood there waiting, thinking over my loss, I heard the driver tell somebody that he could not go in the stage, because the passengers would n't ride with anybody of his color. I looked up, and saw that it was Master Alexander Vasselin. He came up to me, and taking out this purse, filled as it is now, he said, "William, I hear that your money has all been stolen. If this will do you any good you are welcome to it. I believe I shall not have much use for money, in this country." He thrust the purse into my hands, and was out of sight in a moment. I looked after him, and the tears rolled down my cheeks; for my conscience smote me, I can tell you. I have never seen him since. But I have found my box, and made another prosperous voyage; and here I am with the dear fellow's purse — and a thousand blessings on his noble heart — and that I'd say, and stand to, if he were ten times as black as he is.

[*Enter George. Edward speaks as he enters.*]

Edward. Whoever votes to admit Alexander Vasselín into our school let him hold up his hand. I do, for one.

Boys. I do. And I. And I.

Boys. Alexander! Alexander! I vote for Alexander George. What does all this mean?

Charles. We have changed our minds. We all want to have your friend admitted into the school.

Eugene. This honest sailor has told them a story that has turned their hearts.

[*Enter Mr Sandford and Mr Grenville.*]

Mr Sandford. Well, boys, how have you voted?

Boys. For him, sir — For him — For him.

Mr Sandford. This does you credit. It proves that young hearts are more liberal than old ones. But I am sorry to tell you that it is all in vain. The trustees of the Academy will not allow him to be admitted.

Edward. But have the scholars no voice, sir? All the boys want to have him admitted.

Mr Grenville. No, Edward, this question cannot be decided by the scholars. All you can do is to treat this unfortunate stranger with all possible kindness while he remains here.

Mr Sandford. And that will be but a very short time; I have received letters from my friend Vasselín, requesting me to send his son directly back to Jamaica, unless I can here obtain for him such an education as he had hoped to procure. I have heard of a vessel that sails very soon; and he will probably leave us tomorrow.

Boys. Let us go and bid Alexander a kind farewell, and tell him we are sorry for the injustice we did him.

THE HOTTENTOTS.

“ Mild, melancholy, and sedate, he stands,
Tending another’s flocks upon the fields,
His father’s once, where now the white man builds
His home, and issues forth his proud commands.
His dark eye flashes not ; his listless hands
Lean on the shepherd’s staff ; no more he wields
The Lybian bow — but to the oppressor yields
Submissively his freedom and his lands.
Has he no courage ? once he had — but, lo !
Hard servitude hath worn him to the bone.
No enterprise ? Alas ! the brand, the blow,
Have humbled him to dust — ev’n hope is gone.
‘ He ’s a base-hearted hound — not worth his food,’
His master cries — ‘ he has no *gratitude* ! ’ ”

WHEN the Dutch invaded South Africa, the Hottentots, known among each other by the name of *Quaiquæ*, were a numerous people. They were divided into many separate tribes, governed by chiefs, after the manner of the North American Indians. In a climate so mild and serene, they needed no other dwellings than huts made of boughs, and covered with rush-mats. Sheep-skins, rendered soft by friction, and sewed with sinews, answered for clothing and for blankets. Their principal riches consisted in flocks



A Hottentot Herdsman : originally drawn from life. P. 156.

and herds; and the habits acquired by the necessity of protecting these from the depredations of wild beasts, rendered them very daring and expert hunters. Though gentle, and somewhat indolent, in character, they were not wanting in courage when circumstances required it. "Almeida, the first Portuguese Viceroy, was defeated and killed by them, after a desperate battle, at the Salt River, near Cape Town; and their Dutch invaders have recorded of them extraordinary acts of bravery and devotion."

But they gradually yielded to the superior strength and intelligence of the white settlers. Emigrants flocked thither in great numbers; and each one had a right to receive as large a farm as the *Veld-wagt-meester* could *stride* across in one hour. No doubt they took care to choose a tall man, who could take long strides. Whether "the white man's stride" was with, or without, the nominal consent of the natives, is not very particularly specified. The farms were in all probability obtained much after the same manner as a large share of our Indian lands. At the end of a hundred and fifty years, the helpless natives were entirely dispossessed of their soil, and compelled to serve their invaders. A few fierce tribes were driven to the barren deserts on the North of the Colony, and there, remained in savage freedom. These hordes, of whom the principal are the Bojesmen, or Bushmen, are very much dreaded by the Colonists. They lead a wandering life, subsisting on wild roots, locusts, ant-eggs, toads, lizards, mice, and such other food as can be obtained amid the sterility of the desert. "They use the ancient arms of the Hottentot race; namely, a

javelin, or assagai, and a bow and arrow. These arrows are very slight ; but being tipped with poison extracted from a venomous serpent, they are certain death to the most powerful animal."

" Thus he is lord of the Desert Land,
And he will not leave his bounds,
'To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,
And kennel with his hounds.
No ! the swart serpent of the rocks
His den doth yet retain,
And none who there his sting provokes
Will find its poison vain ! "

The Colonial Hottentots were reduced to a most deplorable situation. It had all the horrors of slavery, except that the Dutch law ~~did~~ not allow them to be sold from one estate to another. But they were compelled to labor without compensation, and received such food and clothing as it pleased their avaricious masters to bestow. They were beaten, and kicked, and chained, and mangled with whips of the sea cow's hide — " horrid instruments, tough, pliant and exceeding heavy." With a strange refinement in tyranny, their masters were accustomed to have the strokes administered, not by numbers, but while they were smoking out one, two, three, or four pipes, with all the luxurious laziness of a Dutch boor.*

Sometimes, by way of variety in torture, the poor

* This reminds me of a story I have heard of a very delicate and languid lady in one of our Southern States. Being displeased with a female slave, she ordered the overseer to flog her, and to tie her in front of the window where she was sitting, that she might see the punishment administered. After a while, she gently waved her lily-white hand, and said, in an exceedingly soft, indolent voice, " It is sufficient."

Hottentots were chained to a post, while shot was fired into their legs and thighs.

Under this treatment, the wretched creatures became what any human being would be — brutal, servile, and degraded to the last degree. Stripped of their possessions, emaciated by extreme poverty, dejected by the utter hopelessness of their situation, how could they be otherwise? By a most unrighteous law, any white peasant had a right to claim as his *property*, till the age of five and twenty, any Hottentot child, to whom he had ever given a morsel of meat. And do you believe the poor, ignorant, debased wretch, incapable of asserting his own rights, and without friends to protect him, was emancipated, when he arrived at that age? Oh, no. It was just as it is in our Southern States; where a free negro may be imprisoned on suspicion of being a slave, and then sold for a *limited* number of years, to pay the *expenses of his imprisonment*! But nine times out of ten, he is sold at a distance, and his term of slavery proves unlimited. It is true, Americans! Blush — blush for your country! But we are told these laws are necessary to secure the masters in the possession of their property; because the slaves are continually running away, and pretending to be free. What then ought to be done with slavery itself? One answer — one only, can come from the honest hearts of freemen.

Le Vaillant says, "The Hottentots are the best, the kindest and the most hospitable of people. Whoever travels among them, will be sure of sharing food and lodging; and though they will receive presents, they will never ask for anything."

There is a universal idea that this oppressed race are naturally the very ugliest and most loathsome of all human beings ; and such they were no doubt made by years of hard labor, hunger, abuse, and despair ; but Mr Barrow, in his "Travels in South Africa," assures us that they are not so at an early age. He says : "The person of a young Hottentot is by no means devoid of symmetry. They are clean-limbed, well proportioned, and erect. Their hands, their feet, and all their joints, are remarkably small. The nose is in some very flat, in others considerably raised. The color of the eye is a deep chesnut ; and the eyelids, at the extremity next the nose, instead of forming an angle, as in Europeans, are rounded into each other, exactly like those of the Chinese ; to whom, indeed, in many other points they bear a physical resemblance sufficiently striking. Their teeth are beautifully white. The color of the skin is that of a yellowish brown, or a faded leaf ; very different from the sickly hue of a person in the jaundice, which it has been described to resemble. Many are nearly as white as Europeans. Some of the women, when young, are so well-formed, that they might serve as perfect models of the human figure. Their hands and feet are small and delicately turned ; and their gait is not deficient in ease and gracefulness. Their charms, however, are very fleeting."

"A deep gloom constantly overspreads the countenance of a Hottentot. The muscles of his face are rarely seen to relax into a smile. Low as they are really sunk in the scale of humanity, their character has been much traduced and misrepresented. It is

true there are not many prepossessing features in the appearance of a Hottentot, but many good and amiable qualities have been obscured by the false and ridiculous accounts, with which the world has been abused. They are a mild, quiet, and timid people ; perfectly harmless, honest and faithful ; though extremely phlegmatic, they are nevertheless kind and affectionate to each other, and by no means incapable of strong attachments. A Hottentot will, at any time, share his last morsel with a companion. They seldom quarrel among themselves, or use provoking language. They are by no means deficient in talent, but they possess little exertion to bring it into action."

Yet we find that these indolent and listless beings become very different men, when cheered by the same hopes that stimulate the European. Those among them who were under the protecting and encouraging influence of the missionaries,* were energetic, skilful and industrious. " In 1824, there were nearly two thousand Hottentots on the books of the Missionary Institution. They had acquired about two thousand head of cattle, one hundred and seventyseven horses, two hundred and forty sheep and goats, and sixty wagons ; the latter article is expensive and valuable in South Africa. Three hundred children attended the Sunday school, and there were about sixty communicants. Few sheep-skin coverings were to be seen in the premises ; nearly all the men were dressed in English broadcloth, and the women in English

* It is worthy of remark that the Colonists favored Mahometism and Paganism among their slaves, because they were afraid of Christianity.

chintzes. They competed successfully with the English and Dutch farmers for the conveyance of government stores from Algoa Bay to Graham's town, and during the year expended twenty thousand rix dollars in the purchase of British manufactures; they had likewise contributed five hundred rix dollars to the Missionary Society, chiefly by small weekly subscriptions."

Cape Colony was taken by the British in 1806; but the same inhabitants and the same customs remained, and the change of government made little or no alteration in the miserable condition of the Hottentots. With the exception of the small number under missionary protection, they were sinking lower and lower in degradation, and fast dwindling away from the face of the earth, in consequence of suffering and privation.

But when the great question of West Indian emancipation was brought before the notice of the British people, the lamentable situation of the Hottentots received a share of attention. The Colonists, both Dutch and English, loudly protested against any change. They said the Hottentots were fit for their condition, and entirely unfit for any other. That they were stupid, sensual, brutal, vicious, and totally incapable of taking care of themselves. The British government wished to alter all this, by means of that great restorative, *freedom*; but the masters said any measure tending to this would produce disastrous effects — there would be no security to life or property, the vineyards would be torn down, the flocks pilfered, their houses burned, and their throats cut.

Perhaps a consciousness of what they *deserved* helped to give the picture this high coloring. But, at all events, their representations did not prevent the intended experiment. "In July, 1828, the Hottentot Helots of the Cape, thirty thousand in number, were emancipated from their long and grievous thralldom, and admitted by law to all the rights and privileges, civil and political, of the white colonists."

The flocks were not pillaged, or throats cut. No increase of crime took place. All went on peaceably ; and the emancipated slaves have ever since been improving in religion, morality, and industry. A friend of mine observed, "Hottentots as they were, they worked much better for *cash*, than they had ever done for *lash*."

Just so it was in St Domingo ; abolition proved a blessing to all parties ; prosperity and peace would have continued, if Bonaparte had not attempted to *restore slavery*, for the sake of a promised loan from the planters.

It is a remarkable fact that emancipation has *never* been fairly tried, either on a small or large scale, without producing the happiest results. The apprehended danger has *never* been realized. Yet abolition arguments are always met by fanciful conjectures of insurrection and bloodshed. It is not in human nature for men to turn and stab those who give the boon they have been most earnest to possess. If the negro does not murder his master while he is a slave, there is no danger of his doing it, when he is free.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE EDITOR AND A COLONIZATIONIST.*

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel.
They give preceptual medicines to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :
I pray thee peace : *I will be flesh and blood.*
Shakspeare.

Colonizationist. The zeal and activity of the Anti-Slavery people are truly wonderful; I could respect them, if I did but understand their object.

Editor. Their purpose has been very often and very clearly explained. They wish to abolish slavery in the United States by calling the attention of a free and enlightened people to facts, which illustrate its evil effects on all classes of men; and they found their hopes of success on the good sense and good feeling of the public.

* The conversation here recorded has actually occurred between the Editor and different Colonizationists.

Col. But in what *way* can the abolition of slavery be effected?

Ed. Certainly not by sending off hundreds of colored free men, to starve and die on the shores of Liberia. It is often and truly said that the Southerners must have negroes to till the soil, in their burning climate. Let them work and be paid for it, like other men. If the soil supports them as reluctant laborers, it will be very strange if it cannot do as much, when they perform twice the amount of work, and have a motive for doing it well.

Col. You do not speak with candor and charity. The Colonizationists do not *pretend* to be able to remove the slaves from the United States.

Ed. I have talked much with Colonizationists, and have never yet found any ground on which they all agreed to stand. They remind me of East India thieves, so smoothly covered with oil, that they slip through the fingers the moment one attempts to get hold of them. Whatever the Society may *mean*, a large proportion of people throughout the country have certainly *understood* that they were giving their money for the gradual extinction of slavery. They certainly would not have been so liberal as they have been, if they had realized that their funds were *in effect* used to force free colored persons into *Liberia*, because their presence was inconvenient to slave-owners; just as the Poles are driven into *Siberia*, lest their love of freedom should contaminate the Russian serfs, and disturb the tranquillity of the czar. I know you will say that colonization was intended for the accommodation and encouragement of such free colored people

as *wished* to return to Africa; and that thousands would have availed themselves of the chance, if Mr Garrison had not filled their ears full of false statements, which make them distrust the whole project. But it is a fact, which you may easily ascertain for yourself, that the colored people formed Conventions and sent forth remonstrances against the Colonization Society, years and years before Mr Garrison was ever heard of.

Col. It is a pity the colored people are so much opposed to the scheme; for I believe the establishment of a Colony in Africa would be productive of great good; and to this object the Society entirely confine their views.

Ed. I do not deny that the establishment of Colonies in Africa may be beneficial; but the injury your doctrines do in America must be weighed in the balance—and assuredly it will prove a heavy mass. Even if your efforts produced no mischief *here*, the foundation of a Colony in Africa seems to me so comparatively unimportant, that I could not feel justified in expending energy upon it, while a question so much more momentous lies close at hand. It is like sending physicians to Calcutta, while our own people are dying by thousands of the cholera.

Col. It is a sad pity that two philanthropic Societies, whose object is precisely the same, cannot agree together! What is the necessity of writing and speaking so much against Colonization?

Ed. According to the declaration you have just made, the purposes of the two Societies are *not* the same. Our purpose is the entire abolition of slavery

in the *United States* ; you declare that you have no other purpose than the foundation of a Colony in *Africa*. If you would always remain firm in your adherence to that proposition, the abolitionists would not think it necessary to warn the people against you. But you shift ground so rapidly that it is quite impossible to decide where you *are* to be found. Even now, you gravely declared that you have precisely the same end in view which the Anti-Slavery Society has ?

Col. And so we have ; only we want to use Christian epithets, and gradual measures.

Ed. For Christian epithets, how do you like, "O generation of vipers, how can ye being evil speak good things ?" "Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte ; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." I believe no abolitionist wishes to use more directness than this, in calling evil things by their true names. As for gradual measures, answer me candidly, how *can* the establishment of a colony in Africa affect slavery in the United States, either gradually or otherwise ? And allowing that you *could* remove millions of poor, ignorant, vicious slaves to Africa. and keep them alive in a country where civilization and wealth have not begun to produce a demand for labor, — would not this be a strange way of creating a moral and enlightened community for the benefit of benighted Africa ? The two propositions destroy each other. A colony in Africa, — if

judiciously managed, and left to the slow and natural growth, which all new colonies must have, or be ruined, — will no doubt be an ultimate benefit. When the slaves are emancipated, it will form a natural outlet for some portion of their industry and enterprise; and this is all the effect it *can* produce upon the United States.

Col. According to your own explanation of the nature of your efforts, I do not see how Anti-Slavery people can consistently talk of *immediate* emancipation.

Ed. We simply mean that immediate reformation is a duty, and that we will use our utmost exertions to induce people to perform their duty. I have heard you say that slavery was a *necessary* evil. It is certainly an unnecessary evil; and the planters themselves assure us that it is inconvenient and expensive. What do you mean by the phrase?

Col. We mean that it is so interwoven with the habits and prejudices of the Southern people that it is absurd to expect they will give it up immediately; therefore, for the present, it is a necessary evil.

Ed. According to this logic, drunkenness is a necessary evil; for it is so interwoven with the habits and prejudices of those who have indulged in it, that we cannot expect them to give it up immediately. In both cases, the necessity lies merely in the *will* of those who are doing wrong. Let public opinion constantly and loudly assert that *immediate* reformation is in both cases a duty, and a possibility. We have already seen the wonderful effect produced on one of the evils, we shall see still more wonderful results with regard to the other. I have a better opinion of the Southerners

than you seem to have. I believe a large proportion of them have clear heads, generous hearts, and accessible consciences. They are easily excited, and will be angry for awhile ; but many will be convinced at last,

Col. So far from not thinking well of the Southerners, I consider the liberality and zeal with which they have patronized the Colonization Society as ample proof that they are willing to try any moderate and feasible means of removing slavery.

Ed. I thought you said a short time ago that the Colonizationists did not *pretend* to be able to remove the slaves from the United States ; but let that pass.—When any person reads the Southern laws against free negroes, and reflects for a moment on the powerful *motives* the slave-owner has to dislike and suspect that oppressed class, it seems to me that he must have less than common sense, if he does not perceive *why* the planters are willing to give their money to a Society which promises to ship the free negroes to Liberia, as fast as their funds will permit. Mr Finley says he has “publicly discussed the subject of Colonization from the Eastern shore of Maryland to the Gulf of Mexico, in the presence of hundreds of slaves at a time, with the general approbation of the audience.” I have no doubt of the fact. It is like a fashionable congregation pleased with a fashionable preacher, because he is far too polite to speak of such a vulgar thing as sin. I know a clergyman, who thinks it a proof of his Christian charity, because he has talked in the course of a week with Catholics, Calvinists, Methodists, Quakers, Universalists, and Unitarians, and each one of his hearers went away with the firm belief that he

thought precisely as they did. I think such a man would be a valuable missionary of Colonization in the slave-states.

Col. A jest is no argument. We do not dissemble with the Southerners; we tell them our real purposes and opinions.

Ed. And they like it, and think it perfectly safe to allow hundreds of their slaves to listen to it! When Archbishop Laud was strongly suspected of a predilection for popery, he exculpated himself by saying that he had been offered a Cardinal's hat, and had refused it. If he had been a very staunch Protestant, would he ever have received the *offer* of a Cardinal's hat from Rome?

Col. It seems hard and unjust to say so much about the Southern laws; for bad as they appear, whoever has lived in a slave-holding State knows that the safety of the planter can be secured only by very severe laws.

Ed. I grant it; and this very fact is a most powerful argument in favor of immediate emancipation. It proves that nothing can be done to make the slaves fit for freedom, *so long as they are slaves*. The masters dare not enlighten them while they hold them in bondage; and they have good reason for their fear. Therefore, if *any* steps are taken, emancipation must be the *first* step. We may talk smoothly, and beautifully, about gradual measures; but it is like climbing a pyramid of glass. There is no grappling place—no way to make a beginning. People in general seem to overlook one very important consideration. Allowing emancipation to be as difficult and dangerous as you suppose, the difficulties must be *temporary*. Each

generation will become better and better, because they will be growing up with chances of improvement and with the habit of taking care of themselves. On the contrary, the continuance of slavery involves *eternal* and *increasing* evils — evils which are as much to be deprecated for the white man's sake, as for the negro's. The heaviest charge I bring against the Colonization Society is, that they constantly talk as if the blessings of religion, knowledge, and freedom, could not possibly be allowed to colored people, while they remain among us ; we can tolerate their presence as slaves, but their vicinity as freemen is entirely out of the question.

Col. I see your mind is completely prejudiced by the assertions of Garrison.

Ed. I ask your pardon. I should not indeed, be afraid to take upon trust anything that Mr Garrison stated as fact. But in this matter, I have patiently and industriously examined for myself. I have made up my opinion from heaps and heaps of Colonization Addresses and Reports, from the African Repository, and from conversation with numerous individuals. I constantly find assertions that you do not wish to meddle at all with the question of abolition. I find assurances of the happiness of slaves, I find appeals to our compassion for the *masters* — In a word, I find anything and everything, except a good, hearty, honest, detestation of the system.

Col. I certainly regret many things that have been said and printed ; but no Society can be answerable for all that is done by individual members. You do not find such things said now ; a great change has taken place.

Ed. And what has produced that change? It is nothing more nor less than the influence of the Anti-Slavery Society. You know "there is a chiel amang ye, takin notes — and faith he'll prent it."

Col. Well, if my face did not happen to be quite clean, and a man thrust a dirty broom into it, so that I was obliged to go and wash it, I should not thank *him* for his proceedings.

Ed. Perhaps you would not; but you ought to thank Divine Providence for sending the dirty broom, without which your face never would have been made clean.

Col. But while I sympathize with the slave as much as you do, I do not think it right to *irritate* our Southern brethren. If people do not like my favorite tune, I will play another, even if it be not so good a one, rather than offend my neighbor.

Ed. And I, if my neighbors were in love with discord, would still make true music, that *they* might learn to love and enjoy it likewise. If we say things for the *sake* of irritating, then indeed we are most culpable; but if we are actuated by the belief that certain truths are for the public good, we must not be intimidated by fear of giving offence. We are not so very scrupulous on other subjects. On questions where *interest* is concerned, little attention is paid to smooth and courteous language. When Congress had under consideration a bill to reduce duties on foreign manufactures, our Northern manufacturers called aloud upon "all who were not willing to be sacrificed,"—they circulated hand-bills, stating that this was done on purpose "to place the industry of our white population on a par with the slave labor of

the South." I even heard some of them speak contemptuously of the bonds of the Union! Yet on the *slave* question, some of the same individuals say we must treat the South with great tenderness — we must not say a word, lest we endanger the Union. I can conceive of *conscientious* scruples on this subject, and I respect them; but when men are willing to run all risks for *selfish* considerations, I dislike such language from their lips, even worse than I dislike slavery itself; inasmuch as I abhor hypocrisy more than crime.

Col. But then you must acknowledge, after all, that we have no right to wrest from individuals the *property*, that has been secured to them by our mutual compact?

Ed. Do you mean to say that no changes affecting property must be made, even if the general results of existing systems are ever so injurious? If this be the case, wrong is done every day. The introduction of printing reduced the MS. copiers to penury. The Reformation ruined abbots and monks, and their uncounted train of adherents; yet much might have been truly said in favor of the liberality and hospitality of those monks and abbots. Are not free bridges built, and deposits removed, and a thousand other experiments tried, which grievously affect the fortunes of numerous individuals? The experiments may be right, or they may be wrong. It is candid to suppose that the largest proportion of those who advocate them, think they are merely sacrificing private interest to the public good. Why on *this* question, and this question *only*, must we so timidly weigh the sufferings and degradation of millions of human beings, against the paltry consideration of two per cent loss on *property*?

Col. I confess that you have all the justice and all the argument on your side;* but, after all, this is a difficult and complicated question, and we cannot move with too much *caution*. I would agree with you if I could see any *way* of affecting an object so desirable.

Ed. It is indeed a complicated question; and therefore we cannot use too much *diligence* in disentangling it. There are various methods of emancipation; and the worst of them is better than the continuance of slavery. Let those who wish to be enlightened on this point, inquire what has been the result of legislative wisdom in other countries. Let them look at Mexico, at the South American Republics, and the recent glorious example of England and Denmark. Let them attend public meetings, and read books where they will find the subject candidly discussed. Only let us be careful that our sympathies are *as* readily given to the miseries of the slave, as they are to the difficulties of the master. Let us remember that both classes are men, and both are our fellow citizens. Free labor would eventually make the planters richer instead of poorer. By emancipation they would indeed lose their *prospective chance of gain*, by selling the children of themselves and others; and no doubt there are some who consider *this* a sufficient reason for letting things remain as they are. Those who think otherwise, must first strive to create a *will* for abolition; "Where there is a will, there is always a *way*."

* This confession was made verbatim to the editor by a friend of Colonization.

Col. I admire your zeal ; and, notwithstanding your dislike of Colonization, I assure you we are at heart as sincere friends to abolition as any of the Anti-Slavery Society.

Ed. It would be impoſſible to contradict you. I will merely relate an anecdote. Two or three years ago, I viſited an old lady whoſe mind was much “exerciſed,” as ſhe termed it,—upon theological matters. She asked me if I ſuppoſed her miniſter really believed in regeneration. I told her I had no means of judging ; nor did I think it ſalutary to judge of each other. “Well,” ſaid ſhe, “ſome of my neighbors ſay he does not believe in it ; and ſo, the laſt time he came to ſee me, I asked him right out, whether he believed in regeneration. He told me certainly, he believed in it fully. But I don’t know how it is—I’ve heard him preach theſe fifteen years, and I never heard him *ſay* anything about it !”

A LETTER by Samuel A. Crozer, from Africa, to E. B. Caldwell, March, 1820, ſays : “I am aware it was not the intention of the Colonization Society to uſe rum ; but it is abſolutely *necessary* until we obtain proper footing in the country. Mr Kezell made the following obſervations on the ſubject, requeſting me to tranſmit them to the Society. ‘A child cannot be weaned from the breſt of its mother immediately—and the poor Africans cannot be torn at once from the uſe of ardent ſpirits, but muſt be *gradually* weaned.’ ”—This *gradual* putting away of ſin, works as might be expected ; inſtead of a few gallons a year, three thouſand barrels are now ſent.

THE SLAVE TRADER.

THE following lines are founded upon the history of one of the writer's townsmen, who in his youth was engaged in the African Slave Trade. A short time after his return to his native place, he was stricken with insanity ; — and it became necessary to confine his limbs. A pair of shackles which he had brought from Africa, but whose former use none of his family had suspected, were used on the occasion. Just before his death, he started up suddenly — gazed on his chains, and making a desperate effort to free himself, exclaimed, “ *Oh, my God ! — the very fetters of my slaves !* ”

'Tis long ago — the grass is green,
Where once a cheerful dwelling rose ;
And where the frequent step hath been,
The thistle now untrampled grows.

Ay — long ago — since on that spot,
A lighted hearth, and voice of prayer,
From those who now are half forgot,
Told of a human dweller there.

Foll eighty years have pass'd, since there,
His numerous household band beside,
A kneeling man with thin gray hair,
Offer'd his prayer at even-tide.

How fervent was that father's prayer,
 For those whose cherish'd love was dear
 To Him, who hath a father's care
 For all his lowly children here !

With earnest voice, and upraised eye,
 His wrestling spirit rose above,
 Asking for blessings, trustingly,
 On him who bore his name and love.

A journeyer on the Ocean's breast,
 His best beloved — his elder born,
 Dove-like, from home's dear ark of rest,
 Long weary years before had gone.

And ever had that wanderer's name
 Been breathed, as in the evening prayer.
 The father's voice uprose the same,
 As it had risen when he was there.

* * * * *

Night fell on Teemboo's heated bay,
 Its breeze the heavy palm-tops fann'd —
 Quiet and cool the dew-drops lay
 Upon the parch'd and burning land !

Abroad upon the earth that night,
 The solemn veil of moonlight fell —
 Each low-walled dwelling rose in light,
 And tree and flowret slumber'd well !

Pure, dove-like peace watch'd o'er the scene,
 And breathed upon the balmy air —
 Had human hearts as holy been,
 Bright angels might have worshipp'd there !

Casting her shadow on that bay,
 Where all beside was waveless light,
 Anchor'd, a stranger vessel lay,
 With Afric's slumbering world in sight.

Her leader — oh ! — why *was* he there ?
 Forgetful of his childhood's love,
 Of home, where still for him in prayer,
 A father's spirit rose above ?

From that dark vessel to the land,
 A crowded boat was swiftly sped —
 The forms it bore were on the sand,
 With serpent eye and stealthy tread.

They bound their captives ; — and the oar
 Moved lightly for the ship again —
 While from the water and the shore,
 Arose wild shrieks of grief and pain !

Out sea-ward in the rising breeze,
 That vessel's sails were stretching far —
 What power should guard her o'er the seas ?
 What light should be her guiding star.

* * * * *

Again his foot is on the spot,
 So often press'd in childhood's hours —
 All is the same — all unforget —
 The same green trees, the same bright flowers.

Again at home — as some young vine,
 Torn rudely from its loved embrace,
 Restored again will fondly twine,
 Around its earlier resting-place —

So should the kindly heart return,
 Though long and wearily estranged ;
 And still that heart's own altar burn
 With light and incense all unchanged.

Not so with him : — the guilty heart,
 Might never thrill with joy again,
 Nor the stung conscience bear a part,
 In anything save sin and pain.

In vain he struggled to conceal,
 Beneath a stern and gloomy air,
 Feelings that scorched like burning steel,
 Till reason yielded to despair.

In sleep the weary sufferer lay,
 With fever'd brow and fetter'd limb —
 Madness had worn his life away —
 Another world awaited him.

Sleep pass'd away : — no longer burn'd
 The fire of madness on his brain,
 The blessed light of mind return'd,
 And for a moment shone again !

“ Why have ye bound me ? ” — and his eye
 Fell quickly on his fetter'd hands, —
 One glance — one shriek of agony —
 One struggle to unloose his bands !

Visions of blood, and stormy waves,
 Swept wildly o'er his clouded brain —
 “ Oh God ! — the fetters of my slaves !
 Take off — take off the negro's chain ! ”

Kind hands had loosed each fetter'd limb,
 As painful came the sufferer's breath,
 But other chains were binding him,
 The colder, heavier chains of death !



Oh, man ! am I not thy brother ?

MISS PRUDENCE CRANDALL.

MISS CRANDALL was born in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, September 3d, 1803.

The writer of this sketch was not personally acquainted with Miss Crandall, until after she had announced her intention to undertake that "labor of love," for which she has been so highly extolled by some, and so wantonly traduced and persecuted by others. I have been informed that for some months previous to October, 1831, she kept a school for young ladies in the town of Plainfield, where she received ample patronage, and was reputed to be a capable teacher, and an excellent woman. At that time, the house she now occupies, in the pretty village of Canterbury, was offered for sale. It was considered by her friends a better location for her, and she was advised to purchase it, and establish her school there. This she was soon determined to do, by the reception of the following note, in the hand writing of Andrew T. Judson, Esq., who has since distinguished himself as her chief adversary.

"TO MISS PRUDENCE CRANDALL, —

The subscribers, having understood that you have taken into consideration the propriety of establishing



Engr. by W.L. Gossby from a Portrait by F. Alexander.

PRUDENCE CRANDALL.

1840

in the village of Canterbury, a school for the instruction of female youth, take this method to signify our entire approbation of the proposed undertaking, and our strong desire in its accomplishment. Permit us to offer you our efficient aid, and our cordial support.

Canterbury, Oct. 3, 1831."

This note was signed by Mr Judson, and seventeen other gentlemen, some of whom have since attained with him a most unenviable notoriety among her persecutors. In consequence of their invitations, Miss Crandall purchased the house, and opened her school in Canterbury about the middle of October, 1831.

There is no reason to doubt that she sustained her good reputation in the town, as an instructress and a woman, for more than a year ; until after she had advertised her benevolent intention to devote herself to the education of young females, of that class of our countrymen, who are proscribed on account of their complexion. She was led to this, as she informs me, by the following circumstances.

In the fall of 1832, an intelligent mulatto girl, living in the town, of an irreproachable character, earnestly sought permission to become one of her pupils. Miss Crandall confesses that at first she shrunk from the proposal, with the feeling that *of course* she could not accede to it. But why not ? This was the question pressed home upon her conscience. The girl was well known to be correct in her deportment, she was pleasing in her personal appearance and manners. Her father was able and willing to pay for her tuition, and she evinced an ardent desire to be instructed. Then,

why not receive her into the school? The question revealed to Miss Crandall the common cruel prejudice in her own bosom against those of our fellow beings, who have a colored skin. After some hesitation she determined to act according to her conviction of duty. She received the girl as one of her pupils.

Some may here wish to ask why Miss Crandall did not first consult her patrons, the parents of those, who were already in her school? Her answer is, She foresaw that there would be the same kind of opposition in their bosoms, which she had quelled in her own. Their opinions and feelings could not help her to decide what was her duty. She thought it quite as likely that they would acquiesce, if nothing was said to them on the subject, as most of them were acquainted with the character of the girl, and knew it to be unexceptionable. At all events, she determined to act as she was persuaded was right, and meet the consequences, whatever they might be.

It was soon made apparent to her, that some of the parents of her pupils were much offended. Indeed she was explicitly assured, that unless she dismissed the colored girl, her school would be entirely ruined. This emergency compelled her mind to consider with care the propriety and tendency of the course she had adopted. The more she reflected upon it, the more was she satisfied that it was right. Why should she treat *one* with unkindness and contempt, merely to gratify the prejudices of the rest? She felt that she ought not. She resolved that she would not. Meanwhile, her new pupil had put into her hands several of the publications of the Abolitionists. These disclosed

to her the wretched condition of more than two millions of our countrymen, who are condemned by our despotic laws to abject, cruel bondage, which would not be enforced upon them a day, were it not for this very prejudice against the color of their skins. To indulge this prejudice is then to perpetuate their degradation.

In the same publications, the claims of our *nominally* free colored population were presented to her. She saw how they are denied a participation in the privileges of which we boast, shut out from all our seminaries of learning, except it be those of the lowest grade, and in effect forbidden to aspire after knowledge or excellence. Her reading and reflection led her to perceive that education was to be one of the chief instruments, by which the condition of our colored population is to be improved; and to determine, if a sufficient number of pupils could be obtained, to devote herself wholly to their instruction. With this view she visited Providence and Boston, New Haven and New York; and soon ascertained that there were enough young females among the colored people in those cities and elsewhere, who were eager to avail themselves of the advantages she offered them, and whose parents were able to pay the expenses of their board and tuition. She returned and informed her pupils, then twentyfour in number, that, at the commencement of the next term, her school would be open for the reception of *colored* girls; and that twenty had engaged to come to her at that time. This annunciation caused a great excitement. Meetings of the neighbors were held, and a committee was

appointed to wait upon her, and remonstrate with her. But she remained unshaken in her purpose. Her opposers have said in their appeal to the public, "we know of nothing that could have been done by the town, that has not been done, to *induce* her to remove the school to some place where there were no objections." They represent her as having been regardless of the kind urgency of individuals, and deaf to the entreaties of respectable committees. A glance at *dates* however will enable us at once to perceive, that they could not have been very considerate of the rights, or the feelings, of Miss Crandall. Her intention was first made known on the 25th or 26th of February, and on the 4th of March, only six or seven days afterwards, they resorted to the very gentle measure of calling the town-meeting, which was held on the 9th. Now, during this short interval, they would have it believed, they did everything that could be done to *induce* her to remove; besides at the same time, as the result showed, getting up such an excitement throughout the town, that a larger number of the freemen of Canterbury were induced to attend the town-meeting, than were ever seen together before: and all came prepared to adopt any measure her persecutors might suggest. On the very face of their own narrative, it is plain, that the course pursued by them was much better fitted to arouse the prejudices of the people, than to operate aright upon her mind. They did not give her time to reflect calmly — much less advise with her patrons and friends. She felt deeply interested in the undertaking she had commenced. She was under an engagement to receive

twenty pupils on the first of April. Her arrangements were made, and she was suddenly required by them "to abandon the project." Was it strange that she hesitated — that she refused? If she was wholly in the wrong, her opposers surely did not give her time enough to get right.

Whatever may have transpired between Miss Crandall and her persecutors, the writer of this sketch found her on the fourth of March, perfectly willing to accede to any fair proposals for a removal to some more retired situation. She seemed determined only upon this point — to maintain her right to teach colored pupils, if she saw fit. She claimed that she had a right to do this, on her own premises, in Canterbury. But it was no part of her plan to disoblige her neighbors; and therefore she assured me she would hold herself in readiness to remove, whenever her opposers would enable her so to do. She continued to be of the same mind, on the ninth, the day of the never-to-be-forgotten town-meeting. Another gentleman and myself engaged to appear for her on that occasion, and we were explicitly authorized by her to agree to an honorable compromise of the location, if her persecutors were disposed to make one. But they were not disposed even to hear, or permit their fellow citizens to hear, anything she had to communicate. The proceedings of the town-meeting are so well known, that it is unnecessary to sully these pages with a recital of them. Grosser violations of decorum and of republican principles are becoming so common in our country, that even the conduct of Miss Crandall's persecutors on that occasion may be forgotten.

A few days afterwards, notwithstanding the abuse bestowed upon them, one of the gentlemen offered to Col. Judson, to agree to a removal of the school on the most honorable terms. Instead however of listening to the proposal, he chose to mark out for himself and his coadjutors the course, which they have since been pursuing.

They at first endeavored to frighten her pupils away, by threatening them with the process prescribed under an old law, for the removal of paupers, vagabonds and fugitives from justice. But finding they were not to be so easily disposed of, a new law was obtained from the Legislature in June following, which prohibited the establishment of a school in Connecticut for the instruction of colored persons belonging to *other* States. Under the sanction of this law, he proceeded soon after to commence a suit against Miss Crandall. She was brought before a Court of Inquiry, held by Rufus Adams, Esq., who cordially sympathized with Colonel Judson in his opposition. By him she was bound over to the County Court in August following; and for want of bail, (her friends choosing to let her opposers have their way for a season, that the odiousness of their new law might be made manifest,) she was committed to the Common Jail. Here, however, she was suffered to remain only one night. Their object being attained — the exposure of the shameful fact that a law had been enacted in Connecticut, making it a *criminal* offence to teach colored persons of another State — the required bail was readily given by one of her friends, the venerable George Benson of Brooklyn, President of the New England Anti-Slavery Society.

At the County Court in August, Miss Crandall was arraigned and tried. Her counsel rested her defence mainly upon that clause in the Constitution of the United States, which provides that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Under this it was claimed that, as the colored citizens of Connecticut have the privilege of establishing schools for the instruction of their children, colored citizens of other States may send their children to these schools. The able arguments of Hon. W. W. Ellsworth and Henry Strong, Esq. are before the public. No account of them need here be given. Joseph K. Eaton, the Chief Justice of the County Court, charged the Jury. He was one of the committee of the Legislature, that framed the Law; and he evinced no little eagerness to obtain the conviction of the accused. But the jury could not be induced to agree in a verdict against her.

The following October, it so happened that Hon. David Dagget, the Chief Justice of the Superior Court, was appointed to preside at the session in Brooklyn. It was known that his Honor distinguished himself in the violent opposition, made by the citizens of New Haven, September 10, 1831, to the establishment of a college in that city, for the education of colored youth. His prejudices were therefore presumed to be in unison with those of Miss Crandall's persecutors. But it was not suspected by her friends that any advantage would be taken of this, as the first case was still pending, to be tried again at the County Court in December. In this however they were mistaken. No movement was made until six days before the

opening of the Court in October, when suddenly a new action was commenced, to be tried before Judge Dagget. The result was what Miss Crandall's persecutors anticipated. His Honor instructed the Jury, that the free colored inhabitants are *not citizens of the United States*, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the clause in the Constitution, already quoted. The Jury, so instructed, found a verdict against the accused. Her counsel took sundry exceptions in bar of the decision, especially objecting to the charge of the Judge respecting the citizenship of free colored inhabitants. They appealed to the Court of Errors to be held in July, 1834.

Momentous consequences are involved in the final decision of the question, which has thus been raised. It remains to be determined whether our Courts of Justice will extend any protection to *the inalienable rights* of that portion of our countrymen, who have any African blood in their veins—whether colored Americans may be secured in the enjoyment of “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” in their own country—this boastful “land of freedom,”—whether they are to be permitted by our laws to rise *as they may be able* in intellectual and moral worth, or are to be left at the mercy of the cruel prejudices of their white neighbors. If this case shall be ultimately decided in accordance with Judge Dagget's opinion, we see not why our whole colored population will not be effectually disfranchised. If their right to education is to be held alienable whenever their white brethren may be so disposed, what sure protection will they have for any other right? It is in view of

the immeasurable importance of this question, that many philanthropists in this country, and in England, have felt so lively an interest in the preservation of Miss Crandall's school. Its present location, in itself considered, is not worth a moment's contention. But her right to keep such a school should be insisted on, and maintained; unless it shall be decided by the highest tribunal in the land, that the law which has been enacted by the Connecticut Legislature, at the instance of her persecutors, is in accordance with the spirit of our Federal Constitution.

I will not occupy these pages with a detail of the insults which have been offered, and the injuries which have been done to Miss Crandall and her pupils, during the time in which the legal proceedings already related have been going on. Many things which might be told, are not fit to be told. Little, that malignity could suggest, and wantonness inflict, has been spared.

These things together have been to Miss Crandall such a trial, as very few have ever been subjected to; and which not one in ten thousand could have endured. But she has been supported. The Father of our spirits has upheld and comforted her. His Divine Providence has called her to this duty, and fitted her for it. She is blessed with strong good sense, a quick and clear perception of right, and an inflexible determination to follow her own convictions of duty. These peculiarities have been strikingly manifested. Without them indeed she would never have dared an undertaking, to which the prejudices of the community were so hostile. Without them, she would not

have been able to persevere, if she had ventured to begin.

It would be most unjust here to omit the mention of one, who has been from the first her faithful and persevering assistant. Her younger sister, Miss Almira Crandall, though she did not plan the enterprise, has given it from the beginning her unremitted co-operation. Let her praise therefore be ever coupled with that, which is her sister's due. Having partaken largely in the labor, anxiety, and suffering, let her share as largely in the reward.

The school is now in a flourishing condition, having twentytwo pupils. One of the scholars, the daughter of a poor woman in New York, has her expenses paid by one of her mother's neighbors, who was once a slave, and purchased freedom by her own exertions.

Nothing that has ever happened in our country has operated so effectually, as the establishment of this little school, to bring the condition and the claims of our colored population before the public. The persecution of Miss Crandall, and the occasion of her sufferings have, during the past year, been repeatedly detailed in the newspapers throughout the land. Owing to the attempt made to crush her, a question of vital interest has been raised in our courts, which may yet have to be argued before the Supreme Bench at Washington. The eyes of this people will be opened; their hearts will be convicted of the great transgression of our land. And when our colored population shall be disenthralled, and instated in the

rights of men, and the privileges of Americans, they will gratefully remember the establishment of the Canterbury School, as a leading event in the history of their deliverance.



CONTRAST.

The Quarterly Journal of Education states that in the German dominions of *despotic Austria* the utmost exertions are made to diffuse knowledge among the working classes. "It is a law of the land, in the hereditary provinces, that no male can enter the marriage state, unless he is able to read, write and cast accounts; and every master is liable to a heavy penalty, if he employ a workman who cannot read and write. In every village there is a school under the care of a master *paid by the government*."

In several of the States of *republican America*, a heavy penalty is incurred by whoever dares to teach the laboring class their alphabet; and prompt punishment is administered upon the laborer who dares to learn it.

In one of the states, (as has been stated above) it has been judicially decided that laborers of a dark complexion have no right to establish schools, even *at their own expense*.

VOICES FROM THE SOUTH.

“What enables error to keep her station in the world? It is cowardice. Because while vice walks erect, with an unabashed countenance, men less vicious dare not paint her with that truth of coloring, which should at once confirm the innocent, and reform the guilty. Because the majority of those not involved in the busy scene, see that things are not altogether right, yet see in so frigid a way, and with so imperfect a view. If every man would at once tell all the truth he knows, three years hence there would scarcely be a falsehood of any magnitude in the civilized world.”—*Godwin*.

THE debates at Lane Seminary, during the last spring, are full of encouragement to the friends of immediate emancipation. This college is under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr Beecher. The students, instead of being such mere boys as they have been represented, are nearly all of them over twenty-six years of age, and several are between thirty and thirty-five.

The debate was divided into two questions: 1st, “Whether slavery ought to be immediately abolished;” 2d, “Whether the doctrines and influence of the Colonization Society were such as to render it worthy the confidence of the Christian public.”

During eighteen evenings the discussion was main-

tained with a very remarkable degree of moderation, candor, and kindness. Eight of the speakers were born and had always lived in slave States; and ten others had resided in slave States more or less; yet there was a universal disposition to follow eternal principles of justice, fearless of consequences.

Mr —, of Alabama, ridiculed the idea of any danger attending immediate emancipation. Speaking of the despotic power of slave-owners, he said: "A brick-layer, a neighbor of ours, owned a very smart young negro, who ran away. When he was caught, his master tied him up by the hands, so high that his feet could not touch the ground; he then put a board between his limbs, and tied them together, to keep him steady. He continued leisurely beating him all day, with a paddle bored full of holes.* At night, his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. It was two weeks before he was able to walk. The punishment was inflicted in hearing of the Academy, and the public green; but no one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done. At our house, it is so common to hear screams from a neighboring plantation, that we think nothing of it. Lest any one should think that the slaves are generally well-treated, and the cases I have mentioned are exceptions, let me be distinctly understood — *Cruelty is the rule, and kindness is the exception!*"

Mr —, of Kentucky, went to Lane Seminary a Colonizationist and a slave-holder. He became convinced that it was his duty to emancipate his slaves.

* Every hole in these paddles raises a blister.

He forthwith did his duty. May the blessing of God be with him !

This gentleman likewise bore witness that cruelties were so common, he hardly knew what facts to select among the number that came under his observation.

Mr —, of Virginia, after relating circumstances of great barbarity, said: "Such things as these are perfectly common all over Virginia; at least so far as I am acquainted. But *the planters generally avoid punishing their slaves before strangers.*" He believed the theory that emancipated slaves would not take care of themselves was perfectly erroneous. "Several years ago, I knew a slave, who bought himself, and paid twelve hundred dollars. Some time after, when coming up from Lynchburg, I happened to stay at the same place with this colored man, I found that he had secured quite a respectable property by his honest industry. He was then driving a team of five horses, that belonged to himself; and I was told that he was as much esteemed and employed, as any man in the town, in his line of business."

Mr —, of Missouri, among other facts, related the following: "A young woman, who was generally very badly treated, after receiving a more severe whipping than usual, ran away. In a few days she came back, and was sent into the field to work. In consequence of the severity of her punishment, she was in a very shocking state. Toward night, she told her master that she was sick, and must go into the house. As soon as she reached it, she laid down on the floor exhausted. Her mistress asked what was the matter. She made no reply. She asked again, and received no answer. 'I'll see if I can't make you

“speak!” said she. Having heated the tongs red-hot, she put them upon the soles of her feet; then upon her limbs and body; and finally, in a rage, she took hold of her throat. The poor girl faintly whispered, ‘Oh, misse, don’t — I ’m most gone’ — and expired.” Yet this woman still lives in the same community, and slaves are subject to her power!

Mr Thome, of Kentucky, whose eloquent and impressive addresses have thrilled so many hearts, says: “That abolition principles do commend themselves to the consciences and interest of slave-holders, I have the honor to stand before you a living witness. I breathed my first breath in the atmosphere of slavery. The sympathies of nature were dried up, even in their spring-tide; compassion was deadened, and the heart steeled by repeated scenes of cruelty, and oft-taught lessons of the colored man’s inferiority. But though I am at this moment heir to a slave inheritance — one of those *unfortunate* beings upon whom slavery is by force *entailed*, — I am bold to denounce the whole system as an outrage, a complication of crimes, and wrongs, and cruelties, that make angels weep.

“This is the spirit which anti-slavery principles inspire. Indeed I know of no subject that takes such strong hold of the man as does abolition. All the sympathies are its advocates, and every susceptibility to compassionate outraged humanity stands pledged to do its work.

“For several years I contributed to the funds of the Colonization Society, and eulogized its measures; and though I would not now leave my path to attack this institution, yet duty bids me state, solemnly and deliberately, that its direct influence upon my mind

was to lessen my conviction of the evil of slavery, and to deepen and sanctify my prejudice against the colored race.

“My apology for speaking thus, is that I *know* its evils. I *know* the individual slaves, who are now in bondage by its influence *alone*. I *know* the masters, whose *only* plea for continuing in the sin is drawn from the doctrines of the Colonization Society. But Kentucky is rising above this influence. Conscientious citizens are forming themselves into other associations. The spirit of inquiry is abroad. The Legislature have taken up the subject.* The great object of my presence in the free States is to urge abolitionists to renewed efforts in behalf of the slave. The question has been asked here, and repeated at the South, ‘What has the North to do with slavery?’ At present she has everything to do with it—everything. We have no abolition periodicals in the West and South; and your principles are grossly misrepresented and misunderstood. Yet, under all these disadvantages, you have done much already. The very little leaven you have been able to introduce is working with tremendous power. One of my acquaintance, heir to slave-property, a young man of growing influence, became a whole-hearted abolitionist, in consequence of reading a single number of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, sent to him by some unknown hand. A family of slaves in Arkansas Territory, another in Tennessee, and a third, consisting of eighty-eight, in Virginia, have been emancipated through the influence of one abolition periodical.

* Last winter the Senate of Kentucky were equally divided on the subject of immediate abolition.

"Then do not hesitate as to duty. We have been lulled to sleep by the guilty apologist. We appeal to you for light. Send us facts—send us kind remonstrance and manly reasoning. We are perishing for lack of truth."

In another address Mr Thome told the New Englanders that if they really wished to do good, and to induce their Southern brethren to co-operate with their exertions, they must first honestly try to put away their own prejudices—they must learn to consider colored men as fellow citizens, with a perfect claim to all those civil privileges, which are not denied even to the meanest white man.

Too much importance cannot be attached to this portion of Mr Thome's excellent remarks. If we wish for a blessing on this cause, we *must* look well to our own hearts—we *must* be willing to have the demon of pride overcome in ourselves, before we can hope to produce a change in others. When I hear people denouncing southern *slavery*, while they insist upon keeping Northern *prejudice*, I am reminded of a conversation between a minister and one of his congregation: "How much wickedness there is in the world! How is it ever to be cured?" exclaimed the parishioner. "Truly there is abundance of evil," replied the clergyman; "but the world would soon be reformed, if every person would begin at home, and reform one." "Well," said the man, "I'll go right home, and try to reform — *my sister!*"

A clergyman who spoke at the late Anti-Slavery Convention, in Boston, said he had recently conversed with a Southern gentleman, on this "delicate subject."

"Do you ever read anything against slavery?" inquired he. "To be sure I do," was the answer. "And what do you think of this question?" "Why, if I spoke my mind candidly," replied the Southerner, "I should say that I have no doubt *the abolitionists will ultimately effect their purpose.*"

An intimate friend of mine last summer visited a Southern family, who were travelling in New England. The gentleman himself, though a slave-owner, made some remarks about the blessing of living in a free State; and therefore my friend did not think it impolite to ask him if he paid any attention to the question of immediate emancipation. "I could not well help paying some attention to it," he replied; "for the whole world are now ringing changes upon it. I cannot take up a book, a review, or a newspaper, that does not contain something, pro or con, about slavery." "And what do you think will be the effect of this?" inquired my friend. The planter replied, "Oh, things will unquestionably take the same course they have taken in England. *Public opinion will grow too strong for us; and slavery will be given up.* It is a great evil. I heartily wish we were well rid of it. My wife will be glad when the day arrives. She has long been urging me to remove to a State, where if she had the head-ache in my absence, she could lie down and sleep, without fears of having her throat cut before she awoke. Public discussion even now produces one good effect. It makes masters more careful how they treat their slaves, on account of the danger of exposure."

Notwithstanding fixed habits of indolence, and the love of sway so natural to every human heart, there are other motives, stronger even than apprehended

danger, which would induce many Southern ladies heartily to denounce this vile system, if they were not restrained by pride, or perchance a better feeling than pride. Slavery is a poisonous and deadly vine twining about the sanctuary of domestic life. The unnatural and embarrassing relation that so often exists between their slaves and their husbands, their brothers, and their sons, is a sufficient argument against the brutal and degrading system. There is no denying this; the fact is proved on the very face of it.

SCALE OF COMPLEXIONS.

THE following scale of complexions may not be uninteresting to some readers: Between black and white is a *mulatto*; between mulatto and white is a *quaderoon*; between quaderoon and white is a *mestizo*; afterward the tinge becomes imperceptible. Between mulatto and black is a *samboe*; between samboe and black is a *mongroon*; between mongroon and black the white hue is lost.

Those who observe the colored population in the United States, will find what the Abbé Gregoire naïvely calls “a magnificent variety of mulattoes.” At the South they will see slaves of all shades, from Congo black, to slaves with brown hair and blue eyes, who, when they run away, are advertised as “passing themselves for white men;” but they will see comparatively few of the real African complexion—particularly in cities.

An elderly gentleman, who served during the Revolution in the South, lately returned from a Southern

tour. He expressed great surprise at the change that had taken place during fortyfive years. He said *black* slaves were numerous in the time of the war, but now he had seldom met with one in the old slave States.

Whoever candidly examines abolition doctrines will find that they would tend to *prevent* amalgamation, instead of *encouraging* it ; for they would place a large defenceless class under the protection of law and public opinion.

DANGERS OF EMANCIPATION.

WHEN England first talked of emancipation in her Colonies the West Indians made a great outcry concerning insurrections. Again and again it was repeated that the negroes were not yet fit for freedom — that every white throat would be cut, and the islands deluged with blood. To obviate this, the British government proposed that the slaves should serve an apprenticeship of several years, during which time they might be instructed and gradually prepared for freedom. The Colonial Legislature were at liberty to shorten the apprenticeship as much as they pleased ; and twenty millions of pounds were to be divided among the planters, as an indemnification for loss of property.

When this became known, Antigua (a crown colony) earnestly expostulated against any term of apprenticeship. "It is all nonsense," said they : "*emancipate them tomorrow, and give us our money.*"

This reminds me of a lady, who when half crazed by an irruption of little nephews and nieces, is in the habit of doing up sundry papers of sugar-plums and candy, saying, "There, my dears, is something for you, *when you go home.*" The little troop are soon in motion, ready to receive their *compensation*.

AN INFANT ABOLITIONIST.

How often by a sinless child
May we of error be beguiled ;
How oft a single, simple word
The sealed springs of thought have stirr'd,
And waken'd feelings deep, to be
A lesson for futurity !

The gayest, most aerial thing,
That moves on earth without a wing,
Today such lesson taught to me.
How sweetly, yet unconsciously,
The infant maiden, artless, mild,
Reproved her elder playmate's pride !
And yet the babe has only smiled
Three years by her fond mother's side.

They stood before a picture — one
Where dark 'neath Afric's burning sun,
A wild and lonely native lay:
The child's companion turn'd to say,
" 'There 's an *old nigger*, Anne, see ! "
And pointed to the African ;
The little one said quietly,
" I see he is a *colored man*."

Ah, well may sages bow to thee,
Loving and guileless infancy !

And sigh, amid their learned lore,
For one untaught delight of thine —
And feel they 'd give their wisdom's store
To know again thy truth divine !

The boasted power of eloquence
Can sway the soul with magic art —
But simple words from innocence
May sink more deeply in the heart.

FLORENCE.

KNOWLEDGE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A HIGHLY cultivated Englishman lately said to the editor of this work, " Since my arrival in your country, I have been often asked if I did not think knowledge was more universally disseminated among the population in the United States, than in any other part of the world. I have answered by inquiring, Do you mean among your black population, or your white population? If you mean the white population only, I answer decidedly, yes ; but if you mean all your population inclusive, I must remind you that you have something like three millions of colored people ; more than two thirds of whom can neither read nor write. These men constitute a large proportion of your laboring class, and are represented in your government. We could tell a glorious story of the dissemination of knowledge in Britain, if we were allowed to leave the Welsh and Irish peasantry out of the estimate ; and why is it not as fair to do so, as it is for you to leave so large a proportion of *your* laboring class entirely out of the account ? "

OLD SCIP.

This story is founded on facts which are familiar to the old inhabitants of Medford.

It has long been a tradition that pirate treasure, to a great amount, is hidden on the serpentine shores of the Mystic. I have occasionally seen cavities dug deep into the earth, which betray the midnight labors of those who have sought the subterranean El Dorado. Some have accounted for this tradition, by supposing that the frequent windings of the river afforded the pirates a good opportunity to escape from pursuers, and that the quietude of its banks favored secrecy.

But the fruitless search, by which so many have been tantalized and disappointed, was no doubt induced by the following facts, which occurred in Medford, a few years preceding the Revolution.

There were at that time slaves in Massachusetts; and one by the name of Scipio, belonged to Mr Poole, a respectable citizen in the middling class of life. Scipio had been purchased of a sea-captain; and, as usual no questions were asked how he came into his possession. Perhaps his mother fled with him at midnight from the house which the kidnappers had set on fire; perhaps they gagged him when, in the joy of his

heart, he was building sand-heaps on the beach ; or perhaps they bound him hand and foot, when he was gathering sticks to boil his mother's favorite dinner of yams. No one could tell ; nor did Scipio himself remember. A tedious scene of intermediate suffering had effaced it from his memory. Contented to see the green earth and breathe the pure air, he capered and sung, and never thought what it meant to be a slave. In Mr Poole's family he found very little to convince him of the misery of his situation. His labor was by no means hard, he had wholesome food, and the children loved him dearly for a playmate. He was, in truth, the merriest, most good-natured little fellow alive — full of the careless, hearty glee that results from a happy physical temperament. More than once, when told to scour the great pewter platter, he was found with it placed on a bench, jumping up to the reflection of his own white teeth and laughing eyes ; and in the garden he might be often seen dancing with his own shadow on the wall. Yet Scipio was an active, industrious lad, and Mr Poole found him a profitable servant. The least sickness or distress in the family at once tamed his heedless mirth. On such occasions, Scipio was ready for any service, by night or day. Silently, with careful tread and watchful eye, he tended the invalid, as he would have tended his own infant brother.

These amiable qualities endeared the African, not only to the little ones of his master's family, but to all the children in the village. Every youthful eye brightened at the approach of *Scip*, as they familiarly called him.

Thus many years passed on. Scipio grew stronger and more laborious, but still retained the same kind and merry disposition.

Mr Poole resided on the banks of Mystic river, not far from the place where Medford bridge is now built. One day he sent his slave into the cellar to remove a pile of dirt and stones, in order to repair a portion of the cellar wall, which had fallen. When he had been engaged in this work for some time, he suddenly ran up stairs, with a face full of wonder, begging his master to come and see a strange thing he had found. Upon examination, the strange thing proved to be a large rusty iron pot, full of silver pieces, and ingots of gold! Mr Poole stood for a moment in utter amazement. "Cover it again with dirt, Scipio," said he, "and don't say a word about it to anybody. You shall have some of it, Scip; but mind and say nothing about it." "O, yes, sure massa may trust Scip," replied the slave: "But oh, massa, how rich we shall be!"

Scipio fell asleep that night, dreaming of a little shop he would build for himself, where he might sell cake and candy to the children; and thinking not a little of a certain mulatto girl he had seen, for whose sake he had of late often wished to be a free man.

The next day, Mr Poole visited Boston. When he returned, he ordered Scipio to harness the horse to the cart, and carry a few barrels of his soundest russet apples to a West India captain, whom he would find at a certain store in King's Street.* Scipio obeyed promptly — bustling round with the important and

knowing look of a person who has possession of a great secret, and finds it hard to keep.

The horse and cart were brought home that evening by a white sailor ; but Scipio was seen no more.

In a short time, Mr Poole built him a new house, and his wife appeared at meeting in rich flowered brocade, with gold buckles in her shoes, a ruby upon her finger, and large gold beads about her neck. The neighbors asked each other how it was that Mr Poole had so suddenly grown rich ; but no one could answer. Several male and female slaves now supplied the place of Scipio. The easily-acquired wealth brought its usual attendants ; pride, vanity, and luxury. The sons, instead of the honest industry to which they had been accustomed, now spent chief of their time in riding to and from Boston, and learning to play on the French horn. The daughters slept half the day, and spent the other half in dressing themselves, and "trying tricks" to ascertain whether they should marry a rich husband. That rusty iron pot proved a perfect "bottle imp" in the family. It destroyed peace and happiness, while it procured the indulgence of every wish.

The neighbors, especially the children, often asked what had become of Scip. Mr Poole replied that Scipio always had a turn for the sea ; and having been a very good servant, he had allowed him to follow his inclination.

As time passed away, and inquiries were repeated, he shook his head and said he was afraid the poor fellow was wrecked ; for he had heard nothing from him.

Several years after the discovery of the gold, a

merchant in Boston, who had known Mr Poole and Scipio very well, went to the West Indies to transact some business. One day, as he walked through a sugar plantation, where several gangs of negro slaves were at work, under the lash of the driver, he thought he recognised among them a familiar face. He looked again, and doubted. Could that indeed be the laughing, the kind-hearted Scipio? More than twenty years seemed added to his age; a settled gloom was on his countenance; his ancles were torn by iron fetters, and his back was scarred deeply by the torturing whip.

The slave looked up from his work a moment—their eyes met—"Ah, Scip, is it you!" The poor fellow burst into tears. It was the first time, for many a weary month, that he had heard the voice of kindness. "But, Scipio, how came you here?" "Oh, cursed gold, massa—cursed gold, massa." He then told the story, in his own simple, artless way; adding, "Gold make massa sell his honest Scip to cruel men. God never bless massa—never bless his children—God he curse that gold."

The gentleman was deeply affected, and promised Scipio that he would try to buy him, and carry him to Boston. All the native buoyancy of the African returned at once. Hope again lighted up his countenance. His wrongs and his sufferings were all forgotten.

After some difficulties and delays, the purchase was completed, and Scipio returned to a state of comparative freedom. Nothing could exceed the gratitude and love he bore his new master. He watched his

looks as anxiously as a mother watches her babe — he flew to anticipate his slightest wish — he would have sacrificed his life to save him pain. This devoted attachment met the reward it deserved. Scipio was in no respect treated like a slave ; he was an humble but honored friend. In truth, it was a most patriarchal and beautiful relation !

In Mr Poole's family the course was rapidly downward. The mother died ; father and sons became intemperate, and the daughters vicious.

The gold soon melted away — house and lands followed — the children became vagabonds — and the last of the family died in the alms-house. Afterward, when people took to bad courses, and "wasted their substance in riotous living," it was proverbially said, "Old Scip's curse has lighted on them."

ARGUMENTS AND MEN.

A CLERGYMAN in the neighborhood of Boston, who loves a paradox, was asked what he thought of the Anti-Slavery and Colonization Societies. He replied, "It appears to me that Anti-Slavery has all the arguments, and Colonization all the men."

This was said more than a year ago, when the latter part of the remark was much more true than it now is.

CORNELIUS OF ST CROIX.

ST CROIX, or Santa Cruz, is a Danish West India island. A missionary station has been established here for more than a hundred years. The following record of a pious negro is in the Annals of the Moravian Missions :

“Toward the close of 1801 the mission of St Croix was deprived of one of the most intelligent and useful native assistants, who for more than fifty years had walked worthily of his calling by the gospel — namely, the negro Cornelius. He was baptized in 1749. God had blessed him with a good natural understanding. He had the appointment of master-mason to the royal buildings, in which employment he was esteemed by all who knew him as a clever, upright, and disinterested man. He was able to write and speak the Creole, Dutch, Danish, German, and English languages. Till 1767 he was a slave in the royal plantation, which afterward belonged to Count Schimmelmann. He *first* purchased the freedom of his wife, and then labored hard to gain his own liberty, which after much entreaty and the payment of a considerable ransom, he effected. God blessed the work of his hands in such a manner, that he was enabled also to purchase, by degrees, the emancipation of his six children.

“ In 1754 he was appointed assistant in the mission. After his emancipation, he greatly exerted himself in the service of the Lord, especially among the people of his own color. He spent whole days, and often whole nights, in visiting them on the different plantations. He possessed a peculiar talent of expressing his ideas with great clearness, which rendered his discourses pleasing and edifying to white people as well as to people of his own color. Yet he was never elated by the talents he possessed. His character was that of a humble servant of Christ, who thought too meekly of himself to treat others with contempt. To distribute to the indigent, and assist the feeble, was the delight of his heart ; they always found in him a generous sympathizing friend, and a faithful adviser.

“ While thus zealously employed, he did not neglect the concerns of his family. We have already seen how sedulously he cared for their temporal prosperity, in working hard to purchase their freedom. But he was more solicitous for the welfare of their souls. God blessed his instructions, and he had the joy of seeing his whole family share in the salvation of the Lord. Being found faithful, they too were employed as assistants in the mission.

“ The infirmities of old age, accompanied by a constant cough and pain in the side, checked his great activity, and made him ardently long to depart and be with Christ. A short time before his death, he addressed his children and grandchildren in the following very solemn and impressive manner : ‘ I rejoice exceedingly, my dearly beloved children, to see you once more together before my departure ; for I believe our Lord and Saviour will very soon take your father

home to himself. You know, dear children, what my chief concern has been respecting you, as long as I was with you — how frequently, and how urgently, I have exhorted you to surrender yourselves to your Redeemer, and follow him faithfully. I have sometimes dealt strictly with you, in matters which I believed would bring harm to your souls, and grieve the spirit of God. It was all done out of love to you; but if at any time I have been too severe, I pray you, my dear children, to forgive your poor dying father.’

“Here he was obliged to stop, most of the children weeping and sobbing aloud. At last, one of his daughters recovered herself and said, ‘We alone have cause to ask forgiveness, dear father. We have often made your life heavy, and have been disobedient children.’ The others joined in the same confession. The father continued, ‘Well, my dear children, if you all forgive me, attend to my dying request. Love one another! Do not suffer any disputes to arise among you, after my decease. Love one another cordially: let each strive to show proofs of his love to his brother or sister. Do not suffer yourselves to become proud; but pray continually to the Saviour to grant you lowly minds and humble hearts. If you follow this advice of your father, my joy will be complete, when I shall meet you again in eternal bliss, and be able to say, Here, Lord, is thy poor, unworthy Cornelius, and the children thou wast pleased to give him. I am sure the Saviour will never forsake *you*: I beseech you do not forsake *him*.’

“He fell gently asleep in Jesus, on the 29th of November, 1801, being according to his own account, eightyfour years of age.”

RUINS OF EGYPTIAN THEBES.

THEBES ! what a glory on thy temples sate,
When monarchs, hardly less than gods were thine —
Though mystery and darkness shroud thy fate,
The glimpse imagination gives us is divine !

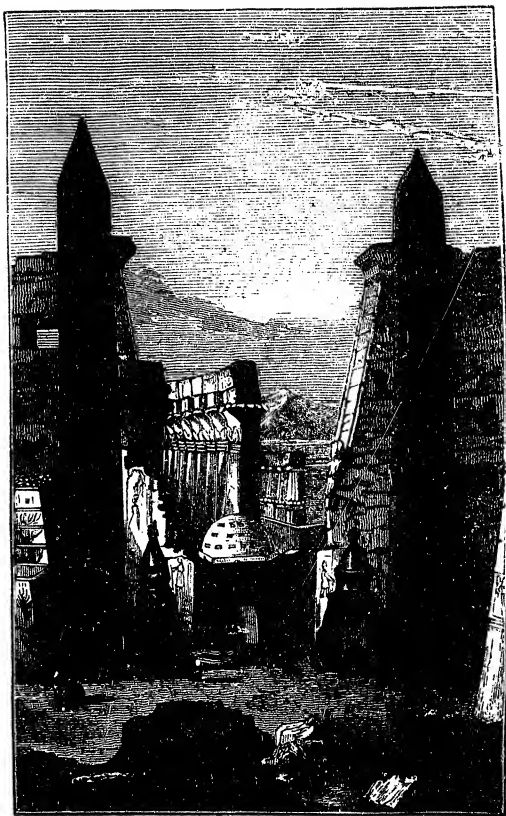
Through the long vista, as we gaze, half hid,
Distinct though distant, graceful though austere,
Palace and pillar, fane and pyramid,
In awful grandeur and repose appear.

Nations since born have wept o'er thy decay :
Science and art have flourish'd and have died;
And glory, like a dream, has pass'd away —
Yet thine imperishable fame shall aye abide.

And can it be that a degraded race,
Scorn'd of their fellows, fetter'd, bought and sold,
Were once the mighty rulers in that place ?
The master spirits, who the age controll'd ?

The poor despised negro might look up,
And smile, to hear that Greece, that classic Greece,
Refused not to partake the enticing cup,
Which swarthy Egypt tendered with the arts of peace :

That the proud white man sought, in ages back,
The intellectual fire that lights his brow,
And found it too, among a race as black
As the poor slave he makes his victim now !



Ruins of Egyptian Thebes.

The heir of Afric may not always be

The "lowest link" in this our being's chain ;

There is a magic power in liberty,

To make the smother'd flame break out and blaze again.

The native spirit yet may wake and live,

(Freedom and culture — what have these not done ?)

And Ethiopia kindle and revive.

Like her own table, when it felt the sun.*



DERIVATION OF NEGRO.

THE word negro, which is now considered insulting, because it has long been used as an epithet of contempt, does not in reality mean anything worse than the phrase, "colored man," "red man," or "white man." *Negro* is the Spanish and Portuguese word for *black*, and was by them applied to people merely to distinguish color. It is indeed applied to anything of a dark shade: thus "*pão negro*" is *brown bread*, and "*negro vaso*" is *the purple cup*.

* According to mythology, Ethiopia contained the Table of the Sun, which kindled whenever the rays of that great luminary shone upon it.

OPINIONS OF TRAVELLERS.

“ O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us ! ”

I AM aware that much prejudice exists with regard to the remarks of foreign travellers ; and it is undoubtedly true that those who come here from monarchical countries are often rendered unfit, by their education and habits, to judge fairly of our institutions. But there is an old adage that “ an enemy is the best friend,” because he tells of our faults. I trust those who read this article, will likewise read “ Judicial Decisions,” and “ Negro Hunting,” and then decide for themselves whether travellers censure us with justice. If they really speak truths, do not let us, like the orientals, be angry with every one that refuses to call us “ the celestial nation ” — “ brothers of the Sun and Moon,” &c. I have quoted the observations of but few travellers, because the limits of the book did not admit of copious extracts. Capt. Basil Hall speaks much more mildly of slavery than of any other evil, real or imaginary, in the United States. Mr Stuart is decidedly very partial to America ; and the Duke of Saxe Weimar entertained very friendly sentiments toward us. EDITOR.

[From the Travels of Capt. Alexander.]

“ By means of the internal slave-trade, between four

and five thousand* slaves arrive in the Southern States annually. Kidnappers of negroes still travel about the country, and not unfrequently secure the manumitted negroes in the Northern States, and convey them for sale to the South. A planter in Louisiana, of forty years' standing, assured me that there are a set of miscreants in the city of New Orleans, who are connected with slave-traders in Cuba, and who at certain periods proceed up the Mississippi, as far as the Fourche mouth, which they descend in large row-boats and meet slave-ships off the coast; returning with their cargoes to the main stream of the Mississippi, they dispose of the negroes to those who want them." * * * * *

[From Stuart's *Three Years in North America.*]

"My stopping-place was on a rice plantation, (in South Carolina.) The slaves were numerous, and I had reason to believe from what I afterward heard,

* The author tells but a small portion of the truth. More than ten thousand are annually exported to the new slave States from Virginia alone. A single gang, or coffe often consists of some hundreds. In this way the planters manage to resuscitate fortunes exhausted by the canker-worm of slave-labor. Some who have resided in Virginia have expressed their firm conviction, that they would give up slavery in the old States from sheer inability to support "the costly iniquity," if it were not for the facility of raising money by breeding *black cattle* for the new slave States. The translator of Saxe Weimar's *Travels* says: "A plain unvarnished picture of the internal *slave-trade* carried on in this country would shock and disgust the reader to a degree that would render him almost ashamed to acknowledge himself a member of the same community. In unmanly, degrading barbarity, wanton cruelty, and horrible indifference to every human emotion, facts could be produced worthy of association with whatever is recorded of the *slave-trade* in any other form."

that they were as well treated as they generally are in this country ; but it seemed to me that their want of education, and the want of ordinary comforts, placed them in a situation not much removed from the brutes. They had little clothing, all of one drab-color ; and not one of them had bed-clothes. I had full leisure to talk with them, but I was, of course, bound to do so with prudence. Every one that I questioned declared themselves unhappy and miserable in their condition. A certain task is allotted to each of them, and if this is not done, they are subjected to one of three punishments, whipping, wearing irons, or putting in the stocks."

"I was told by a wealthy planter, who lived in the neighborhood, that a planter, whose estate is at no great distance from the high road, which I was travelling, was in the habit of punishing his slaves by putting them in coffins, which were partly nailed down, and that this punishment had again and again resulted in the death of his slaves. The gentleman, who communicated this information to me spoke of it with horror ; but when I asked why such conduct was not punished, by virtue of a law which declared the killing of a slave to be murder, he replied that his neighbor took *very good care of himself*. The punishment was administered only in the presence of slaves, whose evidence was inadmissible. But he added that the coffins had been seen, and that the slaves, who it was said had lost their lives, had disappeared ; and no doubt was entertained that they came to their deaths by being shut up in coffins. The same planter, who has recourse to this savage punishment, works his

slaves on Sunday, though contrary to law; taking care that no white man sees them. In the West Indies it is the usual practice to allow the slaves Sunday, and part of another day.

“Though the evidence of colored people in slave States is in no case admissible against whites, and for each other, the affirmation of free persons of color, or of fellow slaves is received *against* slaves. In July, 1822, thirtyfive slaves were executed at Charleston, S. C. for an alleged conspiracy against their masters. Sixtyseven persons were convicted without a jury, before a court consisting of a justice of the peace, and free-holders, (*that is, slave-holders.*) The evidence of slaves, not upon oath, was admitted against them; and after all, the proof was extremely scanty. The judge’s address, when pronouncing sentence of death on persons sold to slavery, and who, if they were guilty, were merely trying to get rid of it by the only way in their power, seems monstrous. He told them the servant who was false to his master would be false to his God; that the precept of St Paul was to obey their masters in all things, and St Peter told them to be subject to their masters with all fear; and that if they had listened to such doctrines they would have avoided an ignominious death.”

“The slaves here, as in other countries speak a broken language, peculiar to themselves — the consequence of their total want of education — but still many of them go to church, and are admitted to church privileges. I have, however, seen enough to be satisfied that they are generally brought up in such ignorance, and in a way so repugnant to moral feeling,

that it is quite surprising to see so many marks of civilization among them. Marriage is generally allowed among the slaves ; but where a young man has a fine family, the planter often compels him to have several wives, with a view to the increase of stock ; in the same way the women are often obliged to have many husbands. They are as much subject to the commands of their masters in these respects as in all others. The moral effect may be easily conceived. No doubt many humane masters discourage such a system ; but that this evil exists to a great extent is unquestionably true."

" On returning to Mr Street's hotel, (Charleston, S. C.) I asked him to allow one of the boys to carry a note for me, in answer to an invitation to dine ; but he at once told me he could not send any of the slaves out of his house. Mr Ferguson, the bar-keeper, offered to carry it, and the landlord consented. Ferguson told me that the slaves were most cruelly treated in this house, and were never allowed to go out of it ; because, as soon as they were out of sight, they infallibly made every exertion to run away. Next morning, looking from my window, before breakfast, I saw Mrs Street give a servant a blow that made him reel. I afterward found it was her daily and hourly practice to beat her slaves, male and female, with her fist, or a thong made of cow-hide. The cook told me he was leading a life of terrible suffering. His wife and children had been purchased by another person, and though living in the same town for more than two years he was never allowed to see them ; he would be beaten within an ace of his life, if he ventured to go even to the corner of the street."

“I have seen instances of attachment quite as strong, if not stronger, on the part of slaves toward their masters, than I ever saw on the part of a white man to his master ; but the master may at pleasure abuse his power ; and it is a notorious fact in the southern part of the United States, that the largest slave proprietors, whose interest it is to be humane, treat their slaves the worst. I could easily refer to many instances. One is so well known that there is no impropriety in mentioning it. General H——, one of the greatest slave proprietors in the United States, a South Carolinian, not only maltreats his slaves, but stints them in food, over-works them, and keeps them almost naked. I have seen more than one of his overseers, who gave a dreadful account of the state of slaves on his plantations, and who left the service because they would no longer assist in the cruel punishments inflicted. I do not mention this fact merely on such authority ; it is a matter of notoriety.”

“There is in Charleston a guard of soldiers, who patrol the city during the night. Whenever the least symptom of rebellion, or insubordination appears, the master sends the slave to the jail, where for a trifling *douceur* to the jailer, or his assistants, he is whipped or beaten as the master desires.”

“In New Orleans the cleaning of the streets is performed, under the direction of overseers, by slaves chained together, with hardly any clothes on their backs, sent there at the discretion of their masters, as a punishment for some delinquency, real or supposed. Females are frequently employed in this way. The laws respecting slaves are as cruelly strict and tyranni-

cal here as at Charleston, or in Georgia. While I was in New Orleans, a slave was hung, for some trifling offence; but none of the newspapers took the slightest notice of it. The editors were afraid that there doing so might be construed into an offence against the laws, which made it criminal to publish anything '*tending* to produce discontent among the colored population.' Nothing can be more clear than that neither the liberty of the press, or the liberty of speech, exists in a State where such laws are found in the statute book. What renders the severe enactments with regard to free colored people peculiarly galling, is that they force into banishment many colored citizens of New Orleans, who were among the most conspicuous defenders of the State during the British invasion, in 1814."

[From the Duke of Saxe Weimar's Travels.]

"At Charleston, S. C. I took up my abode in Jones's Hotel, a well supported and finely situated house, whose host was a mulatto. In consequence of a conspiracy among the slaves, a few years previous, supposed to have been instigated by colored people who had been in the free States, very severe laws were passed, and no free colored person having once crossed the boundary of the State was allowed to return. The wife of our host, Jones, found herself in this predicament. She had visited her native city, New York, and now dared not attempt to return home. I was informed that if I had brought a free black servant with me, he would have been put in custody till I left the State, or I must deposit a considerable security for him."

“The prison in Charleston, destined for the punishment of minor offences of the slaves, displays throughout a remarkable neatness; black overseers go about everywhere armed with cow-hides. In the basement story is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or *at the request of their master*, are flogged. They can receive nineteen lashes according to the existing law. The machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with two nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up while the feet are bound tight to a plank. The body is stretched out as much as possible, and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes counted off!”

“In our road from Milledgeville to Macon, in Georgia, we noticed a gentleman and lady on horseback; a barefooted negro wench was obliged to run with a heavy sack of corn on her shoulders to feed the horses! Then I was convinced, and with pleasure, that I was not in Europe!”

“At the house on Perdido river, we met with a planter from the banks of the Alabama, who had come here to take back one of his negroes, whom he hired to the mistress of this house and ferry. He had treated the poor creature with such barbarity, that the negro, not far from the house, had threatened him with the knife, and had ran back. The man had put us across the river, but as soon as he saw his master, he ran away quickly and was no more to be seen. The *gentleman* asked us to assist him in arresting and detaining his negro; but we unanimously rejected his proposal with disgust. Some days before, the negro

had pleased me much by his lively and agreeable disposition, while his master and tormentor appeared to me, in every respect, highly the reverse."

"In Chartres Street, where we dwelt, in New Orleans, were two establishments, which constantly revolted my feelings, viz: shops in which negroes were bought and sold. These unfortunate beings, of both sexes, stood or sat the whole day, in these shops, or in front of them, to exhibit themselves, and wait for purchasers. The abomination is shocking; and the barbarity and indifference produced among white men by the custom is indescribable. Among the slave-traders, a Hollander from Amsterdam, disgusted me particularly, — his name was Jacobs. He had the most vulgar and sinister countenance imaginable, was constantly drunk, and treated the wretched negroes in the most brutal manner; he was, however, severely beaten by these miserable beings, driven to despair.*

"If a person wishes to have a house negro, male or female chastised, at New Orleans, they are sent to the Calaboose, or slave-prison, with a quarter of a dollar, and a note specifying how many lashes the bearer is to receive. The maximum of lashes is thirtynine. When the punishment is completed, the slave receives a certificate to carry to his master. One species of punishment is termed *aux quatre piquets*. The poor

* Here the translator of Saxe Weimar's works says: "The virtuous indignation of the Duke at these horrible consequences of slavery, is what every man not hardened by long familiarity with such scenes must feel. It is not so generally known as it should be that the *slave-trade* is carried on almost as vigorously now, as it ever was, and by citizens of almost every nation — not in the least excepting Americans."

wretch is pressed out flat on his face upon the earth, and his hands and feet bound to four posts. In this posture he receives his flogging. This frightful method of chastisement is principally in use on plantations, where cruel discipline is chiefly practised. Whoever wishes to punish a house-servant severely sends him to work on the plantation."

"A stranger should see everything, in order to acquire a knowledge of the habits, customs, opinions, and prejudices, of the people he is among; I therefore accepted the offer of some gentlemen, who offered to conduct me from the ball-room of white ladies, to the quaderoon ball. I must avow that I found it much more decent than the masked ball I had left. The colored ladies were under the eyes of their mothers; they were well and gracefully dressed, and behaved with much modesty and propriety. Cotillons and waltzes were danced, and several ladies performed elegantly. I did not remain long; and when I returned, I took great care not to disclose to the white ladies where I had been; but I could not refrain from making comparisons, which in no wise redounded to their advantage. The quaderoons are almost entirely white; from their skin, no one would detect their origin; nay, many of them have as fair a complexion as the haughty creole females. They were formerly known by black hair and eyes; but at present many of them are completely fair. Such of them as frequent these balls are free. Marriage between the white and colored population is forbidden by law; and as the quaderoons, on their part regard the negroes and mulattoes with contempt, nothing

remains for them but to be the 'friends,' as it is termed, of the white men. They assume the name of their 'friend,' and I am assured they preserve this engagement with as much fidelity as ladies espoused at the altar. Some of these girls have inherited handsome fortunes from their fathers and 'friends.' Still their situation is very humiliating. They cannot drive through the streets in a carriage; and their 'friends' are obliged to carry them to the ball, after dark, in their own conveyances. They cannot sit in the presence of white ladies, or enter their apartments, without especial permission. The whites have likewise power to procure these unfortunate creatures a whipping, like that inflicted on slaves, upon an accusation proved by two witnesses. Many of this class have enjoyed the benefit of a careful education; they conduct themselves ordinarily with more propriety and decorum than the whites; and confer more happiness on their 'friends' than many of the married ladies to their lords. Many wealthy fathers on account of existing prejudices send their daughters to France, where they find no difficulty in forming a legitimate establishment. Yet the white ladies constantly speak of these unhappy and oppressed beings with the greatest contempt and animosity. The strongest language of high nobility in the old world, cannot be more haughty, overweening, or contemptuous toward their fellow creatures, than the expressions of white women with regard to quadroons, in one of the much-vaunted States of this free Union. In truth such comparison strikes the mind of a thinking being very singularly!"

“One witnesses almost daily examples of the degrading treatment, which the poor negroes experience. One scene, which roused my indignation in the highest manner, I cannot suffer to pass in silence. There was a young Virginian slave in our boarding-house, employed as a chambermaid; a cleanly, attentive, quiet, and very regular individual. A Frenchman residing in the house called early in the morning for water to wash. As the water was not instantly brought, he went down the steps, and encountered the poor girl, who just then had some other occupation in hand. He struck her with his fist in the face, so that the blood ran from her forehead. The poor creature, roused by this sudden and unmerited abuse, put herself on the defensive, and seized the Frenchman by the throat. The fellow ran to his room, gathered his things together, and was about to leave the house. When our landlady, Madame Herries (of New Orleans) was informed of this, in order to satisfy the wretch, she disgraced herself by having twentysix lashes inflicted upon the poor slave with a cow-hide; and she refined upon her cruelty so much as to compel the girl’s sweetheart, a young negro slave who waited in the house, to count off the lashes upon her. The Frenchman, a merchant’s clerk, from Montpelier, was not satisfied with this; he went to the police, lodged a complaint against the girl, had her arrested by two constables, and whipped again in his presence. I regret that I did not take note of this miscreant’s name, that I might give his disgraceful conduct its merited publicity.”

[From Ferrall's Ramble through the United States.]

“In the South, slavery exists in its most unqualified condition, wanting those milder modifications which serve to dress and decorate the person of this ugly fiend. Here may be seen hundreds of animals of our own genus exposed for sale, and examined in precisely the same manner as we examine horses. Many melancholy instances occur here, which clearly illustrate the evils of slavery and its demoralizing influence on human character. It is no uncommon occurrence to see the Christian father sell his own daughter, and the brother his own sister by the same father. Slaves do not marry, but pair at discretion; and the more children are produced the better for the masters.

“During my stay, Doctor — came down the river with thirty slaves, among whom were an old negro and negress, between sixty and seventy years of age. This unfortunate old woman had borne twenty-one children, all of whom had been sold in the New Orleans market, and carried into other States, and to distant parts of Louisiana. The Doctor said he was bringing her into Louisiana, in preference to other markets, because he thought the prospect of being with some of her children would induce her to leave home quietly. ‘Aldo I suckle my massa at dis breast,’ said the old negress, ‘yet now he sell me to sugar-planter,* after he sell all my children away from me.’

“I was informed that this gentleman was a strict Methodist, much esteemed by preachers of that per-

* Slaves have the utmost horror of sugar plantations, on account of the toilsome nature of the occupation.

suasion, on account of his liberal contributions to their support."

[From Capt. Basil Hall's Travels in the United States.]

"As I had never happened to be present at the sale of a negro, I resolved to witness it for once, in the city of Washington, where, at first sight, such an incident might least of all have been looked for. As I passed, the flags were just hoisted on the Capitol, to intimate that the Senate and House of Representatives had assembled to discuss the affairs of this free nation — slavery among the rest. The only man I could see in the passage of the County Court House was a great, heavy-looking black fellow, who appeared so downcast and miserable, that I settled within myself that this must needs be Negro George placed there for inspection. The Deputy Marshal told me he was a slave, indeed; but not for sale. After various delays, the slave was put up at auction. There was a good deal of laughing and talking among the buyers, and several jests were sported on the occasion, of which their little victim took no more notice than if he had been a horse or a dog. He was a slender, delicate-looking youth, more yellow than black, with an expression suitable to his forlorn situation. Both his parents, and all his brothers and sisters, he told me had been sold into the Southern States — he knew not where!

"'Well, gentlemen,' cried the Deputy Marshal, 'will you give us a bid? — as smart a fellow as ever you saw — works like a tiger!' I felt my pulse accelerating at each successive offer. Finding the price to

hang at one hundred dollars, the Marshal looked over to me, and said, 'Do give us a bid, sir.' My indignation was just beginning to boil over, and I cried out, with more asperity than good sense, or good breeding, 'No! I thank God we don't do such things in my country!' 'And I wish with all my heart we did not do such things here,' replied the auctioneer, in a tone that made me sorry for having spoken so hastily. 'Amen,' said several voices. The sale went on."

"I was somewhat amused, if this be a proper word to apply to such things, to observe how adroitly the inhabitants of the different States in America shifted the blame off their own shoulders to those of their neighbors. The Virginians told me sad stories of the way in which the South Carolinians used their negroes. But when I reached that State, I heard such language as follows:—'Wait till you go to Georgia,' said the Carolina planters; 'there you will see what the slaves suffer.' On reaching Savannah, however, the ball was tossed along to the westward. 'Oh, sir, you have no idea how ill the slaves are used in Louisiana; there among the sugar plantations, they have to work day and night, Sundays and all.' I believe the real truth is this: men of sense and feeling use their slaves well in every State; not only because it is more agreeable to be kind to them, but because the pecuniary advantages are always greater. Men who have not sense, or command of temper, are sure to disregard the feelings of those over whom they have unlimited authority. Consequently, wherever there is slavery, there must be more or less injustice. Under any system of legislative arrangement in America, as

far as I could learn, the negroes must in every case, be left almost entirely to the control of their masters, or with no appeal that deserves the name. In most cases the masters are obliged to act as judge, jury, and executioner. Painful as this is to think upon, I was assured, and I fear with justice, that it was indispensable to the continuance of the system.

“One Southern gentleman declared to me that slavery was a very great evil, in every sense of the word. He said all practical men admitted that the amount of work done by slaves, was, generally speaking, the lowest possible, and of the worst quality; for since the fear of the lash was their chief motive to exertion, so every art which ingenuity could devise, was put in force to evade their assigned tasks. How these things would modify themselves in time, no one could tell. There might be bloody insurrections, aided by foreign enemies — the States might separate, and civil wars ensue — or servile wars might follow — or the blacks and whites might, in process of ages, by the combination of some moral and political miracle, learn to assimilate. But in the meantime he believed the present generation could do nothing to advance such an object.”*

* Capt. Hall is of the same opinion, and talks of abolition as a very rash thing. I have heard several planters say “*The time had not yet come to do away this great evil; perhaps in one or two hundred years it might be effected.*” If they are sincere, is it not a strange kind of selfish indolence which leads them to entail upon their posterity, the curse which they so pathetically bewail has been entailed upon them by England? What they now consider so difficult, will be a thousand fold more difficult a hundred years hence. Are these the men who fought about a small tax on tea, because it involved a principle dangerous to the liberty and prosperity of their *descendants*?

"The planters themselves, almost without exception, admitted to me, with perfect frankness, that there was more or less of a deleterious effect produced on their own character by the unfortunate circumstances inseparable from their situation. I have seldom felt more sincerely for any set of men, when I heard them lamenting, with bitterness of spirit, the evil influences of the system infusing itself, daily and hourly, into the minds of their children, in the very teeth of their own strenuous efforts to prevent such contamination.

"At Camden a gentleman said to me, 'You have no idea, sir, how we are cursed with our servants. If my slave be a drunkard, or a thief, nobody will buy him, and the laws wout allow me to turn him about his business. I must feed and clothe the rogue all the time, while I get little or no service out of him.'"

[From "Voyages dans L'Interieur de la Louisiane, par C. C. Robin."]

"The owners of slaves encourage licentiousness, in order to receive the profits. These arrangements are not only perfectly well known to the lady of the house, but generally sanctioned, and regulated by her.

"Our European ladies would not know how to reconcile the approbation of such shameful customs with the spirit of the Christian religion. Yet we see women who thus degrade the unfortunate beings

*The value of slave *labor* reminds me of an anecdote. Some gentlemen travelling through a sandy and barren part of New England, stood looking over into the fields, while the driver changed horses. "I pity whoever owns this land," said one. "He must be a confounded poor fellow," said another. A man, who had been working, unperceived, near the wall, started up, and exclaimed, "Not so confounded poor, neither! I don't own but two acres of it."

within their power,—or, at best, consent to their degradation, from motives of avarice,—we see these very women kneeling around the sacred altar, in commemoration of him, who came to ‘overcome evil with good.’ Nor are the priests themselves free from similar stains. The perpetual clashing between interest and religious principle, produced by the system of slavery, is beginning to give rise to fermentations, which are preparing the way for the dissolution of these United States. The event may be retarded; but while the existing cause remains, it can only be retarded to become more violent.”

[From Col. Hamilton’s *Men and Manners in America*.]

“At New York I visited a school for the education of children of color. I here found about a hundred boys, in whose countenances might be traced every possible gradation of complexion between the swarthy Ethiop and the florid European. Indeed several of the children were so fair, that I certainly never should have discovered the lurking taint of African descent. In person they were clean and neat, and though of course the offspring of the lower class of people, nothing in their dress or appearance indicated abject poverty. The master struck me as an intelligent and benevolent man. He frankly answered all my questions, and evidently took pride in the proficiency of his pupils.

“In this country, I have often heard it gravely maintained by men of education and intelligence, that the negroes were an inferior race, a link as it were between men and brutes. I asked the master whether the results of his experience had led to the inference, that the aptitude of negro children for acquiring

knowledge was inferior to that of the whites. He declared that in sagacity, perseverance, and capacity for the acquisition and retention of knowledge, his poor, despised scholars were equal to any boys he had ever known. 'But, alas, sir,' said he, 'to what end are these poor creatures taught acquirements, from the exercise of which they are destined to be debarred by the prejudices of society? It is surely but a cruel mockery to cultivate talents, when in the present state of public feeling, there is no field open for their useful employment. Be his acquirements what they may, a negro is still a creature marked out for degradation, and exclusion from those objects which stimulate the hopes and powers of other men.' I asked whether, in the free States, all offices and employments were not open to the man of color as well as to the white? He said my question indicated that I was not a native of the country. The exclusion to which he referred, did not arise from any legislative enactment, but from the tyranny of that *prejudice*, which regarding the poor black as a being of inferior order, works its own fulfilment in *making* him so.

"One class in the school were employed in navigation, and worked several complicated problems with great accuracy and rapidity. A large proportion were perfectly conversant with arithmetic, and not a few with the lower mathematics. Questions in geography were answered with a facility, which I confess would have puzzled me exceedingly, had they been addressed to myself.

"The master told me that the class studying navigation were destined to be sailors; but let their talents

be what they might, it was just as feasible for the poor creatures to become Chancellor of State, as mate of a ship. As masons, they might carry a hod, and handle a trowel, but the office of master-bricklayer was open to them in precisely the same sense as the Professor of Natural Philosophy. As carpenters, shoemakers, or tailors, they were still arrested by the same barrier. No *gentleman* would ever think of ordering garments from a *schneider* whose cuticle was less white than his own. Grocers they might be; but who could conceive of a respectable matron purchasing tea, or spiceries, from a vile *nigger*?

“I cannot help considering it a mistake that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States. It is true that one human being, within their limits, can no longer claim property in the thews and sinews of another. But is this all we mean by freedom? If the word mean anything, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given him. In this true meaning of the word, it may be safely asserted that this degraded *caste* are still slaves. It is a mere abuse of language to call him *free*, who is tyrannically deprived of all the motives to exertion, which animate other men. It cannot be denied that the negro population are still *compelled* to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to their fellow citizens. *Citizens!* There is something ludicrous in the application of the word to these miserable *Pariahs*.* What privileges can they enjoy as

* The *Pariahs* are the lowest *caste* in Hindostan, compelled to follow

such? Are they admissible upon a jury? Can they enrol themselves in the militia? Will a white man eat with them, or extend to them the hand of fellowship? If men, so irresistibly manacled to degradation, are to be called *free*, tell us, at least, what stuff *slaves* are made of!

"Many enlightened men, I am convinced, are above these prejudices. To these I would appeal. They have already begun the work of raising this unfortunate race from the almost brutal state to which tyranny and injustice had condemned it. But let them not content themselves with such delusive benefits as the extension of the right of suffrage, recently conferred in New York.* The opposition to be overcome, is not that of *law*, but of *opinion*. If, in unison with the ministers of religion, they will set their shoulders to the wheel, and combat prejudice with reason, ignorance with knowledge, and pharisaical assumption with the mild tenets of Christianity, they must succeed in infusing a better tone into the minds and hearts of their countrymen. In doing this, they will become the benefactors, not only of the colored population, but of their fellow citizens. They will give freedom to both; for the man whose mind is shackled by degrading prejudice, is really not more free than he who is its victim."

none but the most toilsome occupations, and forbidden to marry out of their own caste.

* In 1829 the Legislature of New York extended the right of suffrage to colored men possessed of a clear freehold estate, without encumbrance, of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars. The same right was granted to *every* white man of twentyone years, who had been one year in the State.

“A young mulatto from St Domingo, accompanied an English merchant to New York, which he came to visit for pleasure and instruction. He was the son of a Haytian General, high in the favor of President Boyer. At home, he had been accustomed to receive all the deference due to his rank; and he had high anticipations of the pleasure that awaited him in a city so opulent and enlightened as New York. He ordered his baggage to be conveyed to the best hotel; but he was rudely refused admittance. He tried several others with a similar result, and was at length obliged to take up his abode in a miserable lodging house kept by a negro woman. Sooth to say, the young Haytian was something of a dandy, and made an imposing display of gold chains and brooches. His pride was sadly galled by this treatment; and every day's experience confirmed the conviction that he was regarded as a degraded being, with whom the meanest white man would hold it disgraceful to associate. When he went to the theatre, his money was tossed back to him with a disdainful intimation that the place for persons of his color was the upper gallery. The English merchant, who had often been a guest at his father's table, visited him the next morning, and found him in a state of despair. All his dreams of pleasure were gone. He returned by the first conveyance, to visit the United States no more.

“Should this young man visit England, he may feel quite secure, that if he have money in his pocket, he will offer himself at no hotel, from Land's End to John O'Groat's house, where he will not meet a very cordial reception. Churches, theatres, operas, con-

certs, coaches, chariots, steam-boats, railway carriages, and air-balloons, will all be open to him as the daylight. He may repose on cushions of down, or cushions of air, he may charm his ear with music, and his palate with luxuries of all sorts. He may even enjoy the honors of a crowned head, if he will only pay like one. In short, so long as he carries certain golden ballast with him, all will go well. But when that is done — God help him !

“ Washington, the seat of government of a free people, is disgraced by slavery. While the orators in Congress are rounding periods about liberty in one part of the city, proclaiming *alto voce* that all men are equal, and that ‘resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,’ the auctioneer is exposing human flesh for sale in another !

“ I trust I do not write on this painful subject in an insulting spirit. That slavery should exist in the United States is far less the fault than the misfortune of the people. The present generation are the involuntary inheritors of a patrimony of guilt and misery, and are condemned to pay the penalty of that original sin, which has left a deep taint on the memory of our common ancestors. But that slavery should exist in the *District of Columbia* — that even the foot-print of a slave should be suffered to contaminate the soil peculiarly consecrated to freedom — that the very shrine of the goddess should be polluted with chains and fetters — this is perhaps the most extraordinary and monstrous anomaly to which human inconsistency has given birth.

“ He who would study the contradictions of national

and individual character should come to Washington. He will hear the words of freedom, and see the practice of slavery. Men who sell their fellow creatures will discourse to him of indefeasible rights; he will look for charters, and find manacles; expect liberality, and be met by prejudice.

"During our passage down the Mississippi, the man who generally occupied the place next to me at dinner was a slave-dealer. He swallowed brandy every half hour of the day, and passed three fourths of both day and night in gambling. His poor gang of slaves were above stairs, the men loaded with heavy chains, and the women with scarcely rags enough to serve the purposes of decency. They seemed to take pride in the largeness of the prices they had formerly brought in the market; and one, with a look of dignity, told me her master had refused three hundred dollars for her. Who, after this, shall presume to say that vanity is not inherent in woman? The men were in a wretched and disgusting state. Their chains prevented their performing the ordinary functions of cleanliness, and their skin had become covered with a sort of scaly eruption. But I will not enlarge on a subject so revolting. I remember, however, that no one on board talked about freedom so loudly or so long as this slave-dealer. He at length left us, and the sky seemed brighter, and the earth greener, after his departure.

"There are slave auctions almost every day in the New Orleans Exchange. I was frequently present at these; and the man who wants an excuse for misanthropy will nowhere discover better reason for hating

and despising his species. The poor object of traffic is mounted on a table; while purchasers examine his points, the auctioneer dilates on his value, and enumerates his accomplishments. When a woman is sold, he usually puts his audience in good humor by a few indecent jokes.

“One of the first human beings whom I happened to see thus sold, was a poor woman, apparently dying of consumption. She was emaciated, her voice was husky and feeble, and her proper place was evidently the hospital. It was with difficulty she was raised upon the table. ‘Now, gentlemen, here is Mary!’ said the auctioneer; ‘a clever house servant and an excellent cook. She has only one fault, gentlemen, and that is shamming sick. She pretends to be ill, but there is nothing more the matter with her than there is with me at this moment. Will nobody say a hundred dollars for Mary, a clever servant and excellent cook? Fifty dollars is bid for her—thank you, sir.’ Here the auctioneer stopped, while several men began feeling the poor woman’s ribs, and putting questions as to her health. ‘Are you well?’ asked one man. ‘Oh, no, I **am** very ill.’ ‘What is the matter, with you?’ ‘I have a bad cough, and a pain in my side.’ ‘How long have you had it?’ ‘Three months and more.’ Here the auctioneer, finding such questions did not enhance the value of the lot, again went on. ‘Never mind what she says, gentlemen. I told you she was a shammer. Her health is good enough. D—— her humbug. Give her a touch or two of the cow-hide, and I’ll warrant she’ll do your work.’ Seventy dollars were bid, and the sale concluded amid sundry jests at the

purchaser. 'A bloody good lot of skin and bone,' said one. 'I guess she'll soon be food for the land crabs,' said another; and amid such atrocious merriment the poor dying creature was led off.

"If such scenes are acted in a Christian country, it is the duty of every traveller to proclaim them loudly to the world, that those who perpetrate the enormities, may receive their due meed of indignation and contempt. The time is past when it was necessary to write whole volumes, in illustration of the evils and injustice of slavery. They are now admitted and confessed by every one. They are so great as to admit of no exaggeration by eloquence, nor of palliation or concealment by sophistry. It probably ought not to be charged as a crime upon the American people that slavery still exists in by far the larger portion of the territory of the Union. But now, when the United States have enjoyed more than half a century of almost unbroken prosperity—when their people, as they themselves declare, are the most moral, the most benevolent, the most enlightened in the world—we surely are entitled to ask what this people have done for the mitigation of slavery. The answer may unfortunately be comprised in one word—NOTHING. The voice of justice and humanity has been raised in vain; and it may be safely predicted that while slavery is confessedly incompatible with the progress of intelligence, its last strong-hold will be found, not in Portugal—not in Turkey—not in Algiers—but in the United States."

"I admit that the abolition of slavery in the United States is involved in peculiar difficulties; but there

are crying evils on which immediate legislation is imperiously demanded. The first of these is undoubtedly the *internal slave-trade*, carried on between the different States. Some of these, where the climate is healthy, and the soil easy, are slave breeders, for the consumption of other States, where the climate is deadly and labor severe. The cultivation of sugar in Louisiana, for instance, is carried on at an enormous expense of human life. Planters, in order to keep up their stock, must buy from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. On my return from New Orleans, I met a whole drove of these miserable creatures, chained together like felons, and driven like brute beasts by the lash. In God's name, let this unhallowed traffic be put a stop to! Let not men's eyes be shocked by sights so atrocious. Let not the licentiousness of one State furnish materials for the cruelties of another;—but by wise legislation, let humanity be made the interest, as it is the duty of *all*. It would be difficult to decide whether slavery is most to be lamented for the injustice perpetrated towards its victims, or for its depraving influence upon those who inflict that injustice. Sure I am that the evils of this detestable system cannot be exaggerated by the most fervid imagination.

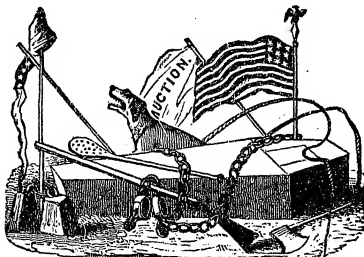
“While Jefferson was continually puling about liberty, equality, and the degrading curse of slavery, he brought his own children to the hammer, and made money of his debaucheries. Even at his death, he did not manumit his numerous offspring, but left them soul and body, to degradation and the cart-whip. A daughter of Jefferson was sold some years ago,

by public auction, at New Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of that statesman.

"It will scarcely be believed that in the United States it is *common* for fathers to sell their children, for sons to sell their brothers and their sisters; and that atrocities so heinous are unvisited by public indignation or contempt. And yet it is so.

"I will not enlarge on this odious subject. But in the name of consistency and common sense, either let such enormities cease to be perpetrated in the United States, or let the word *morality* be at once erased from the American vocabulary.

"To suppose that slavery can long continue in this country, when other nations shall have freed themselves from the foulest stain which ever polluted humanity, is to contemplate a period when the United States will become a nuisance upon earth, and an object of derision to the whole world."



All men born free and equal ?

JUDICIAL DECISIONS IN SLAVE STATES.

Jourdan vs. Patten.

THE plaintiff, a lady of Louisiana, sued a neighboring proprietor for the damage of putting out the only eye of one of her slaves. The Parish [County] Court decreed that the lady should recover twelve hundred dollars, the value of her slave, and a further sum of twentyfive dollars per month from the time that the slave was deprived of his sight; that the defendant should pay the physician's bill, and two hundred dollars for the sustenance of the slave during his life, and that he should remain in the possession of the lady, his mistress.

* The SUPREME COURT were of opinion that this judgment was *erroneous* in giving, in addition to the full value of the slave, compensation for the loss of his labor after he was rendered blind; in decreeing that the defendant should pay two hundred dollars for the subsistence of the slave, and that he should remain forever with his mistress. "When the defendant," say the Court, "shall have paid the sum decreed, [twelve hundred dollars], we are of opinion that the slave ought to be placed in *his* possession, deeming that the judgment making full compensation to the owner

operates a change of the property. * * The principle of *humanity*, which would lead us to suppose that the mistress, whom he had long served, would treat her miserable blind slave with more humanity than the defendant, *cannot be taken into consideration* in deciding this case. Cruelty and inhumanity ought not to be presumed against any person.”—*Martin’s Louisiana Reports*, 1818.

NOTE.—By the Jewish law, if the owner smote out an eye of a slave, he went free “for his eye’s sake.” A law to the like effect prevailed in Egypt, Athens and Rome. Here a slave by an inhuman injury done to him, is made the property of the injurer! The reader will observe in this and subsequent cases, that it is the owner who seeks and obtains protection for his *property*, not the slave for his limbs or his life. The slave is regarded as a mere *chattel*. The cases here cited are a few among many recorded in the Judicial Reports of the Southern States.

Commonwealth vs. Booth.

A jury of the Superior Court of Petersburg, Virginia, presented to the Judges in a special verdict the following question; viz: “Can a master be indicted for beating his own slave cruelly, inhumanly and beyond the bounds of moderation?”

“R. E. PARKER, J. We mean to express no opinion as to this point. It involves a grave and serious, as well as a *delicate* inquiry into the rights and duties of slave-holders and the condition of their slaves, which we shall be prepared to enter upon with a due sense of its importance, whenever a *proper occasion* arises.”—*Judge Brockenbrough’s Virginia Cases*, 1824.

NOTE.—This question, which the judges deemed of so much “gravity,” “delicacy,” and “importance,” has *never* been decided to this day, in any American slave State. The “proper occasion” has never arrived; and probably never will arrive, while judges, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers, are all slave owners.

Harris vs. Nicholas.

Harris let a slave to Nicholas, to labor for a term; Nicholas underlet the same slave to one Patterson. Patterson’s overseer, Thilmon by name, “so unlawfully, cruelly, and excessively whipped the said slave Joe, alias Roger, that by reason of such unlawful, cruel and excessive whipping, the said slave afterward died.” These words are extracted from the writ which Harris brought against Nicholas to recover the value of the murdered slave. Mr Wirt prosecuted the suit. The claim was not sustained by the Court.

ROANE, J. “The act of Thilman was not *authorized* by the defendant, and was not committed in the *usual and proper course of duty*; but was a wilful and unauthorized *trespass*.”—*Munford’s Virginia Reports*, 1817.

The State vs. Guy Raines.

This was an indictment for the murder of a slave named *Isaac*.

Raines, the prisoner was permitted to show what had been his own account of the matter. According to that account, one William Gray, the owner of the deceased, had given him in charge to Raines to be carried to the county jail; that the slave was a very bad slave, *had been shot, and had the shot in him*; that he refused to proceed toward the jail, that thereupon

Raines gave him *five hundred lashes*, but still he refused to go along ; that Raines then tied his legs, and left him to go for assistance ; that soon after he sent two white women to prevent any one from cutting the slave loose.

On the part of the prosecution, it was proved that Isaac expired about eight minutes after the women reached him ; that he bled at the nose, mouth, and ears ; that he appeared to have been severely whipped below the small of his back ; that the blood appeared in several places ; that several small switches and two or three *larger* ones, much worn, lay near ; and also that a stick with a small end and a *larger* one *seemed* to have been used. Nothing was said of any dying declarations of the slave. Further, on the part of the prisoner, it was proved (by witnesses other than himself,) that Isaac had been shot twice, that he had one load of buck-shot in him, that he had been shot at several times, that he was a powerful man ; that Gray his master had given him *a thousand lashes* a few weeks before his death ; that shortly after he escaped and run away, and having been caught was committed to the custody of the prisoner as above mentioned.

The counsel for Raines moved the court that the prisoner be sworn, and permitted to exculpate and acquit himself by *his own oath*, according to a statute law of the State. The Court overruled the motion, on the ground that *white witnesses were present*, the law providing for the admission of a man's own oath to his own innocence only in case that no other white person were present, or, if present,

refused to appear in court, or to be examined. Here the women had testified. The Jury brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*; but recommended the prisoner to mercy. The COURT of APPEALS afterward decided that the "exculpatory oath" ought to have been admitted, and Raines was fully acquitted.—*McCord's South Carolina Reports*, 1826.

NOTE.—That a person charged with murder should be allowed to justify the crime, by his declaration that he or somebody else had attempted to commit murder upon the same unfortunate being before, is a phenomenon in a learned and Christian court, which would be looked for in vain, except in "the most enlightened and virtuous nation upon earth."

The reader will have observed the convenient indefiniteness of the evidence about the *size* of the sticks. This was not without an object; for though the laws of South Carolina do not pretend to prescribe or limit the punishment of a slave, but allow it to any extent "by whipping or beating with a horse-whip, cow-skin, switch, or *small* stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning a slave," yet for using a *large* stick so as to kill, it would, by the *terms* of the law, be murder. This seems to explain the singular indefiniteness of the testimony on this point.

The story told by Raines, respecting the whole affair, was allowed to be introduced as evidence, while on the other hand the words of the dying man were given to the winds. After all, the jury found him guilty of a penitentiary offence. *But his own oath that he was not guilty countervailed the verdict of twelve men*, all interested to uphold slave-holding power!

And this was the case not of a slave-owner, but of a mere laborer, who had killed the slave of another man. If all

these strings were applied and pulled to save *him* from the consequences of murdering a slave, how many more are likely to be put in operation to save a planter — who is now in America what a feudal nobleman was in the dark ages in Europe?

Richardson vs. Dukes.

This was an action of trespass for killing the plaintiff's slave. It appeared in evidence that the defendant discovered two negroes stealing potatoes from a bank, which he had put up near his house; he shot at them with a gun loaded with buckshot, and killed one of them belonging to the plaintiff. The evidence was that the negro was of bad character. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for one dollar.

THE COURT per NOTT, J. The defendant acknowledged he did not know the negroes, but that he nevertheless shot with a determination to kill; "for he was determined to kill every rascal that came inside of his plantation." It was not then because he was under any state of alarm, or that he apprehended these persons to be of dangerous character, but it was in pursuance of a resolution to kill every one that he found trespassing upon him. It is true that it turned out that this negro was of bad character; but still he was entitled to the protection of law, and his *master to his services*. It is only in the *latter* point of view that the case is now to be considered. * * The jury were not at liberty to let this defendant off with merely nominal damages. There is no principle upon which this verdict can be justified, and the motion for a new

trial must be granted.—*McCord's South Carolina Reports*, 1827.

Witsell vs. Earnest and Parker.

The defendants, who were in the service of Doctor Glover, proceeded from his plantation to Mrs E. Witsell's, for the purpose of *hunting runaway negroes*. They loaded their guns with buckshot, and on approaching the house they separated, so as to command the back of the house. A negro, who was in or near the house, on their approach jumped up and ran off towards a swamp, which was at no great distance. The defendants fired at the same instant and killed the negro. He was the property of the plaintiff, who commenced this action to recover his value.

The country had been in a state of alarm in consequence of the depredations of runaway negroes, and a murder had been committed at no great distance from this place some time previously to this. The presiding judge instructed the jury that such circumstances might exist as to authorize the killing of a negro, *without the sanction of a magistrate, or the order of an officer of the militia*. Verdict for the defendants, and a motion to set it aside, on the ground that the circumstances stated were not connected with this transaction.

Mr Justice COLCOCK delivered the opinion of the Court. The killing is not justified by the statute or common law. The *plaintiff* has sustained an injury in her *property*, and is entitled to compensation. * * I am of opinion that the act was *unnecessary* and illegal.—*Nott and McCord's South Carolina Reports*, 1818.

NOTE.—In this case, the slave was shot on his mistress' plantation, and near her dwelling house, in the act of running, it is true, but it might be for some lawful object, or it might be to get out of the way of those *hunting* parties, who are Labitually reckless of the lives of all colored men.

Mahony vs. Ashton.

Ann Joice, a slave, was carried by her master, Lord Baltimore, from Barbadoes to England, from whence she afterward came with him to Maryland, between 1678 and 1681. In 1797, her great-great-grandson petitioned the Court for his freedom, on the ground that a residence in England had made Ann Joice a free woman.

Ridgely, for the petitioner. If Joice was previously a slave, *she became free the moment she set her foot upon English soil*—no matter where she was born, or whence she came. If she was once free, change of residence could not afterward make her a slave, and her issue had of course a right to freedom. The Common Law takes no notice of negroes being different from other men. Slavery is incompatible with every principle of religion and morality. It is unnatural, and contrary to the maxims of political law; especially in this country, where we hold these truths to be self-evident, that "all men are created equal," and that liberty is an "inalienable right."

Schaaf, for the defendant, objected to the admissibility of a general report in the neighborhood that Ann Joice's family had a right to freedom, as evidence to the Jury. *There might be an opinion in future times that all men have a right to be free*; this might in course of years come to be a general report, and according to the doctrine contended for by the counsel for the peti-

tioner, would be admissible as evidence! On the general question he said: A slave has no rights. Even the killing or maiming of one is only an offence against government. Ann Joice went a slave to England, and as the common law protects *property*, she was not a subject for the law to act upon. *Magna Charta* relates to *freemen*. Lord *Mansfield* may be charged with bending to the policy of the times, *Wilkes* and *Liberty*, of which the young heated brain of *Hargrave*, who argued the case, was full; and Lord *Holt*, when he made the dictum that a slave when he touches England is free, had a revolutionary ebullition of liberty in his brain."

Harper, on the same side. Lord Mansfield, in *Somerset's* case does not say the negro becomes free; but only that the *right* of the master cannot be *enforced* in England. The right was only suspended. * * *No right can originate in wrong.* If the slave had *run away* and gone to England, she would by the doctrine contended for, have been free!!

CHASE, CH. J, at the sittings of the General Court having decided in favor of the petitioner, the COURT OF APPEALS now gave the following opinion: That upon bringing Ann Joice into this State, (then the Province of Maryland) the relation of master and slave continued in its extent, as authorized by the laws of this State, and that therefore the judgment of the General Court must be reversed. JUDGMENT REVERSED.—*Harris and McHenry's Maryland Reports*, 1799.

THE LAND OF THE FREE!

A coming bark has heaved in sight ;
She hastens with the morning light ;
Upon her deck, where many stand,
A thoughtful stranger marks the land ;
And when the sails at last are furl'd,
To moor him in this western world,
Feelings he never knew before,
Thrill through him as he leaps on shore —
For the first time his feet have felt
The soil on which the Pilgrims knelt !

It is Columbia's natal day !
Her flags are floating broad and gay
Upon the air — and bell and gun
Have loudly hail'd the rising sun —
There 's sporting, feasting, and the song
Of Liberty is borne along
On every breeze ; while joy, and mirth,
And plenty, seem to fill the earth —
The stranger thinks, " How blest to be
In this bright birth-place of the free !"

He hears the holy anthem raised —
He hears the God of nations praised —
That God, who wills all men should be
Endow'd with light and liberty :
But hark! the clanking of a chain,
With groans that come from mortal pain —

religious slaves almost without exception declined joining in rebellion. Among the opponents of emancipation in the West Indies no small pains have been taken to promote insurrections, on purpose to throw the blame on abolitionists; false reports of rebellions that never took place were likewise occasionally resorted to. Some idea of the savage spirit of the community may be drawn from the fact that an Englishman was obliged to retreat hastily from Jamaica, being assailed with the utmost fury as a promoter of insurrections, though he was merely found guilty of having said, "God bless you!" to a slave, who opened the gate as he passed.

It seems remarkable the world is not yet convinced that even the worst cause is helped by persecution. A good one is prodigiously assisted by it; because it induces that very examination and inquiry, which its friends are most desirous to promote. But it is wisely ordered by Divine Providence, that the passions of selfish men should compel them to aid a righteous purpose in the only way they would ever be willing to do it. Accumulated experience will never enable the proud and the vicious to estimate rightly the strength and perseverance of those who labor from serious convictions of duty. Ambition and worldly prudence may be intimidated by calumny and insult; but conscience is made "of sterner stuff." Success will come—not by the influence of wealth, or the might of eloquence—but by the simple power of TRUTH; which must and will prevail, though earth and hell combine against it.

MOBS IN JAMAICA.

IN 1832, there was a rebellion among the negroes of Jamaica, occasioned principally, if not entirely, by an attempt to deprive the slaves of two of their customary holidays. This insurrection was considered a good opportunity for manifesting a long-cherished hatred against the Methodist and Baptist Missionaries in the island. The planters, overseers, drivers, &c. were all willing to have the entire blame laid upon these innocent men; and forthwith there was a hue and cry raised against them as incendiaries, cut-throats, &c. In point of fact, the Missionaries were meek and pious men, who had quietly obeyed the laws, and urged the slaves to a patient performance of their duties, according to the maxims of forbearance and love, inculcated by our holy religion. They were indeed abolitionists at heart, as one would suppose every Christian minister *must* be; but into the minds of the slaves they sought to infuse nothing save kindness and consolation. Yet there were many in the community determined to brand them as insurrectionists and murderers — stories utterly false were circulated and believed, just as is now the case with regard to abolitionists in the United States. In vain

they denied the charges, and asserted that they had never done, or said, or wished, anything against the public peace ; few took the pains to inquire into what they secretly wished to have proved true. There was nothing to be done, but to let persecution do its wildest work, and trust, as Luther did of old, for protection "under the broad shield of God."

One writer from Jamaica says : "The great and glorious work has commenced. It is now ten o'clock, and all hands are at work demolishing the Baptist and Wesleyan chapels. Lots of groans, as you may imagine, from the saints and their followers." Another says : "Some true-hearted Jamaicans have truly ennobled themselves this night by razing to the earth that pestilential hole, Knibb's preaching shop. Verily, friend, they have not spared Box's also. He no longer will be able to beat the roll-call to prayers, nor the tattoo upon the consciences of our poor deluded slaves."

Property to the value of more than £20,000 was destroyed in this violent way, without the least provocation. The missionaries, who suffered much, and suffered meekly, found great difficulty in escaping with life. The magistrates, at heart, sympathized with their persecutors, and of course extended very inefficient protection. In some cases those in authority actually assisted in deeds of violence.

There was a strong effort to attribute insurrections in other West India Islands to the missionaries ; but in one case it was shown that no missionaries had been on the island for several years when the event happened ; and in other cases, it was proved that the

tion, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. The other school was completely deserted; and the African, who came to this country to learn, soon found himself engaged in teaching, with an income more than adequate to his wants. To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful; and as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without resorting to severity, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by his employers. Five days every week he spent in the school. On Saturday he walked eight miles to Hawick, to make an exhibition, to the master of the Academy there, of what he had himself acquired during the week; thus keeping up his own advance in knowledge. He returned on Saturday evening; but such was his untiring zeal, that he always walked to Hawick the next day to attend church.

"After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to devot his duties to an assistant for the winter; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend, Mr Moncrieff, (the gentleman who enabled him to purchase the Lexicon, and who had since done him many good offices) in order to consult about the step he wished to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a

wonder, was, nevertheless, truly surprised at this new project. On being told that twenty pounds was all his stock of cash, and that he contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he told him this would never do — the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands a *carte-blanche* order upon a merchant in Edinburgh, for whatever might be further required to support him a winter at college.

“Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh, with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Latin for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and then asked him if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins (as he ought now to be called) answered modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P. finding that he spoke only the truth, presented a ticket, and generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two Professors, to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff’s generous order. The next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.”

which were eager to possess it — only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and it is needless to say he made good use of it.

“Tom’s personal character was the best possible. He was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner, which made him the favorite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviot-dale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled in every respect, except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the South of Scotland; only he was much more learned than most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

“When he was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school at Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to examine the candidate for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents.

Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's great coat with the staring XCVI upon his back. The committee were surprised ; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this ; his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection that now he should be placed in a situation much more agreeable than any he had ever known, and where he could enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

“ But when the report came before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and a born pagan in such a situation ; and Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. Fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment he had received as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, — among whom the late Duke of Buccleugh was chief, — took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary already paid to that person. A blacksmith's shop was hastily fitted up for his recep-

Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange appetency for candle-ends. Not a *doup* about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceeding, after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighboring rustie, at which he made rapid progress — such indeed as to excite astonishment all over the country; for no one had ever dreamed that there was a possibility of his becoming a scholar. By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to instruct himself in Latin and Greek. A boy-friend, — who afterward communicated to us most of the facts we are now narrating, — lent him several books necessary to these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favor his wishes, though the distance of a classical school was a sufficient bar (if there had been no other) to prevent their giving him the opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment he received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well

with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself into the study of mathematics.

“A great era in Tom’s life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion promised to aid him as far as eighteen pence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the Lexicon as an indispensable article in his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, with the number XCVI still glaring in white oil paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman, of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom’s companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired, with eager curiosity, the meaning of the apparent mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen-and-sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and was turning away in despair, when his young friend threw himself into the competition. ‘What do you mean?’ said the poor negro, in great agitation; ‘you know we cannot pay both that and the duty.’ His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and soon had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands

recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of his mother, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning, as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.

“Swanstone brought his protégé to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when he unfortunately died. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of everything that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn, at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone he could find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-Head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him ; and

accordingly he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn he understood hardly a word of English ; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cowherd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account ; which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw, of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. Black Tom, as he was called, became, at Falnash, a sort of Jack-of-all trades. He acted as cow-herd at one time, and stable-boy at another ; in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his special duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterward became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty on this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his father. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servant lasses to give him what knowledge they could. In a short time, Mr

Sad moanings, like a mother's wail,
 Are floating on the balmy gale !
 The startled stranger turns to know
 Whence come those sounds of deep-felt woe.

In the sad group before him stand,
 (And one of thousands in the land)
 Parents and children, husband, wife,
 From all the dearest ties of life
 Destined forever to depart,
 In utter hopelessness of heart —
 With fetter'd feet, and hands confined,
 Slaves of the body and the mind,
 They wait till those who buy have told
 The price of human souls in gold.

Men ! Freemen ! Christians ! is it true,
 That sights like these are seen with you ?
 You, who have pledged yourselves to be
 The guardians of liberty ?
 And dare you thus with freedom's song,
 Insult the wretched ones you wring ?
 And kneeling on a brother's breast,
 While he lies helpless, low, oppress'd,
 To ask that Heaven will bless the toil
 Of him, a slave upon your soil ?

Oh, if you love your country's name,
 Wash from her flag this bloody stain !
 If you believe in God above,
 Obey his written Law of Love !
 Unloose at once the galling cord,
 That binds the captive to his lord !
 You need not fear to turn from wrong —
 For they who have clean hands grow strong ;
 And can you pause in doubt or pride,
 When God and truth are on their side ?

HISTORY OF MR THOMAS JENKINS.

The following remarkable and interesting account was published in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, a short time before January, 1832. The story is authentic, and the facts perfectly well known in Scotland.

"MR THOMAS JENKINS was the son of an African King, and bore all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including, *Little Cape Mount*, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign,—whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity,—having observed what a superiority civilization and learning gave the Europeans over the Africans, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, who traded to that coast for ivory, gold-dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years, fully educated; for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad



SHOOTING SCENE.

A NEGRO HUNT.

The following sketch is written at the request of the editor by a gentleman of well known intelligence and veracity. He has motives for withholding his name, which are honorable to his feelings.

“WHAT, the actual hunting down of a fellow being, with dogs and guns!” I have often heard people at the north exclaim, with indignant surprise.

I have always been glad to hear such a question; for it implies a liberal confidence in the human species. The idea of slave hunting, as an appendage to slave holding, does not occur to the mind not expressly informed of it. The enormity of the imputation seems to render it inadmissible. Yet results such as these, — appalling as they are, — form but a part of the progeny of the parent evil of slavery.

Who can enumerate the ever-swelling train of crime and suffering, which walks in the footsteps of the original act of rapine, when man goes forth against the sacred right of human freedom? or who can tell the numberless degrees of sin and misery, through which that most outrageous violation of eternal justice, drags down the community by which it is committed, or subsequently sanctioned?

Ye who rose from your sumptuous tables, to repair to the slave-mart, and coolly sauntered to the perpetration of the darkest of human crimes, — the deliberate appropriation of the persons, the liberty, and the lives of your fellow men, whom God had created the free tenants of the same earth which ye trod ; and over whom extended the unretracted and irrevocable mandate of Christianity, “ Do unto all men, even as ye would that they should do unto you ! ” — Ye who dared the Universal Father, in the insulted person of his offspring, what an overwhelming mass of evil have ye entailed on your descendants ! — Your children and your children’s children, while they look with horror on the act which propagated the curse on their own condition, yet shrink with dread from the deluge of suffering, which they have been taught to apprehend from its breaking up.

Who that knows the magnanimous and generous spirit which pervades our southern communities, — the frank and ingenuous manliness, the ever ready kindness and sympathy, the courtesy and hospitality, by which they are characterized, — does not fervently wish that the cloud which overhangs their moral horizon, were swept away, forever ? But, alas ! those high, courageous hearts, and benignant spirits, are entangled in the toils — some, of insidious custom and ensnaring sophistry, and all, of that smooth assassin of human rights, *expediency* ; and their extrication from their present abyss of mingled wrong and suffering, which ought to be the result of their own convictions, is yet at a hopeless distance.

So it has ever been. The evil of the usurpation of

human liberty has not been first seen, in its true magnitude, by those who were overshadowed by its immediate presence, or reconciled to its aspect by long continued familiarity with it. The sense of wrong rises not in the bosom of him who *holds* the chain, which another *fastened* on the victim of bondage. It is the uncontaminated *spectator*, who feels the stirring of humanity within him ; whose healthful sympathy goes forth towards his injured brother ; and who steps forward to plead for human justice. May all who, in our own community, assume the responsible attitude of the mediator, be endowed with the eloquence, and the calm, effective power of wisdom !

From the incidents of several years' residence at the South, I have selected the following — not with a view to exaggerate the horrors of slavery, but rather for the purpose of showing how extensively the evils of bondage ramify ; intertwining themselves with the safety and with the moral condition of domestic life. I wish, at the same time, to indicate some of the numerous and complicated difficulties, which are interwoven with the pernicious system. They know little of the South, who are not apprised, that thousands there, are ready to emancipate their slaves, were it only practicable for *individuals* to proceed in this matter, without the consentaneous action of the *community* to which they belong.

In the winter of 1817-18, I resided with an opulent planter, in the interior of Georgia, in whose family the evils of slave-holding were palliated by every expedient that humane and generous disposition could suggest. The proprietor himself was a man of noble

and elevated character, and distinguished for his generosity and kindness of heart. The lady of the house was mild and calm in her temper, and indulgent to her household.

With such qualities in the master and mistress, the slaves, within doors and without, would have led a life of comparative ease — at least, of moderate labor, and proper provision for their wants. Unfortunately, however, the overseer employed on the plantation, was a man of depraved character, and a victim to brandy.

The cruelties which, when instigated by this demon of modern life, he perpetrated on the few slaves whom he himself owned, and let to the plantation, would transcend belief. It is unnecessary to enter into details. But often, when the brutal master had staggered home, at night, and the slave, whose office it was to watch for his coming, had, from the fatigue of the day's toil, and the lateness of the hour, dropped asleep, the shrieks of the sufferer from vindictive rage, would be heard at the neighboring plantations; the well ascertained truth transpiring on the following day, that no usual form or instrument of punishment had been used on the preceding night. Horror, if not humanity, here forbids the mention of facts. An inebriated man sometimes reveals the ferocity of a hyena. But it is seldom that he retains the intellect to be ingenious in modes of torture.

It is unnecessary to say that individuals of such character as this are held in utter abhorrence by surrounding society. For humane sentiments generally prevail towards the slave population, throughout the southern States, though exasperation sometimes pro-

duces deviations from this habitual feeling. The southern masters in general, are free from the vice of cruelty.

Do you ask, in indignation, why a man, himself humane, could retain such a monster as I have alluded to, in his employment. Here opens another view down the long vista of the interminable evils of slavery. It is extremely difficult for proprietors, of whatever wealth or liberality, to find a proper person to fill the office of overseer. It is not a pleasing task for good men. So that a charge requiring energetic control, to be tempered by the calmness of wisdom, is sometimes entrusted to men, who do not extend to their fellow beings the same measure of allowance, which they habitually give to their brute dependants. It being deemed *necessary* that slaves should be *held*, overseers *must* be found. The inhumanity of the overseer, however, was not, in this instance, fully known to the proprietor.

On the plantation of this gentleman, there happened to be several slaves extremely vicious. The conduct of these individuals brought them frequently under the lash, in hands never moderated by leniency; and after several aggravated occurrences of this nature, three of the slaves, the property of the plantation, together with one belonging to the overseer, had taken to the woods.

The southern country abounds in extensive tracts of swampy forest, nearly impervious; and to such places fugitive negroes are accustomed to resort, — lying still during the day, and prowling abroad for food and plunder at night.

Here is another overwhelming evil attendant on slavery. The white families in the neighborhood of such resorts are exposed to all the horrors of apprehension, and of real suffering, at the hand of the runaways.

Nightly robbery is among the least of these evils. The fidelity of the slaves on the adjoining plantations, is, generally, to some extent, corrupted. Clandestine communications are perpetually kept up with them; and, from day to day, a deserter is reported, as having joined the band of depredators.

Defenceless white families, with female, and perhaps widowed heads, are at the mercy of these poor, ignorant, and exasperated wretches. Under these circumstances, a combination is formed, for patrolling and searching the forests adjoining. Such parties are, of course, armed, and sometimes attended by trained hounds, to track the footsteps of the fugitives.

In case of surprising a party of the runaways, it is customary to give a warning shout of "stand!" or, "lie flat!" If fear or hope induce the culprits to stir, the gun of the pursuer is immediately discharged, with or without regard to what part of the body its contents shall be lodged in. The negro, if arrested by the command of the pursuer, is manacled, and conducted, forthwith, to punishment, always severe, and sometimes prolonged into instalments, administered on successive days. If the command to stand still, or to lie prostrate, be disregarded, and the aim has been true, a death-wound is the consequence, or fatal maiming for life, after a lingering cure of protracted pain, aggravated by daily reproaches. If the aim fail, and the

fugitives escape, the evils of banding and plunder are continued, till a more extensive hunt succeeds in breaking up the party.

If the question is asked, how often such scenes generally occur? I cannot answer it definitely. In the vicinity where I resided, at the time alluded to, three took place, during the first nine months of my stay. What circumstances for the training up of Christian children are presented in the families in which such occurrences transpire!

I have mentioned that, on the plantation to which I have referred, a scene of this description had commenced. The circumstances were all highly aggravated. Several weeks had elapsed, during which, the cattle and the corn of the plantation had been, night after night, carried off. The depredations had extended to the property of a neighboring family, consisting of two aged sisters — one a widow.

A few days after, the overseer of the plantation reported to the proprietor, that, being out, towards evening, on a remote part of the estate, he had observed smoke rising above the trees, in an adjacent swamp. Being unarmed, the overseer hesitated, at first, to approach the fire, as he immediately suspected its cause. But hoping that the party might be scattered, and that he might find but one or two at the fire, he dismounted, and, fastening his horse to a tree, ventured to enter the swamp.

He was on the party, before he was aware; and, to his great alarm, was instantly recognised by the whole group. They sprang to their feet; and darting across the fallen trees, or using them occasionally as a bridge

over the more marshy spots, they rushed towards him.

The alarmed overseer now perceived that he had no resource but stratagem ; and, with an effort to smother his apprehensions, he called out to inquire whose hog they had been slaughtering ; for he had surprised them in the act of cutting one up.

The band replied with one voice, " Why, master's, to be sure ! " " So far well ; " replied the overseer, pretending to be somewhat pacified ; " I suppose master would rather have you take his hogs than any body's else."

He then proceeded to offer them terms, in case they would return to the plantation. This he contrived to do, moving backward, all the while, towards the edge of the swamp, and succeeded in gaining the firm ground, not far from the place where his horse had been fastened.

But the negroes, now perceiving his intention, and having, it would seem, made up their minds to an act of desperation, rushed upon him with a furious yell. In a moment more, he was on the ground, struggling against three of them ; two of whom were holding him down, whilst the third, with his knee on the breast of the fallen man, raised the slaughter knife, which he had retained in his hand ; and, with a volley of mingled taunts and curses, (the more galling to the ear of the helpless overseer, that they came from the lips of his own slave,) was about to plunge the weapon into the breast of his imploring master ; — when the sudden report of a distant rifle arrested the uplifted arm, and roused the negroes to a sense of their own

danger. They immediately sprang up, and darted, in various directions, into the thick swamp.

It was now evening twilight; and the overseer, dreading that he should be waylaid in the dark, gladly hurried home, without waiting to ascertain from what source the accidental shot had come, to which he owed his safety.

The report of this circumstance from the lips of the overseer to his employer was aggravated by the parting defiance, which, on letting him go, the negroes had found a moment to utter, before getting out of sight. "Tell master we had rather be shot, every one, than ever come back."

The following night was appointed, with the overseer, and several of the adjoining planters, for a patrol and hunt.

These circumstances had not been mentioned in my hearing; and, at midnight, I was roused by an extraordinary stir in the rooms below. Hearing a well known voice inquiring loudly for a particular gun, and apprehending danger, I hastened down stairs. The gentlemen of the family were cleaning and loading their guns, trying their flints, and going through the usual preparations, apparently, for a deer hunt, as buckshot and bullets were in demand.

The children of the family had partaken of the general excitement, and arisen from their beds. As I entered the room, I could hear one of the youngest of them say, "Why, pa, you would not kill Ralph, would you?"—"I would take him, and sell him, and get money for him," said the next in age. "You will only lame him, I suppose, so as to seize him," said the

mother. "I would rather kill him, than the best fat buck in all the country," replied the father, as he rammed down the heavy charge.

The moonlight from the window glanced along the barrel of the piece, and caught the eye of the eldest boy. The reflected light kindled up his glance with something of an unnatural flash, but in vivid sympathy with the paternal look and attitude. The anticipated joy of vengeance seemed to be the predominating emotion,

Here was a scene in the drama of juvenile education, which probably can never be erased from the memory or the spirit of its youthful witnesses. What moral influence can a teacher or a parent expect to exert over the young mind, in comparison with the vivid impress of that moment? Alas! that the heart of childhood must be desecrated by the sights and feelings of such an hour! The young group around the hearth, which was made the scene of that dark rehearsal, possessed, in no ordinary degree, the amiable feelings natural to their innocent years. Most, or all, of the individuals, that then formed the little circle of spectators, are now busy with the cares and the duties of adult life. All of them are just, honorable, and generous, I doubt not, in the various relations which they sustain, toward their white brethren. Yet who can wonder that the spirit of that hour — not to speak of *many* such — should have cast a cloud over the vision of conscience, in regard to the rights and the condition of the African?

The patrol that ensued, on the night alluded to, was unavailing. But after a few days, an invitation was

sent to some distance, for a man, whose dogs were famed for their scent, and whose rifle had already brought down several black victims — three, fatally. The hunt was successful. The unerring dogs tracked their objects with mortal certainty. The party was surprised in the recesses of a distant swamp; and, in agitation, or despair, neglecting the warning shout, broke, and fled. The rifle of the fortunate hunter did its usual work; and Ralph lay bleeding from a ball lodged in his side. Some of the gang were wounded less dangerously; and others were secured, without injury.

The wounded man was the property of the overseer, and the same whose knife had, on a former occasion, gleamed before his master's eyes. The circumstance was not forgotten by the latter. "Let him die, as he deserves!" was the answer he returned, when asked if he would have the negro cared for. But his more human employer had the sufferer conveyed to one of his plantations, and attended by the physician. Death ensued, however, in a few weeks.

The habits of the overseer, ere long, grow to such a pitch, that it became necessary to supersede him. Loss of employment, recklessness, and despair, gave yet freer scope to his besetting vice; and ere another season, he departed to confront the victim of his cruelty, at a bar where the plea of *expediency* is never heard.

This brief sketch will *suggest*, to the reflective and benevolent mind, more than, in any form of language, it could be made to *express*. It has been penned with no view to excite unkind feelings. My wish is

to appeal to parents, and to the thoughtful few among teachers, who are endeavoring to build up aright the fabric of human character.

Slavery is a deep-seated, hereditary disease, interwoven with the constitution, requiring skilful, deliberate, and provident treatment, and, most of all, those anticipative and preventive measures, which shall prove an adequate obstruction to its further transmission.

Wo to us, if, through a selfish fear, or the base desire of gain, we hand down the evil unmitigated to our children! Let us generously think and act for *them*, if not for *ourselves*. Above all, let not those communities, which are free from the taint of actual contact with it, defile themselves anew, by legalizing measures which close the door of hope on the mental prospects of the African, and contribute to render his wrongs perpetual.

R.

“When I am indulging in my views of American prospects and American liberty, it is mortifying to be reminded that a large portion of the people in that very country are slaves. It is a dark spot on the face of the nation. Such a state of things cannot always exist.”

LAFAYETTE.